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LIFE IN CAROLINA AND NEW ENGLAND
DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

ANNA ELIZABETH DE WOLF
From portrait by Giovanni Thompson

LIFE IN CAROLINA AND NEW ENGLAND

DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

As Illustrated by Reminiscences and Letters of
The Middleton Family of Charleston
South Carolina
And of the De Wolf Family of Bristol
Rhode Island

A. H. Middleton

Bristol, Rhode Island
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1929

1598164

THIS LITTLE RECORD OF THE LONG AGO
I DEDICATE TO MY TWO DEAR SISTERS
ANNA ELIZABETH MIDDLETON
AND
CHARLOTTE MIDDLETON DE WOLF
TO WHOSE LOVING INTEREST AND HELP
ITS ACCOMPLISHMENT IS DUE

Xerox Jan 1972

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PREFACE

The following pages were originally written entirely for home interest and entertainment. It is only by the solicitation of friends that they have been given to the outside world. They would have no severer critic than the author were she able to rewrite them with that end in view.

A.H.M.

I

A FAMILY RECORD

∴

ALICIA HOPTON MIDDLETON

ERRATA

Page 70, *line* 28, *for* "Gabriel" *read* "Peter."

Page 123, *line* 5, *for* "Renewed" *read* "Subdued."

I

A FAMILY RECORD

BY ALICIA HOPTON MIDDLETON

WE have always hoped that our dear and gifted mother would write a record of her long, eventful, and most interesting life, but for some indefinable reason this did not seem possible for her, in spite of the great ease with which she used her pen; and now that it never can be accomplished in this world, I have taken upon myself to do what I can to preserve the memory of the events, incidents, and characters associated with her life and that of our beloved father, and to a certain extent their children's. My father having made some reminiscences of his life up to middle age, I will begin with my mother's birth, which took place in Bristol, Rhode Island, at the house owned by her grandfather, William De Wolf, which occupied the other half of the lot upon which the Rogers Library now stands, extending over the "Hasbrouk block."

It was at twelve o'clock noon on Sunday, the 5th of February, 1815; and in those days, before the advent of steam and electricity, the news of peace after the War of 1812 had just reached this country. She loved to tell how a young neighbor (Mrs. Julia Jones, mother of Mrs. Julia Perry) ran into our grandmother's room soon after the baby's arrival, exclaiming, "Peace! peace!" which the mother took as a happy augury for the little life which had just begun its long pilgrimage.

In the spring of that year, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry De Wolf, moved up to the "Farm" on the Neck which was to be thenceforth their home. Though not of great architectural pretensions, the house was most interesting and attractive, finely built, and the interior beautiful in finish, — the old Italian mantelpieces of peculiarly artistic form and design. The size and shape of the two main rooms, the "North Parlor" and the "Hall"

as they were called, were uncommon and dignified; the furnishing was of the date of Chippendale, Sheraton, etc.; the silver, glass, and china of the rarest—of the latter there was a set of six hundred pieces of the blue-edged India of the same pattern as Washington's, of which some eight or ten pieces still remain. The setting of the house was most happy, receded from the road; a little to the south and near the entrance gateway, was one of those absolutely symmetrical trees so large and so perfect that it was known the country round as "The Great Elm."

Three or four hundred feet to the rear was a grove of primeval oaks, interspersed with stretches of water which formed an ideal drinking place for the cows as they were driven to and from their pasturage. The farm lane running through the grove continued, between meadows and fields of grain, first to the rising uplands commanding a view of the whole expanse, length and breadth of Narragansett Bay; then falling abruptly for a few rods and afterwards in a gentle slope to the shore; in those days, before the invasion of the railroad, entirely secluded and only available for the family. From early youth it was the delight and daily custom of my mother to run down through the grove (from the east) to see the sunrise on the shore, the bay and the western hills beyond. Here were committed to memory the stores of beautiful thought in prose and verse with which she delighted our ears in after days. Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" and "Ode on Immortality," Coleridge, Milton, Dante, and hosts of others claim the same association. Here she saw for the first time Tennyson's name with his poem of "The New Year's Eve," which she memorized and then came over to Pappoosesquaw to repeat it to the aunts, of whom more hereafter. At that time "Pappoosesquaw" meant the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William De Wolf, he being the eleventh child of the first Mark Antony De Wolf and Abigail Potter, his wife. The only other residence at that time on the peninsula was the old Vassall place now owned by the Herreshoff family. There were, of course, several fine farms, two or more

owned by brothers of William De Wolf, but he laid out the first country seat and built the beautiful house now known as "Hey Bonnie Hall."

Here begin the earliest memories of little Annie De Wolf. How often we have heard her tell of being taken out of the sleigh at the west door and brought through the snow in her father's arms, his greatcoat drawn over her as he carried her through the hall, to the southeast room and placed her in his mother's lap as she sat by the fireside in a Spanish Boutakee armchair, over the back of which was a red camel's-hair shawl, and behind her the south window and corner filled with blooming plants, — an oleander, a daily rose (which her son Henry had brought her from Charleston), a rose geranium and, I think, a lily.

Another and life-long comfort to his mother the same son brought from Charleston in "black Louise," whom he had bought as a girl of twelve fresh from Africa and placed at the training school of the famous colored pastry cook in Charleston, Sallie Seymour, which made her the oracle for all the good things of life which supplied the hospitable board at Pappoosesquaw for two generations. Nothing could exceed the interest to my mother, when a little girl, of hearing Louise tell the adventurous story of her life; how, in a war between the native tribes in Africa, she, her father, mother, and little brother, with many others, were taken captive and forthwith condemned to be executed in the following appalling manner. The prisoners were drawn up in two rows through which strode the executioner with a sharp curved knife (scimitar) which he swung first to one side then to the other, cutting off a head at each blow. This account the little listener (my mother) accepted with implicit confidence, but when she grew older and came to know the wonderfully fertile imagination of the negro, she used to say, "Why, of course, Louise made that all up just for my entertainment." What was her surprise, however, on reading Stanley's travels in Africa, to find an exact account of the same horrible warfare going on to-day among the native savages. But to return to Louise; on seeing the terrible fate of

her parents and brother, she dextrously managed to slip under the crowd and hide herself in the bushes until night and darkness came, when she ran through the woods as far as she could, but was at last captured by a native who sold her to another negro who was going towards the Coast. There he found an American ship about to sail, and sold her to a white man. To continue in her own words, "When we reached de sho', he sell me to anudder white man and he sell me to Marse Harry and now I sold to God." She was an institution in the household, in which were employed a number of men on the farm as well as the coachman, gardener, and manservant of the establishment. Two of these, John Boler and his brother, were very tall, powerful men, and Louise was of the small coal-black type, but she ruled them all with a rod of iron and not one of them dared to cross the threshold of her kitchen without first taking off his shoes and washing his feet.

Her first demonstrations of Sallie Seymour's instructions in the culinary art were for the three little ladies of the house, our great-aunts Charlotte, Maria, and Abby, then about ten, eight, and six years old, Louise being fourteen or fifteen. They had a room over the ell of the house for a play-room, furnished completely for miniature housekeeping, with tiny cooking utensils, and a dinner set of blue India china from the family set; the gravy tureen serving for their soup and one of the smallest platters for roast turkey, viz., quail or pigeon. These were served by Louise in Sallie Seymour's best style, as she did afterwards for the benefit of the elders. Her family pride was equal to that of our own dear darkies of South Carolina.

Ten or twelve years later, when my mother was six years old, her grandfather had her full-length portrait painted by Giovanni Thompson, and it was hung over the fireplace in the east drawing-room at Pappoosesquaw. The family generally sat in the south room across the hall and there received most of their friends, but Louise would always manage to throw wide open the east room door so that the picture might surely be seen by who-

ever came. And no wonder, for lovely it is as it now hangs over the west room mantelpiece; and I often follow Louise's example and throw open the door for a sight of the sweet stately little figure in quaint delicate dress.

Louise had a little boy of about the same age, called "black Alex," though he was by no means black except for the beautiful large ringlets of hair that covered his cunning little head. One day the two children were found in the little "North room" seated on the floor, my mother deftly cutting off the fascinating ebony curls and sewing them onto the head of the big cloth doll made for her by her grandmother and which was only provided with make-believe painted hair, Alex submitting with great interest and equanimity.

Great-grandmama loved everything; among them cats had their share, and one day little black Alex burst into the dining-room with his eyes like saucers announcing that a boy outside was going to cut off the cat's tail. "Let him do it at his peril," said great-grandmother, in unforgettable tones, which were conveyed with such fidelity and promptness by Alex that it is quite certain poor pussy's tail was saved. Great-grandmama was also very fond of a new-laid egg, and on one occasion when she was ill and thought she could take an egg, little Alex made his way into her room, bringing one which he said was surely fresh because the hen had laid it in his hand! Alex grew up to be the coachman for many years, one of those perfectly proportioned, tall and strikingly fine-looking specimens often seen among mulattoes. His mother was of the small, delicate, coal-black type, generally the most intelligent and faithful. She never forgot her allegiance to Marse Harry, though she was in the service of his mother and afterwards his sisters for most of her life. Her thrifty white cottage, distinguished by the rose-acacias on either side of the entrance, is still occupied by the descendants of her husband, Palmer Munro.

From childhood my mother was constantly with her grandparents and aunts; for many years the only grand-daughter, she was of course especially

beloved and petted and her grandfather's darling. In winter, without furnace or even stoves, they lived for the most part in the southeast room, — the dining-room, — with a wood fire of great logs which John Boler would bring in from time to time and pile on. Sometimes great-grandmama would find, just as tea was ready, that preserves were needed; and as these were kept in the closet of the northwest drawing-room, she would put on her long fur-lined cloak under which the little grand-daughter would slip, and the two would go together across the great cold hall and into the colder northwest room and closet, doubly warm with the love of two hearts beating under the fur cloak.

But enough of Pappoosesquaw for the present. I must return to my mother's early childhood at the dear old "Farm." Two scenes she loved to describe. I cannot be sure which is the earlier. One was when her little brother, Fitz-Henry, two years younger than herself, took his first steps. Their father was holding him in his arms, sitting on one side of the fireplace in the "Hall," their mother opposite. As the little fellow slipped down to try the strength of his legs, his father took out his large silk handkerchief, and, passing it under the baby's arms, supported him while he toddled across the rug to his mother. This seemed so delightful to the little sister that she insisted on having the handkerchief put under her arms and being held up while she walked firmly across the rug. The next remembrance is sweeter still. She was just tall enough to overlook the sill of the window by which she was standing, in the white paint of which a hair from the painter's brush had caught and curled in the shape of the letter S. As she looked steadfastly at it, the thought came, "That stands for Saviour, the dear, dear Saviour." At this time, when not more than four years old, she could repeat more than a dozen hymns. Her mother hung up a little pincushion by the looking-glass on her bureau and for every hymn learned a pin was put in. She has often told me the number of pins which marked certain hymns. The learning of these hymns had a setting of its own. At

MRS. HENRY DE WOLF

From portrait by Giovanni Thompson

this time the family consisted of her brother William of eight years, herself, four, and little Fitz-Henry two. They were all beautiful children; the eldest, William, of the most angelic disposition; the youngest, and perhaps as a child the most beautiful, extraordinarily mischievous and destructive, — a propensity which followed him with increasing energy through life.

The first thing to interest them as they opened their eyes in the morning was the sight of their nurse, Mary Spooner (of immortal fame and memory), lighting the fire, then polishing to brilliancy the andirons and blackening like satin the hearthstone, all the time sternly keeping them in bed until her preparations were finished. It was beside this bright hearth, later in the day when they were dressed and had breakfasted, that the hymns were learned from the lips of their mother, to be associated evermore with her loved memory. Mary Spooner, living, as she did, to be over ninety years old, was a character not only through a great part of my mother's life but until we, her children, had reached middle age. When first she appeared upon the scene, it was as a most sad and unhappy girl of about fourteen, whose home, out upon the coast near Newport, had been washed away in a storm and she and her brothers and sister just rescued from drowning. Whether the parents were lost at this time or had died before, I do not remember. The younger children were placed, I think, with some relative, and Mary taken into my great-grandmother's household at Pappoosesquaw. Here my grandmother found her one day in the great kitchen filled with a retinue of happy-go-lucky servants, desolate and homesick. She went at once to her mother-in-law and told her the state of things, saying, "Let little Mary come home with me, she can help take care of the children and they will keep her from being homesick," to which great-grandmama willingly assented. In this happy home at the "Farm" she lived, blessed and comfortable herself and a blessing and a comfort to all about her, through her girlhood and during and between her two marriages, even into old age, when I can remember her mending our stockings

and helping to pack our trunks for our journey home to Charleston in the autumn. In her youth she was a great belle with her rosy cheeks, spirited black eyes, and most characteristic high Roman nose; and all the youths and farmer lads were on hand when she and her fellow maids appeared on the bridge after work was over of an evening, and gay was the adorning for such occasions. On one such occasion, so great was the desire to be off, that Mary tried to slip away before my mother (about three years old) was asleep, who, discovering her from the window, began to cry most piteously, "Mary, Mary, tum back to me, tum back to me," which Mary forthwith did. Half angry, half pleased, she caught the baby up in her arms and taking her seat in a tall straight-back chair, began rocking it back and forth on its hind legs, the nodding plumes of her bonnet keeping time to the motion. Wonderful to tell, the baby went to sleep under these exciting conditions.

It was before this time, when my mother was two years old, that she is said to have asked where she came from, indicating distinctly that she meant her spirit. Her brother William was four years the elder and the intense love and devotion between them began in infancy and lasted through their uncommonly long lives. She loved to tell of his one day coming up from the barn with a little pure white hen of which he was especially fond and giving it to her for her own. And when he became old enough to be sent into town to school (much against his will), she felt so deeply for him, that every treasure was kept carefully for him. On the shelf of her baby-house were piled all the pennies that came into her possession, to pour into his pocket when the end of the week brought him home for Saturday and Sunday.

For many years after the close of the War of 1812, the country was full of army stragglers and several times grandpapa had to order them off the place without much ceremony. On one occasion something had detained him in town later in the evening than usual and, as ill luck would have it, a most

unprepossessing tramp appeared at the back door, and even, I think, made his way into the kitchen where he was regaled with good things to propitiate him, instead of which he became more and more unruly to the terror of the maids. But this was only an occasion for the courage of my grandmother, who put on a pair of grandpapa's heavy boots and strode about the house speaking in stentorian and awe-inspiring tones, the maids meanwhile telling the intruder he had best be off before Mr. De Wolf came and found him there, which he concluded to be the better part of valor. The two elder children meantime were sitting up in bed with wide-open eyes; each time their mother would pass through with some encouraging word, Uncle William would say, "What a time it is, Mama! What a time it is!"

Our grandmother, Mrs. Henry De Wolf, was the daughter of Mr. John Marston of Boston and his wife, Anna Randal, great-aunt of Samuel Randal (for many years uninterruptedly Speaker of the House of Representatives). Grandmama at sixteen years of age was the eldest of sixteen children, her mother being thirty-six years old and so youthful and fresh in appearance that when they walked together on the street, it was hard to tell which was mother and which daughter, though the daughter must have been the more beautiful. One enraptured adorer said, "God never made such another woman," and my own memory of her to the age of eighty-four was of as nearly perfect a form and countenance as I can recall. During her youth her parents lived in Franklin Place, then a very *recherché* part of the city. The establishment must have been very complete and attractive and the household most interesting and numerous, including the great-grandmother (mother of John Marston) and her two unmarried daughters, Aunt Eliza and Aunt Martha, who both took part in the direction of the large household, for the lady of the house herself was greatly in demand in society and had many social responsibilities in addition to that of bringing sixteen children into the world in as many years. (There were three pairs of twins.) Nevertheless she kept a strict oversight of every department, and

when her little high-heeled footstep was heard coming down the long passage that led to the kitchen and servants' offices, each one was on the alert to see that all was in order for critical inspection. My grandmother used to say that there was nothing she dreaded more than the glance around the dining-room (which was under her immediate care) as they sat down to breakfast, which glance was apt to be followed by, "Nancy dear, I think the ledge of the bookcase has not been dusted." But from all sides comes the verdict of the absolute harmony in which these many and diverse characters lived together. I think only eight of the sixteen children lived to maturity. The four daughters were all beautiful and talented. Of the sons, the eldest, James, was of uncommon promise, having literary taste, and early making a decided mark as a writer. He was, however, in some large business or banking house in Boston and when not much more than twenty was sent upon some very responsible mission to Cuba, which he had just accomplished, if I remember aright, in a masterly way, when he was stricken with yellow fever and died in a few days. His loss was mourned by his family even to our generation, and the firm in whose interest his young life was sacrificed showed their appreciation of his talents by erecting a monument to his memory. The next son, Henry, went to Louisiana, where he married and settled, living to the age of ninety-two. The two youngest, John and Ward, entered the navy, the former rising rapidly and distinguishing himself on many occasions during the Civil War, notably in the fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor. He became a rear admiral and also lived to be ninety-two years old.

John Marston, Sr., shortly after middle life met with two severe reverses, both remarkable as incidents. The first was by the famous failure of the bank of Morris & Nicholson, in Philadelphia. The news traveling slowly in those days made it possible for a swindler to ride night and day and so outstrip the post and present a note for $90,000 on Morris & Nicholson, supposed to be as sound as the country itself. The note was accepted

by our great-grandfather Marston, and in a few hours he learned that it was not worth the paper it was written on. At that period this was a loss which even a rich man staggered under and from which he was only beginning to recover when his friend, General Knox, persuaded him to go upon his bond for some large amount. He seems to have been reluctant to do this, for he said to Knox in answer to his assurances of his perfect security, "But, Knox, suppose you should die," to which he replied, "By —, I will not die." A day or two later at the dinner table, General Knox swallowed a partridge bone which stuck in his throat, and in a few minutes he was no more. This second loss so overwhelmed John Marston that he withdrew from business, gave up their delightful home in Franklin Place, and retired to Quincy. I say retired, but it was by no means to oblivion. Here also they occupied an ample and attractive house, having for next-door neighbor the "Old President," John Adams, a warm and intimate friend of Mr. Marston. For many years they drove together every day. The two business losses of great-grandfather Marston would lead one to suppose that there was some decided lack of strength of character in him, but the testimony of those who remembered him was unqualified as to his dignity, probity, and high sense of honor, as well as his uncommon literary and scientific attainments. He lived to the age of ninety-two and the portrait that has come down is noble and impressive in the serenity of age. There are also two beautiful miniatures of him and his wife, Anna Randal, in early life, now in the possession of his grandson, cousin John Marston of Overbrook, Penn., son of Admiral John Marston and father and grandfather of John Marston 4th and John Marston 5th.

To take a step back, the father of John Marston 1st was a colonel at the battle of Louisburg, where he won distinction. There is a fine portrait of him by Copley, strongly resembling his grandson, Admiral Marston. At the time of the move to Quincy, the family was much reduced in numbers, though still larger than the ordinary household. The venerable grand-

mother, as well as the mother of our grandmother, had passed away. Our grandmother had married the great *parti* of the day, Henry De Wolf; two of her brothers, John and Ward, had entered the navy; and Henry, the eldest after the death of James, had married and settled in Louisiana. To meet her father's reduced fortunes, his second and noble daughter, Louisa, acceded to the request of a number of family friends that she would receive their young daughters as scholars with her own younger sisters, whom she was already teaching. From this grew quite an extensive school, in the labors of which she was joined by her sisters, Helen and Emily, as they became old enough; the two dear old aunts, Martha and Eliza, conducting the housekeeping, and the father keeping the accounts as well as a strict supervision and control of the establishment.

Aunt Eliza Marston belonged to colonial days and retained to the end of her life the dignity of dress and deportment of the "Old Country," wearing a turban and always making a sweeping courtesy as she entered a room. In youth she had her share of the family beauty, but the terrible scourge of the day, smallpox, had not only marred her appearance but left her quite deaf. Her figure, however, was of such perfect and graceful proportions that story tells of more than one youth hastening to overtake her to see what rare and lovely face belonged to so attractive a form, only to have his hopes dashed to the ground. But if the external beauty had been withdrawn, the adornment of a lovely spirit was hers, and under the old silhouette now in my possession are written (by one of her devoted nieces, Helen, I think) these lines,

"*I love to think of thee as one*
With whom the strife is o'er
And feel that I am journeying on
Weary and wasted and alone
To join thee on that shore
Where thou I know wilt look for me
And I forever be with thee."

HENRY DE WOLF

From portrait by Giovanni Thompson

Aunt Martha was of an entirely different type, both naturally and by education. Coming into youth just after the Revolution, her training was for the stress and practical needs of the time, and the sweetness and heroism with which she met them are shown by the following little sketch of her found among the papers of one who knew her.

"One of the pleasantest habitations I have ever known is an old white house built at right angles. In this charming abode resides a most charming family. There dwells Aunt Martha. She has another appellation, I suppose—she must have one—but I scarcely know it; Aunt Martha is the name that belongs to her, the name of affection. Such is the universal feeling which she inspires that all her friends, all her acquaintances (in this case the terms are almost synonymous) speak of her like her own family; she is everybody's Aunt Martha. And a very charming Aunt Martha she is. First of all she is, as all women should be if they can, remarkably interesting. Add to this, a very gentle and pleasant speech, always kind and frequently lively; the sweetest temper, the easiest manners, a singular rectitude and singleness of mind, a perfect open-heartedness, with a total unconsciousness of all these excellencies, and you will wonder a little that she is Aunt Martha still. But there is about her an aversion to love in one particular direction, the love matrimonial, though an overflowing of affection in all other channels. I do not think any man could tempt her into wedlock. It would be a most unpardonable monopoly if any one should; an intolerable engrossing of a general blessing, a theft from the whole community.

"Her home is the white house; she is not the mistress, nor is she the housekeeper, though as she is the lady of the establishment who wears pockets, those ensigns of authority, the keys, will sometimes be found in that goodly receptacle. She is not a queen. Her spirit is too active for that lazy post; her real vocation there and everywhere seems to be comforting, cheering, welcoming, and spoiling everyone that comes in her way. Above all, nursing and taking care; of all kind employments, these are her favor-

ites. O! the shawlings, the cloakings, the cloggings! The cautions against cold or heat, rain or sun! colds uncaught! incipient toothaches! rheumatisms to come! She loves nursing so well we have accused her of inventing maladies for other people, that she might have the pleasure of curing them; and when they really come—as come they will in spite of Aunt Martha—what a nurse she is! It is worth-while to be a little sick to be so attended. All the cousins and cousins' cousins send for her on every occasion of indisposition, and I suppose she has sat up with the new mama, dandled the baby, and dispensed the caudle twenty times. She is equally important at weddings and funerals. Her humanity is inexhaustible. She has an intense feeling of fellowship with her kind and grieves and rejoices in the sufferings and happiness of others with a reality as genuine as it is rare. Dear and happy Aunt Martha!"

It was to this harmonious and cultivated home that little Annie De Wolf was sent to spend the winter of 1824–25. The school was composed of eight or ten young girls living in the house, besides a few day scholars. Those at home were in the schoolroom at six o'clock in the morning, making an hour's recitation before breakfast at half past seven, preceded by prayers by the venerable head of the household. In the dining-room were two tables, and the reward most coveted was a seat at great-grandfather's table, which was granted to the six best scholars, best in deportment as well as scholarship, and they were called the six angels. Little Annie's seat was at her grandfather's right hand, but she took her place as one of the six angels from the first (though of course much the youngest) and never forfeited her claim. Needless to say, she was the idol and darling of the whole establishment.

At this time the rector of the church at Quincy was Doctor Cutler, the brother of Mrs. Samuel Ward of New York, mother of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The elder sister, Miss Eliza Cutler, kept house for her brother. After the birth of her last child, Annie (afterwards Mrs. Maillard), Mrs. Ward

became very ill and died. Miss Eliza Cutler was sent for to take charge of her children, but being obliged to return to Quincy to arrange for her brother's comfort and settle her own affairs, she brought the three youngest children, Julia, Louisa (Mrs. Crawford), and the baby Annie. This was the occasion on which began the friendship between Mrs. Howe and my mother, to last over eighty years.

Mrs. Howe was four years younger than my mother, being at this time about five years old and already a prodigy. My mother has told us of her reciting some long and remarkable poem with great effect. Another event of greater magnitude occurred in this first year's stay in the Quincy household, it being the year when Lafayette returned to receive the boundless gratitude and loving homage of the Nation which he had helped to freedom. After laying the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument, he was taken out to Quincy to see the "Old President," who asked his friend and neighbor, John Marston, to receive the distinguished guest with him. Of course all the aunts, young and old, were at the reception, and equally of course, the little grand-daughter was not left behind. Careful great-aunt Martha had hinted that little Annie had had a headache that morning and the excitement might do her harm, but young Aunt Helen bravely declared that little Annie must not miss such an occasion even at the price of a headache. So it came about that she was close at her grandfather's side when the great Marquis entered, and after he had talked awhile with John Adams and John Marston, the latter said, "This, General, is my little grand-daughter, Annie De Wolf." "De Wolf," said Lafayette, "that is a French name," and he lifted her in his arms and kissed her, then, as he put her down, raised her little arm to his lips and kissed that also with French courtliness.

Quincy, Sept. 9, 1824.

My dear Aunt,

I WRITE you this letter in the expectation of having an answer soon. If this does not get to you soon enough for you to answer it by William

Frederick, won't you send it by the first mail. Tell Aunt Charlotte that I do not ever expect a letter from her, for it is almost a month since I wrote her, but won't you ask her to write even now. I wrote dear Papa last Monday. Be sure, my dear Aunt, to tell our dear family to write me, even dear little Fitz-Henry and the little Bishop. Tell my mother to tell me all about the dear children as I suppose you cannot tell me as well as she can. Before I close my short letter, I will tell you I have seen the Marquis La Fayette, and kissed him and he kissed me *twice* and we had a very pleasant time down at the President's. I did not expect to go in the morning as I was not very well, but before the other part of the family went, I had an opportunity to ride down and therefore I was able to go. I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie. Aunt Louisa says that she likes Mr. Wilkie best, which I suppose is the opinion of many in Dear Bristol. I long to be at my dear, dear home. Tell my dear Mother to give my love to all my friends in dear Bristol, my native place, and to Papa and the *dear, dear* family. I suppose Ann will be jealous if I do not send my love to her alone, so kiss her a thousand times. I believe I must now close, my Dear Aunt. I remain your affectionate niece,

ANNA E. DE WOLF.

After this visit to Boston and vicinity in June, Lafayette made a tour of the country, going as far south as Charleston, meeting, of course, thousands of people with countless names and faces before he wound up the following winter at Washington. There our great-uncle, James De Wolf, was senator from Rhode Island, and his daughters were spending the winter with him at the capital. Cousin Harriet De Wolf (afterwards Mrs. Prescott Hall), being at the reception given to the Marquis, was presented to him, and as he heard her name, he said, "De Wolf! Are you related to the little girl I saw in Quincy?"

The next summer found her at home once more, and she did not leave it again, I think, until she was fourteen years old, except for the nearby home

of her grandparents De Wolf at Pappoosesquaw, where from infancy she had been like a daughter of the house. Her grandfather De Wolf was, like herself, an early riser, and she would run downstairs (leaving grandmother and aunts to finish their leisurely toilet), to find coffee just brought in for him, which it was her proud delight to pour out. He was not looked upon in those Puritan days as a religious man; no doubt his spirituality was of a breadth in advance of his age. His earnest thoughtfulness no one could question and is borne witness to by an incident that was treasured in the heart and memory of his grand-daughter. His mahogany stand with his large Bible upon it stood near one of the windows (not far from its place to-day), and here she generally found him reading before the coffee came in. One morning as he closed the book, he rose and stood for some time looking out of the window in deep thought, then, in a low voice said, "Lord, I believe. Help thou my unbelief." Little Annie was about five; years later, after his death, she repeated his words to her aunts, his daughters, in their great distress that he should not have been a "professing" Christian, and we can well understand the comfort this gave them. He was not a demonstrative man, but his love for Home and Family was deep and tender. He would sometimes come in at the hall door and finding absolute silence and no one visible, call out in ringing tones, "Have I a wife and daughters?" which would bring the sound of opening doors above and flying feet to greet him. His little grand-daughter sang a Scotch ballad of which he was very fond, running thus:

Hey the bonnie, Ho the bonnie,
Hey the bonnie breast-knots,
Blythe and merry were they a'
When they gat on their breast-knots.

There was a bridal in our town
And to it the lassies a' were gane
Wi' mankie facings on their gown
And some o' them had breast-knots.

Hey the bonnie, Ho the bonnie,
Hey the bonnie breast-knots,
Blythe and merry were they a'
When they gat on their breast-knots.

He used to call her his little "Hey the Bonnie." When approaching his end, having sunk into a lethargy from which no efforts could arouse him, after a long time of unconsciousness he opened his eyes and said, "Where is my little 'Hey the Bonnie'?" These were his last words, and from them, combined with other later interests, my mother gave the name to this old homestead.

To go back a little, after this house was built, great-grandfather turned over the house in town to his daughter Maria, then not long married to Mr. Robert Rogers. This made, with the Farm where our grandparents, Henry De Wolf and his wife, lived, three separate establishments in the family, and it was the custom to divide the three holidays, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year, between the three houses. If I remember rightly, Thanksgiving was held at the house in town (Aunt Maria's); Christmas at Pappoosesquaw; and New Year at the Farm. Be that as it may, one of little Annie's early memories was of the great preparations for the gathering of all the family at her father's, but when the morning broke, it was in such a storm of snow that little hope was expressed that any one could brave the elements. Nevertheless, at the appointed hour, up drove the great yellow coach drawn proudly by Firefly and Castigator, John Boler holding the reins. The coach was lined with yellow satin and out stepped great-grandmother, unmindful of the snow falling upon the fur trimming of her olive-satin cloak, to take the arm of her tall son as he welcomed her with, "Well, Mother, we hardly looked for this honor." "Yes," she said, "I was determined that no snow should prevent our coming."

There are two stories of great-grandfather William De Wolf. The first in childhood: his maternal uncle, Colonel Simeon Potter, of privateer fame,

on one occasion took several of his young nephews on one of his cruises. William being the youngest on board, a very little fellow, when they returned after thrilling experiences, was almost devoid of raiment. In the midst of the excitement and enthusiasm of the telling of adventure and heroic deed, some one (his mother perhaps) caught sight of the little fellow and exclaimed, "Look at this child! He has hardly any clothes on!" to which one of the older heroes replied, "Oh, never mind, he's covered with glory." The next anecdote tells of him about the age of fourteen when, with his youngest brother, James, he was taken on the stage-coach to Boston and placed at a fine school. War times evidently still curtailed the wardrobe, for, as they neared the city, William pulled off the well-worn covering of his head and threw it out of the window, saying, "I'm not going into Boston with that old hat," and so entered the school with his curly pate covered only with nature's happy provision. The beauty of Uncle James's locks remained into old age, when my mother remembered them of dazzling whiteness, tied in a queue in accord with his knee-breeches, silk stockings, and buckles. It must have been toward this later period that he and our great-grandfather made another trip to Boston together. This time each in his own coach with wife and children in joyful numbers. As they neared the city, Uncle James espied an old hat by the roadside and, putting his head out of the window, called, "Brother Bill, there's your old hat."

In the same year, 1808, that Hey Bonnie Hall was built by William De Wolf, and a few months earlier, his brother James erected his fine commodious house at "The Mount." It made no claim to architectural beauty but was well built and finished, and spacious in the size and number of its rooms. The situation had nothing to recommend it except its slight elevation. Owning, as he did, the beautiful southern crest and slope of Mount Hope with its picturesque shores and promontories jutting out into the blue bay, it seems incomprehensible that he should not have availed himself of one of the many sites at his command. In spite of its disadvantages of set-

ting, however, "The Mount" became a nucleus of great interest. The interior was arranged and finished with artistic taste, the walls of one of the long drawing-rooms being painted by a French artist in scenes from the owner's coffee plantation in Cuba. The furniture, china, glass, etc., were of the most beautiful of the day. I recall especially a porphyry table and two carved chairs which had belonged to Sir William Pepperell. The chandeliers too were of uncommon beauty and must often have shone down upon the equally brilliant group of sons and daughters beneath, as well as on the many distinguished characters of the day who were welcomed to "The Mount." Nor did its hospitality stop at celebrity, as the following old poem bears witness, written a generation later by Governor Collins. The "Count" referred to was Mr. Jonathan Russell, the great-uncle of Nathaniel Russell Middleton, who was to win and marry little Annie De Wolf. The sobriquet of "Count" was given Mr. Russell from his peculiarly courtly manners and also from his continuing to wear the old-time dress of knee-breeches and silk stockings long after they had passed out of vogue, and in spite of his having very thin legs. To this great-uncle John De Wolf testified when on occasion of his comparing notes with his nephew, Henry (my grandfather), on their flocks of sheep of which both were very proud and fond. A ewe had been found with a new-born lamb on a snowdrift, and to excuse such neglect great-uncle John exclaimed, "Why, Harry, that ewe looked no more like lambing than Count Russell's leg."

The Old Man's Lament

TO THE CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN OF MY MOST EXCELLENT FRIEND, THE LATE HONORABLE WILLIAM BRADFORD OF BLESSED MEMORY

BY GOVERNOR COLLINS

A Merry Christmas to you all,
Says poor Nathaniel West;
Long may my patron's children live
With health and plenty blest.

Let 's call to mind the happy days,
(With pleasure sure we may,)
When your good father ruled The Mount,
With hospitable sway.

Father to all beneath his roof,
Where plenty always flowed,
His bounty he with joyful heart
On every guest bestowed.

Where'er he met the coming guest,—
The beggar or the "Count,"
The language of his heart was still
"You 're welcome to The Mount."

Bright glow'd the fires, round whirled the spit,
The willing cellar bled;
The table groaned beneath its load,
And every guest was fed.

Oft have I heard that table roar,
While mirth and wine went round,
The happy host and joyous guest
Made all the hall resound.

The kitchen caught the joyful glee,
And echo'd back the strain,
While rallying round the second cut
The cider flow'd amain.

O kitchen! scene of all my joys,
Where want was never known,
Where squashes, hams and rennet bags
In brilliant order shone.

Oft in the field this furrowed brow
Has sweat beneath the fork,
But oftener in the kitchen sweat
While eating beef and pork.

E'en now it makes my brow perspire,
And sets my throat to itching,
To think of mugs of cider drunk
In that same glorious kitchen.

O halcyon days! O happy times!
To memory most dear,
Thanksgiving then came every day
And Christmas all the year.

Old Uncle Song and Hannah Green,
More lucky far than I,
While yet their master bless'd the earth
In good old age did die.

But I have in his service lived,
Full three and twenty years,
And never of the morrow thought,
Devoid of cares and fears.

To tell of half his good to me
My tale would never end.
God bless his soul—I'll say no more,
I've lost a real good friend.

But now the times are sadly changed,
I'm old and piteous poor;
In tatter'd rags, with feet unshod,
I shiver at your door.

No good roast beef my waist-coat lines,
No cider warms my heart,
No cotton shirt or woolen hose,
To ward off winter's smart.

Could your good father view me thus,
From realms of heavenly bliss,
In accents such as angels use,
His language would be this:

"Child, clothe the naked, house the poor,
And feed him at your board,
'T is my request, 't is God's command
You'll here have your reward."

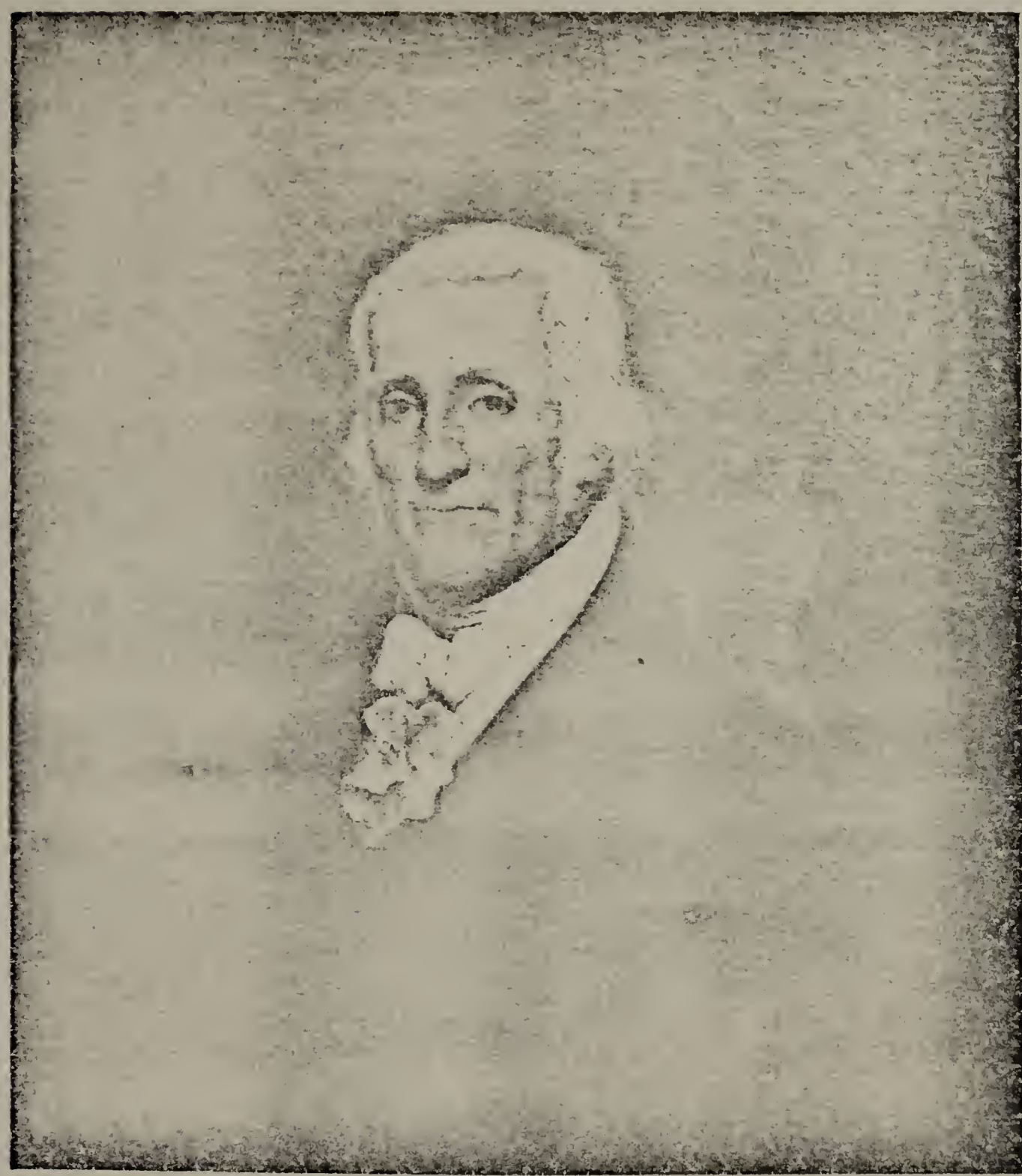
In copying the poem I find it is dedicated not to Uncle James De Wolf but to his father-in-law, Governor Bradford, whose home was first called "The Mount," he being the original owner of the Mount Hope estate inherited by his daughter, Aunt Nancy, wife of James De Wolf. Aunt Nancy, though distinguished like her father for hospitality, had some characteristics unlike him or her husband's family who, with all their wealth and generous mode of living, seem to have retained a peculiar simplicity of character and manners, while with her came in a gorgeousness and display before unknown, and also a haughty and imperious temper. There is a sad story of her compelling a lovely young daughter to marry against her wish, though she implored upon her knees to be spared.

One of his brothers, finding Uncle James superintending the building of an extensive conservatory, asking what it was for, was answered with, "Oh! I am making a hot-house outside to keep a cool one inside." A different though similar story comes down of Uncle Charles, the eldest of the five brothers, when found overlooking the building of a comfortable little cottage, on being questioned, said, "Well, you see I hate the sight of poor

folks, so the only way was to put old Mrs. Handy in a comfortable house," and there she was established as a pastry cook for the rest of her days.

Uncle Charles and his nephew Henry (my grandfather) were especially attached and were constantly comparing notes on their beloved farm topics. As they were one day looking over a wall at some sheep, cows, or horses, Uncle Charles, tall and athletic even in old age, desiring a nearer view, mounted the wall, tossing aside his nephew's offered hand, with "Get out of the way, Harry," jumped to the ground on the other side. This was not long before his death, and my mother used to say the jump may have hastened his end. He had his share of the family wit and humour, and when watching the unloading of one of his vessels whose cargo consisted of bags of gold, he suddenly exclaimed, "I 've heard of rolling in gold, I think I 'll try it," and forthwith lay down and rolled over and over among the gold bags. He must have had a charming personality. His kindness of heart and warmth of affection have left undying memories. When his beautiful daughter Sophia was dying in a lingering decline, he had her portrait painted, standing constantly behind her chair during the sittings, out of sight, that his falling tears might not distress her.

Another daughter, Martha, fell in love with a sedate scientist in blue goggles, Professor Warren, and her father refusing his consent, they eloped, whereupon in proper fashion, he disowned her, refusing to be reconciled. A year or two afterwards, however, she came to visit some relatives in Bristol, bringing a lovely baby. The grandfather walked by the house every morning, and as no De Wolf was ever known to resist the charms of babyhood, it was arranged for the nurse to be out on the pavement with the baby. He fell into the snare at once and soon was on intimate terms with the baby, who responded to his talk with happy coos and smiles. When at last he was leaving, he said, "Charming child! whose is it?" "Why, sir, it is your grandchild," answered the well-instructed nurse, whereupon he was off like a shot, but only as far as the next corner, where



CHARLES DE WOLF
From portrait by Gilbert Stuart

he turned, came back, and entered the house to find the mother of the irresistible baby. The next step was to buy the house and farm on Pappoosesquaw, fronting on the northwest corner of the road from Hey Bonnie Hall. The house was made into a delightful residence, finished in true De Wolf style. Here Professor and Mrs. Warren lived for many years and their little girl, the baby peacemaker, was the playmate of little Annie De Wolf.

I think it was in the spring of 1824, on the 22nd of April, there occurred such a snowstorm that an arch was cut under the snow, for exit from the west door of Hey Bonnie Hall. My mother, about nine years old, was here with her grandparents, and being lifted up onto the top of the snow ran along to the Warren house, where she found herself on a level with the second story windows and thinking it very improper to look into other people's bedrooms, she turned about and ran home again, to the relief of Aunt Charlotte, who had remonstrated in vain against such temerity.

Uncle Charles's own house was as delightful as himself. Happily situated at the southwest corner of the town, the lawn sloped to the water's edge and the gardens were of uncommon beauty and interest. In them stood a graceful summer-house, which is all that now remains of the establishment. The plan of the house was unique in one respect, having four entrances, with two broad halls running from north to south as well as transversely from east to west. The furnishings were of the rarest and richest of the period, the curtains and coverings of the drawing-room being of gold and silver damask. The dining-room was equally attractive with china, glass, and silver in accord with the rest. On one of the panes of glass in a window of the summer-house were some lines in verse cut with a diamond by the daughter Sophia, before mentioned. I do not know if these still exist, but I have a little poem by her which is lovely enough to put upon record here.

THE MOSS ROSE

The angel of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay.
Awaking from a light repose
The angel whispered to the rose,
"O! fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all is fair,
For the sweet shade thou givest me
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
Then said the rose with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow!"
The spirit paused in silent thought,
What grace was there the flower had not?
'T was but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And robed in nature's simplest weed
Could there a flower that rose exceed!

Uncle Simeon Potter, the daring privateer, was the brother of Abigail Potter, who married the first Mark Antony De Wolf, and he is "Uncle Potter" to more than half the old town of Bristol, having had nine sisters, whose descendants very nearly peopled the place. He also had nine farms and left one to each sister. Story tells that Abigail disapproved of his adventures on the sea, naming them as no better than piratical, and when on his return from a voyage laden with booty, having taken the young Mark Antony as his lieutenant, he approached the door of his home, Abigail stood on the threshold and, stretching each arm out across the doorway, refused the bold sinner entrance. "Well, then," said wicked brother Simeon, "you shall not have Mark Antony." And alas for the weakness of women, down went the arms and in walked the pirate and his booty—and Mark Antony—and sadder still to relate, a beautiful ancient silver tankard, now in our possession, that is said to have been captured from a monastery at Opoyo, on the South American coast. Whether Abigail al-

CHARLES DE WOLF'S SUMMER HOUSE

lowed its presence on her sideboard or whether it was given to her son, our great-grandfather, William De Wolf, by Uncle Potter, history tells not. On the handle are the initials of William and Charlotte De Wolf. That it and many other such things of value should have survived the perils and privations of revolutionary times testifies to the fortitude and forethought of the owners, for they must have been at times reduced to great straits. There is somewhere still a copy of "Scott's Commentaries" which was brought to the door by a travelling *colporteur*, which they (Mark Antony and his wife) greatly wished to possess but had no money to pay for. Finally the vendor consented to take their cow in exchange, which was willingly agreed to. The Bible of Mark Antony and Abigail De Wolf is now in the Athenæum Library in Providence, having been given by Mrs. Robert Rogers and Miss Charlotte De Wolf.

Uncle Potter on one occasion during the Revolution saved the town of Bristol, which had been condemned to be burned by the Commandant of the British fleet off Newport. Uncle Potter rowed out to the warship, and after much diplomacy and finally by the promise of a large flock of sheep, obtained grace for the brave little town. Through collateral lines from Uncle Potter and direct descent from Mark Antony De Wolf, the inhabitants of Old Bristol up to the end of the Civil War were nearly all related to each other. The descendants of Uncle Potter's numerous sisters are continually coming to the front, as well as those of Mark Antony De Wolf's five daughters and five sons, and it is gratifying to find them as a rule in whatever walk of life or vocation they may be, well-doers therein; though sad to tell there are exceptions enough and deplorable ones to prove the rule, and these generally among the most wealthy and fashionable.

Our grandfather, Henry De Wolf, the eldest of William De Wolf's children, was sent as a young man to Charleston, to enter business under the auspices of Mr. Nathaniel Russell, formerly of Bristol, our paternal great-grandfather, and a friend of William De Wolf. He was a noble man as well

as one of the most successful and esteemed merchants of the day. Under his guidance Henry De Wolf developed a fine business, and at the early age of twenty-four felt firmly enough established to come on to Boston and claim the beautiful Nancy Marston for his bride.

He was at the height of youth and fortune, six feet tall, and uncommonly fine looking, and he and his bride must have taken the old farm by storm when they drove down in their carriage with dashing horses, coachman, and footmen in livery. It is probable, however, that a longer devotion to work would have been wiser, for during his absence from Charleston, either from misfortune or mischance, his partner came to grief, the firm was broken up, and he never returned to the scene of his early successes. The beautiful house on Pappoosesquaw, now Hey Bonnie Hall, which they had begun to build and which was mainly designed and planned by our grandmother (the architect being Russell Warren), had to be given up. Fortunately his father took it off his hands, giving him the Old Farm in exchange, which our talented grandmother at once began to beautify by her taste and skill, replacing the confined little staircase with a generous sweep of mahogany stairs. In the "great south chamber" the cornices of windows and high post bedstead were adorned with panels and medallions on which she painted exquisite landscapes. The hangings were of a rich maroon and gold, of which the "Frog" fringe was made by her own clever fingers. On the floor was a Turkey carpet, a present from her father, John Marston, intended no doubt for the state drawing-room; but no, it must be in the room where the babies toddled that there might be a soft place for their heads when they tumbled down, — for in this loved abode children and grandchildren were born and reared, and returned in after years to renew the treasured memories of childhood and youth.

Little Annie De Wolf was a consecrated child of God, almost from infancy, as many passages in her life bear witness. Her parents, beginning their married life in full enjoyment of all the gaieties and pleasures of this world

which wealth and social position could offer, were suddenly brought face to face with the need for something higher by the loss of their third child, a beautiful boy of two and a half years, whose death must have occurred either just before or just after the birth of his little sister. From this time their parents were devoted Christians, bringing up their children in intimate communion with the Higher Life. I have already told of the finding of the letter S in the paint on the window sill and the associating it at once with the Saviour when little Annie was only two or three years old. The first poem copied into the extract book given her by her grandfather Marston when she was fourteen, is before me now in clear, childlike writing,

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee.

And it must have been about this time that she took upon herself the responsibility of her Christian life. On occasion of an earnest appeal from the pulpit, probably by Mr. Bristed, the rector of St. Michael's at that period, some dear old body in the congregation said she saw the moment when Annie De Wolf was "converted" by the illumination of her countenance. From this time on, her books are filled with passages from the most spiritual and thoughtful and intellectual writers, not only of her day but back to Plato and other thinkers of antiquity. Mr. Bristed, who was an Englishman and in constant receipt of the best books and reviews from the older country, delighted to share and discuss them with an intelligent mind like my grandfather's, and both talk and books were eagerly absorbed by the young listener, to whom many of the books were brought personally when Mr. Bristed found how her spirit was craving intercourse with lofty minds. On the east side of the house at the Farm was one of the most delightful and picturesque piazzas I have ever seen; the banisters enclosing it, as well as the balustrade around the roof, were of an uncommon and beautiful design, no doubt my grandmother's. At one end a sweet-briar rose made a complete bower; beyond was "The Great Elm," throwing light

and shadow over the stretches of greensward and the old mounting stone beneath. A long low bench across the end of the piazza made a perfect nook for reading, and my mother has told me how, standing there one day and looking up through the elm branches to the blue sky beyond, one of the rare soul experiences of life came to her and as she expressed it, "I realized the harmony of the Universe."

Beyond the other end of the piazza was a St. Michael's pear tree, which like everything about the old Farm was acknowledged far and near to be unequaled for its flavor and lusciousness. Beneath this tree one autumn day stood a boy and girl. She had chosen the ripest and most perfect of the pears to offer to him, but he took up another, saying, "I like them best just before they are quite ripe, crisp instead of luscious." Forty odd years afterwards I stood under another pear tree at Hayfield with my mother, and as we picked the fruit I said, "I like them before they are quite ripe, crisp, not soft."

"That," said she, "is just what papa said to me the first time I ever saw him under the old St. Michael's tree at the Farm."

My father returned to Carolina in a few weeks and was not again in Bristol for many years, but through them all he never forgot the New England maiden, and his proclivity was so recognized that if he fell into silent mood one of the family would ask if he was thinking of the little girl in Bristol. Before she was sixteen many other lovers appeared upon the scene, but she would always say there was not one to compare with Russell Middleton. One of her great enjoyments in these years of early girlhood was her daily custom of running down through the beautiful grove to the shore. She used to tell how wonderful it was on a calm, still morning to go out upon the farthest rock and lying down upon it bring the ear almost on a level with the water and listen to the far-away sounds. At this time at the Farm they had a cook by the name of Hannah Peck, who must have been almost as much of a character as Mary Spooner, and quite as devoted to her young

lady. She did not approve of these long walks before breakfast, so would waylay the culprit on her way to the door, bring her into her spotless kitchen where on the dresser, white almost as snow, was waiting a jonny-cake baked on the board and a cup of hot coffee, which would be obediently and gratefully taken standing; and then instead of returning to the hall door the released bird would fly through the wood-house at the end of which, in place of steps, was a high stone on which she would poise for an instant, then bound down and away to haunts of grove and shore.

"*For she and the clouds and the breezes were one,*
And the hills and the sea had conspired with the sun
To charm and bewilder all men with the grace
They combined and conferred on her wonderful face.
An angel, in passing, looked downward and smiled,
And carried to heaven the fame of the child,
And then what the sea and the sky and the sun
And the tremulous breath of the hills had begun
Required but one touch, to finish the whole,
God loved her and gave her a beautiful soul."

I have spoken so frequently with enthusiasm of the old Farm, as it was modestly called, that to avert the inference of partiality on my part, I will quote from a well-known writer, Mr. George H. Coomer, who happened to live near in his boyhood, and give his impression of the place as well as his tribute to my mother's sister, Cecilia, in a letter to their brother, William, when both were far advanced in life.

"In 1837, when I was eleven years old, our family lived in the old Governor Collins' place, next north of your father's homestead, and it is pleasant even now to recall the happy days that I then passed about the fields and shores. I remember the many-colored pebbles, how bright they looked when wet, and how dull when dry. Often when there was a smart southwest blow, I would go down to the beach for the sole purpose of watching the big waves as they came foaming and tumbling in, so like

great ocean rollers. In those days I used at times to get glimpses of your young sisters in the enclosure of their home. I recollect Miss Cecilia in particular. She was about my own age. I was not in the least acquainted with her, but she seemed to me the most beautiful girl I had ever seen and I worshipped her afar off. How little she could have divined the thoughts with which I looked upon her. How many sweet romances a boy of eleven may carry in his soul all unknown to others."

He saw her once at the gate with her sister, with whom a companion had stopped to speak.

And he goes on to say, "But all this time I was observing Miss Cecilia and I remember to-day exactly how she appeared to my eyes. I saw her many times afterwards but could never muster courage to put myself in her way in such a manner as to bring about an acquaintance. She little dreamed how I carried her sweet image in my heart by day and night and how all my conceptions of the beautiful were centered in her. It was very silly in me, I suppose, but I have never regretted the heart-experience and have never seen any one else who has so impressed me. It was all within my own soul and I believe that the thought of her purified my young imagination as if I had kept there a white lily. It is singular that I saw her only once after those boyhood days. In passing her home about ten or twelve years ago, on my way to Bristol, I caught sight of her as she stood at her door.

"I was well acquainted with your brother, Alexander, whom I liked better than any boy I knew in our neighborhood. He was always so kind, so generous, and so gentlemanly, with a grace beyond his years. I recollect very well how the homestead of your father's family appeared to me in boyhood. The house itself was unlike any other in the neighborhood. It was the only one that had a piazza. Even the long old-fashioned fence which shut in its yard had for me an aristocratic look. That fence had the same wide cap posts as at present but they had not fallen into decay. I thought that a very great people must live in that house.

"I suppose you remember that high and heavy stone wall which formed the division fence between your father's and the Gov. Collins' place. That great wall was to me a wonderful structure, like the Roman Wall in North Britain. In the locust grove south of it was your father's summer-house, which was afterwards moved and joined to the dwelling-house, where it still remains. How many times I have dreamed of being in that old orchard and trying to peer into the windows of that octagonal, mysterious little building which had such a romantic look to me. I have always been somewhat imaginative and perhaps in youth I may have been impressed with many things which would not have been remembered by others with equal distinctness."

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After relinquishing the Pappoosesquaw house and property, and making a new start on the Farm, our grandfather seems to have put the same energy and intelligent enterprise into farming that he did into mercantile life in Charleston, for he soon became successful and once more prosperous. Everything on the place was the best of its kind. His short-horned cattle and merino sheep were renowned the country over and to secure a specimen from flock or herd was considered great good fortune. His horses, always the finest, were so well cared for that they lived to great age and so were known as the "Old Surry" or the "Old White," etc. One old neighbor between the Farm and town, as he saw him drive by in his chaise with grandmama and Uncle William, a little fellow of about three years, said, "There goes Henry De Wolf, the handsomest man with the handsomest wife, the handsomest boy and the handsomest horse in town."

In spite of the interest and charm attaching to the Farm, there was always the lingering desire to carry out the plan of creating a home of their own, for which the beautiful location of the "Knoll Meadow," north of the house, provided a perfect site. So a famous French gardener was enlisted from Boston to lay out the grounds, plant rare trees and shrubs, make paths and flower beds, and in the midst of these fair surroundings the summer-

house raised its graceful proportions, as an *avant-courier* of the mansion which was intended to take its place on the elevated ground of the Knoll, from which could be viewed the whole panorama of Narragansett Bay from Providence to Newport. The summer-house was much larger than was usual, beautifully furnished, and the gardens and grounds about it made it an ideal spot; and I love to think how our dear grandmother enjoyed here the art, in which she so excelled, of giving dinner parties, for which her famous set of delicate India china and monogramed glass were called into play. But before the house itself was even begun, these pleasant dreams were again rudely broken by the disastrous failure of a cousin, George De Wolf, by which the whole town of Bristol was wrecked and the whole family connection impoverished. Our grandfather's loss was sixty thousand; his father was also a heavy loser but could spare it better; all the uncles and cousins suffered more or less. My mother with her usual leniency always said that George De Wolf meant well, thinking to make the fortunes of all his relations and townsfolk.

The honor and rectitude of Henry De Wolf was shown by his giving up every cent he owned to George De Wolf's creditors, only retaining the farm, to begin work once more. Some years afterwards the sum of $10,000 came to him; he received it at the bank in town, drove home, and leaving his horse at the door came into the room where he found grandmama. "Nancy," he said, "this money has just come to me; that amount is still due to the bank in Warren. I am going to pay it." To which his wife assented without a demur, and he drove off to Warren. This misfortune must have been doubly hard, for his children were becoming old enough to need the expensive advantages of education. They had had for some time a delightful tutor, I think from Boston or perhaps Plymouth. His name was Watson and I wish I could recall with sufficient exactness the many pleasant memories my mother had of him. He went afterwards to Kentucky, and she often wished there might be some renewal of intercourse with him.

My mother, though very young, tried to fill Mr. Watson's place as far as possible, teaching her two little sisters, Abbie and Cecilia, as well as taking care of them at all times. They were beautiful children, Aunt Abbie having a fine complexion. I remember a pretty scene of one snow-covered winter's day; after the lessons were said, she put on their coats and hoods and ran out with them for a frolic in the crisp frosty air, their eyes like stars and their cheeks like roses in the snow. Aunt Abbie very early showed a remarkable talent for music, playing by ear with great facility, and a gift for painting which has descended to her celebrated grandson, Charles Dana Gibson. There is now in possession of her son, Maitland Gibson, a copy in oil of Angelica Kauffman's "Antony and Cleopatra," which she painted when only twelve years old. Aunt Cecilia was very original in character, though showing no special talent, but beautiful, growing up tall and stately, far above the usual height.

In spite of straitened means, grandmama's taste and ingenuity enabled her to dress her children well and becomingly, at one time using a French cashmere shawl (which, let us hope, had done good service) to make two suits for little Annie and Fitz-Henry. The center was of a rich nankin buff, having deep ends of palm leaves in a soft shade of brown and a narrow border of the same hue along the sides. The fame and beauty of these dresses remained long in the memory of friends and relatives. We still have a piece of the wide bordering and can fancy the golden and brown curls of the two little wearers hanging upon it.* Grandmama's resources seem to have given out when it came to the hats, for she announced to grandpapa that she must drive to town with him and go to Mrs. Chickering's for at least part of the material needed, and after many remonstrances and much persuasion they started off. But they had not gone more than half way when grandpapa's anxieties became too much for him and he persuaded her to take the reins and drive herself home, saying that he would

*A mistake. The date of these little costumes is of a much earlier period.

do his business in town on foot. This was reluctantly accorded and Old Surry's head turned homeward with a very lonely and disappointed occupant of the chaise. It was not long, however, before she realized her unlooked-for independence, and without giving herself time for second thought turned Old Surry about again, whipped him up to his great astonishment and went flying past her better half, gaily leaning out to wave him a good-bye and trotted on to town and Mrs. Chickering's millinery establishment. There she soon had all its finest treasures spread out before her and with a hat in one hand and ribbons and velvet in the other, tried the effect of a bow here and a streamer there, to the admiring eyes and appreciation of Mrs. Chickering, who exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. De Wolf, if I had you in this store, my fortune would be made!"

It must have been hard for this beauty-loving mother to see her fair daughters growing up and not be able to adorn them as she wished, and doubtless many sacrifices were made by her and grandpapa. On the occasion of our mother's going to New York, one of the famous short-horns supplied the needed wardrobe. Among other things a costume was provided that even astonished the dwellers in the great metropolis, old Mr. Sam Ward telling his daughter he would give her *carte blanche* to go and get one just like it. The dress was of a silvery reseda satin damask, over which was worn a dark green velvet pelisse, while the lovely head was crowned with a bonnet of white silk lined with pink silk shirred; the face within must have given the final touch.

Several life-long friendships began during the summer that she was eighteen, one with Miss Julia Metcalf, who was born six days earlier in the same year of the proclamation of Peace, in token of which her father, Judge Metcalf, had proposed to name her Olive, too suggestive to have been given up for Julia. The acquaintance came about through a visit of Miss Metcalf to Professor Goddard's family in Providence, they being close friends of the aunts at Pappoosesquaw. From another quarter came Mrs.

ANNA ELIZABETH DE WOLF
From a miniature by Miss Ann Hall

Henry Ward of New York, her brother, Mr. Prescott Hall, having married cousin Harriet De Wolf, daughter of Uncle James. With Mrs. Ward was her sister, Miss Ann Hall, the celebrated miniature painter, whose immediate desire was to paint the picture of Annie De Wolf. It was begun then but not finished for two years, Miss Hall saying that she had put the work of twelve of her usual miniatures on this one. When on one occasion she showed it to some distinguished visitor, he asked if it was possible that any one could be so beautiful. "Indeed, a great deal more so," was Miss Hall's reply. While they were in Bristol, Mr. Ward and his family were at Newport. The following winter Mrs. Prescott Hall asked if she could have little Annie with her in New York. They were in the heart of the gay world, their table daily circled by the most brilliant and eminent minds of the hour, Cousin Prescott being a distinguished member of the New York Bar. Our grandmother felt loath to commit her carefully nurtured child to such entirely worldly influences, fond as she was of the kind cousins, but when Mrs. Henry Ward made the same request there was no reason to hesitate, and under her benign roof and guardianship our mother made her *entrée* to the gay New York world. She was constantly with her cousin, Mrs. Prescott Hall, and Mrs. James De Wolf, whose only daughter, Julianna, afterwards Mrs. Robert Cutting, was near her age and it was natural and pleasant for them to attend the balls and brilliant pageants together.

Both Mr. Henry Ward and his brother, Mr. Sam Ward, were devotedly fond of music, and at one house or the other there were musicals two or three times a week; when, besides the amateur contributions from the guests, often, of course, very enjoyable, some of the distinguished professionals of the day were depended on for finished performance. My mother was without scientific training, but she had one of those exquisitely sweet, natural voices, and with it the rare art of giving just the right expression and intonation, being especially happy in Scotch ballads. One night after

a good deal of fine music had been enjoyed, Mr. Sam Ward made his way through the guests to where she was seated to say that he must have his favorite song, "My Boy Tammie." My mother did not think herself prepared for so critical an audience, but Mr. Ward would take no excuse and offering his arm conducted her to the piano where old Schlesinger himself waited to accompany her. She had the self-possession of modesty and entire freedom from self-consciousness, so passed through the ordeal well enough to call forth Schlesinger's enthusiasm. One after another of the company drew near to express their appreciation, among them the celebrated Dr. Hawkes, who delighted in the Scotch accent, laying stress upon the line,

"*The smile ga'ed aff her bonnie face.*"

My mother's whole family was more or less musical, her father's voice being remarkable, and I have heard Mrs. Julia Perry say that when our Uncle Alex sang, the whole room would be in tears. She also said he had the most magnificent eyes she had ever seen. My father too always spoke of him as such a splendid-looking boy when he first saw him. He was fond of study and reading, and grandmama thought there was every promise for high attainment in him, but he must have lacked that remarkable quality which makes of difficulties stepping-stones to success, in spite of having so many advantages, with a charming temper and disposition.

When our mother was six years old (before the George De Wolf disaster) her father sent to Paris for as beautiful and perfect a piano as could be got. We have it still, externally perfect, though its power for song has flown. It is exquisite in finish, each panel having a design in ormolu of different musical instruments. Its five pedals must have made almost an orchestra, — a harp stop, a bassoon, a rich soft drum, the vibration and buff stops. My mother said no Steinway or Chickering of the present day equaled it in sweetness of tone and volume. Any distinguished musician who chanced to be near enough was brought to play upon it, and often it

must have responded to the touch of another of my mother's life-long friends, bearing again the name of Julia, afterwards Mrs. Frederick Herreshoff.

She was a Miss Lewis of Boston, a relative of great-uncle Charles De Wolf's third wife, whom she came to visit at the beautiful old house described above. The lawn and garden sloping to the water's edge gave a Herreshoff happy opportunity for frequent visits, moonlight sailing and rowing, to which the summer-house was an additional lure to romance. Mrs. Herreshoff has been such a dear, familiar presence to us, all through our lives,—always clad in a simple slip of print or gingham, her hair drawn up into a knot with no apparent thought of appearance—that it is hard to recognize her in our mother's description of her first *entrée* into Bristol. Beautiful in face, with a perfect figure, she dressed in the height of the fashion, her hat one of the famous leghorns of the day, the braid almost as fine as a hair. But all her charms succumbed to the enchantment that surrounded her. The summer-house and the garden, the moonlight and the water, the boat and the boatman with his melodious voice for song as well as speech, were all too strong and won the day, and so she became the mother of the many Herreshoffs who all reflect some special distinction on their native town. Mr. Herreshoff's grandfather was one of the body-guard of Frederick the Great. His son, on coming to this country, was engaged in the office of John Brown of Providence and, as might be expected, a love affair soon sprang up between him and Mr. Brown's young daughter, not at all to the satisfaction of her father, she being an attractive young heiress. She was very fond of a fine horse of her father's, called Prince, and also of the charming old Vassall place on Pappoosesquaw which Mr. Brown had bought, when it was confiscated at the beginning of the Revolution and Mr. Vassall expatriated on account of his sympathies with the mother country. As is generally the case in love affairs, opposition only riveted matters and finally the father succumbed to his daughter's plea that if he would give her Point Pleasant, Prince, and Mr. Herreshoff, she would ask no

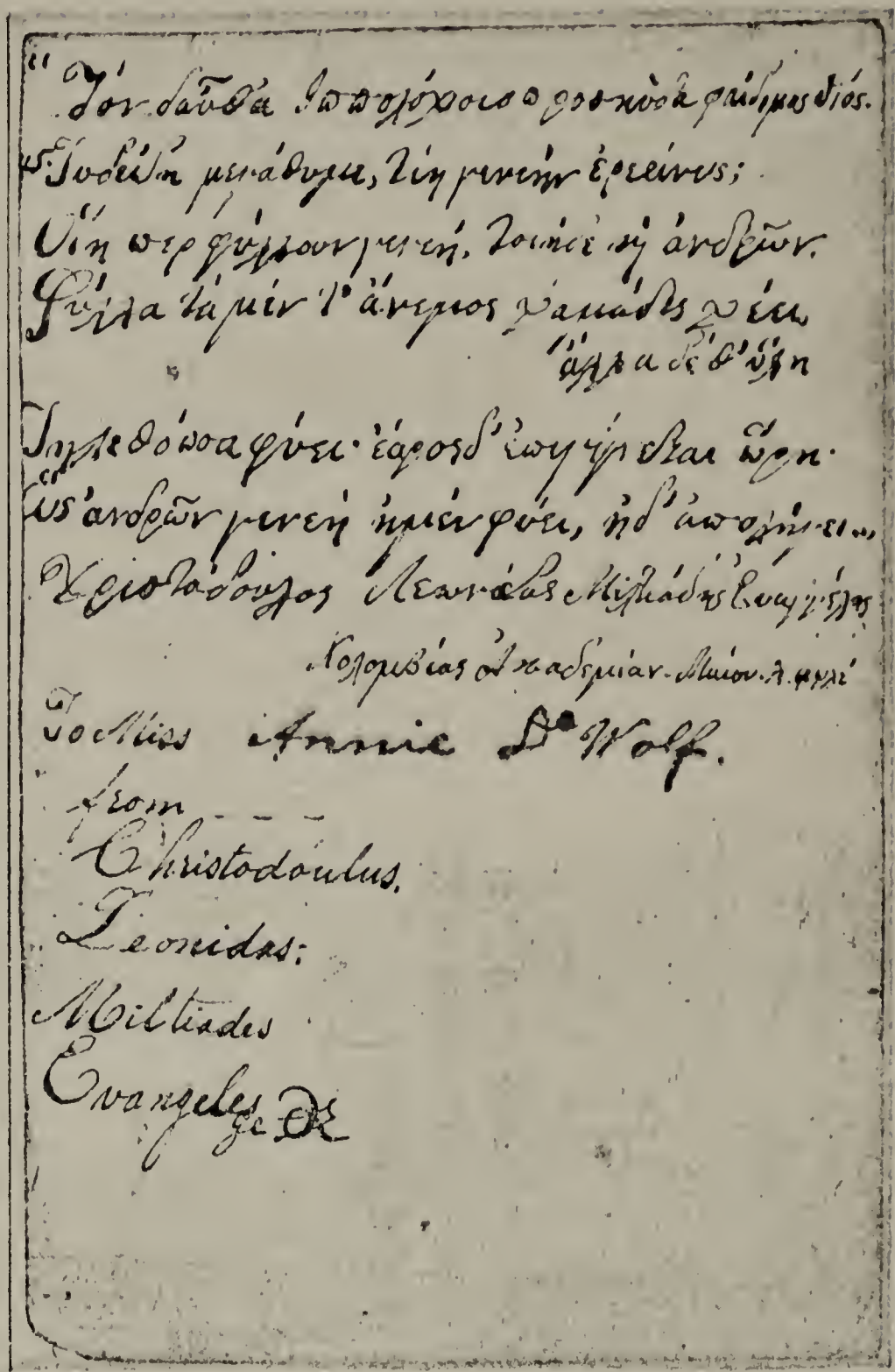
more. These were granted and the "more" must have been liberally added, for the house has ever since been a museum of fine old china, silver, and brocade, and its inmates from generation to generation warm and valued friends of the De Wolf household nearby.

Mr. Vassall, the previous owner of Point Pleasant, was one of the early statesmen of the country, and in spite of the fact that he was a Tory, his knowledge and opinions were so highly esteemed that John Adams would come down from Quincy to consult him and talk over affairs of state. One day as they entered the avenue of locusts, talking earnestly together, Mr. Vassall noticing that the top branches of the trees were dying said, "I must have those trees cut down." "Well," said John Adams, "keep one to hang yourself on; don't you know if you cut off the dead top of a locust, it will renew its youth?" Mr. Vassall followed the horticultural advice, though he did not the political, and the Locust Avenue stands to-day a monument to John Adams's wisdom. Mr. Vassall was afterwards driven from the town (in his own fine coach) and his property confiscated. My grandfather always spoke of him with highest respect as a delightful gentleman of polished manners and fine understanding. His daughter married our great-great-grandfather, Joseph Russell.

But to take up the thread of Annie De Wolf's life in the gay metropolis, where in spite of its brilliant society and its high position in the government of the country, the streets were still unpaved and the Dutch element so in the ascendant that the finely attired ladies had to run the gauntlet of muddy sidewalks and the pigs which would dash out of the alleys, regardless of the silk stockings and kid slippers which were the only protection vouchsafed to fashionable feet even when the ground was frozen. To drive to the Palisades on the Bloomingdale Road was a trip into the country, and my father has told of standing as a child with his nurse on Canal Street, and looking across the canal to the woods on the other side.

At the time of my mother's first visit to Bond Street, the terrible struggle

GREEK BODY.



CHRISTODOLUS LEONIDAS MILTIADES EVANGELES

against the Turks was convulsing Europe. The Greeks were then the chief sufferers and resistants, Byron having devoted his life and powers to their cause. Indeed, the whole civilized world was interested, and especially in an effort to rescue the children of massacred parents, who were only allowed to live to be sold into the worst of slavery. Mr. Sam Ward and a lady of wealth whose name I have forgotten, each sent a sum of money to the American Consul in Constantinople to ransom a Greek boy and a girl from the Turks. The girl, Garaphelia, was of surpassing beauty. We have now a photograph of the miniature of her, painted by Miss Ann Hall, but the poor little exile did not long survive the fearful experience which she probably passed through. The boy, however, lived and throve as a member of Mr. Ward's kind and liberal household, and "Christie," with his pretty foreign ways and manners, was an interesting and romantic addition to the family. Mr. Ward's intention had been to educate him and send him back to his own people as a missionary, but this was far from Christie's choice. Full of fun and the joy of living, he was too happy in the companionship of the numerous young people of the house to give much heed to the serious side of life. Of course he fell at once a victim to the charms of the beautiful young visitor, and whenever my mother opened her door, she would find him stretched on the rug outside, waiting patiently for a sight of her sweet face or a touch of her hand. In one of her extract books there is a poem in Greek characters with the translation on the next page, each verse ending with

"*Thou sweet bloom of oleander,*"

and with it an engraving from the portrait, painted of him in his native costume of white kilted skirt, full white sleeves and shirt, embroidered jacket, and little close fez cap, signed Christodoulus Leonidas Miltiades Evangeles, Greek.

At Mr. Ward's death it was found that his fortune was not as ample as it had been, and on the breaking up of the fine old Bond Street home-

stead the sons and daughters made up a purse sufficient to take Christie to Greece and start him in some employment there.

He was a romantic and fascinating myth to our childhood, like a page of our fairy tales and like them never to be seen or heard of in real everyday life. What was our surprise then, a few years ago, when our cousin Francisco De Wolf, on his return from Europe, called on my mother to give her an interesting account of a meeting with a "Mr. Evangeles." Mr. and Mrs. F. De Wolf were on their way to Athens and as they entered the Piræus they were landed on the small island of Sira, near the mouth of the harbor, and there had to wait most of the day for a smaller boat to take them up to Athens. At the breakfast or lunch table one of them said to the other, "I wonder if there is anything of interest to see on this island?" at which a lady seated not far from them said, "If, as I suppose, you are Americans, you will certainly be interested in the College of which Mr. Evangeles is president and I will be glad to take you there and introduce you to him," which kind offer was promptly accepted. At the college they were received by a charming old gentleman with flowing white locks, but no sooner were the visitors' names announced than he stopped short, saying, "De Wolf, did you say De Wolf?" and on the name being repeated he left the room, returning with an album in his hand, and pointing to the page at which he had opened, he said, "Do you know that lady?" On it were written Titania's lines, "Feed him with dew-berries," etc. As soon as he learned that his visitors were cousins of the Annie De Wolf of his youth, he proceeded to give them an account of his life after leaving America. From his entire ignorance and lack of experience in the care of money, the sum provided by the Wards was soon exhausted, and he found himself penniless and a stranger in his native land. After trying in many ways to earn a support, he was glad to teach the hotel waiters English in return for a meal. One day as he was descending the steps of a hotel, having had a very insufficient return for his lesson, he met a party of gay young travelers, who suddenly stopped

and hailed him with "Hello, Christie! where did you come from?" They were some of his former companions in New York and insisted on his returning to take a glass of wine with them. "I had been glad had they offered me bread," was his comment, but good came out of the meeting, for though they were not aware of the extent of his need, they saw enough to induce them to procure him a position in the office of the American Consul, which seemed like a haven of rest to the poor boy. His experience of poverty, too, bore good fruit, and instead of wasting, he put up regularly from his small salary, and recalling Mr. Ward's business methods he began to buy up small tracts of land on the outskirts of Athens. Though these did not increase in value like such investments in New York or Chicago, the advance was steady and sure, making him before long an independent man, and later with means to bestow upon others. Again the memory of his kind and generous benefactor was his inspiration. Realizing the disappointment it must have been when he failed to become the missionary of Mr. Ward's dreams, it occurred to him that education was the keynote of the missionary's work; and he forthwith turned all his energy and resources to the great object of founding a college for the training of Greek youth, and most remarkable of all, was able to become its president. Who can tell how much his noble work accomplished in fitting the Greeks for overthrowing the vile yoke of their oppressors in the great war.

In the city of Washington itself, was the delightfully stately and old-time establishment of General Vaness, where an aged sable retainer was comfortably seated in a little vestibule on which the front door opened, to receive visitors and then ring a bell for a young footman to conduct them to the drawing-room. General Vaness's daughter married Arthur Middleton, grandson of the signer and son of Henry Middleton, for many years Minister to Russia. She died leaving no children and Arthur Middleton afterwards married the Countess Bentivoglio.

This was the period of a galaxy of fame in Washington. Calhoun and

Webster, Clay, and Hayne, were all thundering out words and principles to take their place in the history of the country. I have certainly used the wrong word in thundering, which must apply only to their themes, for Calhoun was noted for his gentle speech.

Among the many interesting characters in the capital city was the Chevalier d'Arguise. He was a Spaniard, Ambassador or Minister from the Argentine Republic. He was advanced in years and in infirm health, but my mother always spoke with peculiar veneration and affection of the loveliness of his countenance and the perfection and true nobility of his deportment. She knew him and saw him very intimately but whether in his own home or at Meridian Hill or Brentwood I do not know. I think it was during this winter that a delegation of Indian chiefs from the far west came to ask of the Government that a reservation of *their own country* might be apportioned them. Their appearance in full warrior dress and the simple dignity of their manner and costume must have been impressive as well as picturesque. On one occasion my mother's cousin, Miss Kate De Wolf, afterwards Mrs. Dodge, was playing on the piano and singing. Hearing a slight sound behind her, she turned to find a tall Indian in full and gorgeous costume standing quite near her. Before she could show her alarm, he lifted his beautiful cloak of many colored feathers from his shoulders, laid it on the floor at her feet, then bounded from the open window and was gone.

The latter part of this winter and the spring were spent in Philadelphia, between the three households of relatives there. Her uncle, Commodore Marston, her mother's brother, was devotedly attached to her, the only trouble being that he resented her staying with anyone else. Besides being a gallant officer he was a lover of art and also of flowers. It was the delight of his heart to take his niece Annie to the picture galleries and art stores, or of a fine morning they would tramp off to the suburbs for a sight of the green-houses and market gardens, the enterprise chiefly of the thrifty Dutch settlers who also had their attractive flower stalls in the city. These

pleasant expeditions were never forgotten. Half a century after, she would exclaim, "What a wonderful picture that Wouvermann was!" or "The first Baron Provost Rose I ever saw was with Uncle John." He had also years before instituted her first flower garden at the "Farm." Returning from a cruise along the coast of South America with the usual assortment of mementoes for each of the family, he drew out a package of seeds, saying, "This is to make a garden for little Annie." Her brother William did his part in preparing the ground, and in due time the wonderful new blossoms appeared to the delight of the little gardener and the admiration of the neighborhood.

But to go forward again to the spring time in Philadelphia, Uncle John's eldest son, our "Cousin John," was a baby, or rather just beginning to speak, when he was taken ill and for many weeks lovingly tended by his cousin Annie, his mother being in delicate health at the time. The same dread sickness, scarlet fever I think, attacked the children of his cousin Josiah Randal's family, and here also Annie De Wolf took her stand by their bedsides, nursing back to life all but one, little Moll, who breathed her last in her arms. Of the boys of this household, Sam was afterwards for many years the famous Speaker of the House, then a little fellow only remarkable for his love of study. At the breakfast table his pile of school books was always beside his plate and his hands lay caressingly on them while he ate his breakfast.

The third home of Philadelphia cousins was that of the Earps, where the eldest daughter, Hannah, was my mother's loved companion and lifelong friend. Her mother, Cousin Mary, was one of the smallest persons I ever saw, but with a heart that embraced the universe. Her sister, Cousin Jane Randal, was the mainspring of the establishment, which was on a large and liberal scale. She overlooked the numerous servants, went to market, and provided the bountifully equipped table, where she took her seat at the corner next the lady at the head of the board. The only mark of distinction

was the bunch of keys which hung almost to the floor from the girdle of her little short-waisted gown. At the table her attention was chiefly given to the proper carrying out of her arrangements. So quiet and unobtrusive was she that one would hardly notice she was present. But once in the drawing-room and especially if a visitor of note appeared, statesman, scientist, or *littérateur*, Cousin Jane held the floor. Doctor Jackson, their devoted friend and physician, who slept on the floor beside the beds of the children during the epidemic just told of, was esteemed in those days an infidel though we should now probably consider him an intelligent and honest thinker. Cousin Jane would say, on hearing some of his views, "You should read your Bible, Doctor."

He would answer, "I have, Aunt Jane."

"But have you read it on your knees, Doctor?"

Perhaps the most congenial friends beyond the family were the Mayors, Miss Emily, Miss Lucy, Mary (Mrs. Bird), and two brothers, Edward and Frederick. The old doctor, their father, was a Lutheran clergyman and wore a long, black scholastic cloak, which from the service of many years in storm and sunshine had become worn and rusty. The returns from the first brief which came to his son Frederick, after he was admitted to the bar, were invested in a new cloak which he brought home triumphantly one evening only to be gently scolded for his extravagance. The sisters adored their brothers and would not let any hands but their own iron their shirts. Alas, Frederick was taken from them in very early manhood. They were all very intellectual and cultivated, and also full of wit and humor, and attractive in appearance. Mrs. Bird was beautiful; and how my mother loved them all. But much as she enjoyed these experiences and episodes, in the gay world, her letters show how constantly her heart was turned homeward. Indeed, the summers must have had as many and wide interests as the winters, and though the home circle was always chief among them, distinguished visitors would be brought up from Newport or down from Bos-

ton and Providence and create a festive time in the quiet, dignified old town. On one occasion it was a French frigate with the Prince de Joinville, one of the five sons of Louis Philippe, in command, and there was a ball on board. Word comes down to us of the wonderful beauty of Annie De Wolf and the becomingness of the red rose in her corsage. When, however, the Prince asked her hand in a dance, it was declined because the dance was a waltz.

A delightful family from Georgia came to spend the summer in Bristol about this time, Mr. Tom Clay and his sister, Miss Anne Clay, afterwards Mrs. William R. Grey of Boston. They boarded at a farmhouse on what was then called the back road, properly the old State Road, now Metacom Avenue, whence they would walk over to the Farm or farther still to Pappoosesquaw, in either event claiming Annie De Wolf for companion in their long rambles. The acquaintance began I think through the Misses Goddard of Providence, who with their brother, Professor Goddard, were old and valued friends and warmly welcomed to Pappoosesquaw. Their intellectual tastes and cultivation of mind were strong bonds between them and the young spirit who looked up to them with affectionate admiration. Miss Sallie Goddard was very plain in appearance but so beloved by her family and friends that they insisted upon having her miniature painted by Miss Hall, which she finally consented to on the condition that Miss Hall represent her as she would look "after the resurrection"; saying to the artist at her first sitting, "You must not flatter me but you may glorify me." This was so well carried out by Miss Hall that when Judge Metcalf saw the miniature, his comment was, "There is a body terrestrial and there is a body celestial."

On her return to Bristol, she had just entered upon all the delights and happiness of being once more at home, and was arranging a course of study and reading with her young sisters when, one morning, the aunts from Pappoosesquaw drove up to say that Uncle Robert wished to take them on a

trip to Canada, and that Annie must go with them. They were to start the next day, so there was no time for pros and cons. She must pack what she needed and be ready when they would call for her to drive up to Providence, there to take the boat for New York. On the Hudson River steamer was a young friend of Uncle Robert's, a Mr. Delano, with his brother and their sister, Miss Louisa Delano. They soon made one party and added much to the gaiety and pleasure of the trip. As usual, however, the thoughtful side of my mother was ever present, and I have among my treasures the lines copied from a volume of Milton which she took up from a table, when at Albany she went with Mr. Frank Delano to see the new library there.

At Niagara she was the only one of the party to go with the guide into the grotto under the Falls. Her description of the transit from American to English ways and customs, marks the advance in public manners in this country during the last century. The steamboat by which they left American soil was crowded with noisy seamen, on deck the captain shouted his orders, while the steward and a party of waiters rushed to and fro, loading the table with heaped-up dishes so unattractively served that the guests left the table without having satisfied a well-earned appetite. The next afternoon found them on the English boat on the St. Lawrence. What a change! Bare of ornament, almost of comfort, but clean as wax, one or two noiseless attendants, on deck the captain in naval uniform, his commands obeyed without a sound heard; but the poor travelers were destined to go hungry, for all that the tea table offered was thin dry slices of bread and a meager supply of butter, the only luxury being heaps of English raspberries. The scenery of the great river made up for all deficiencies, and when Montreal and Quebec were reached the enjoyment was boundless. The site of the spot immortalized by Wolfe and Montcalm, the peaceful beauty of the one time battle-ground of the Plains of Abraham are graphically described in her home letters, as well as her enthusiasm over the beautiful

order and repose of the Ursuline Convent through which the nuns took them with much interest.

It was to Judge Metcalf's house in Dedham that the ensuing winter's visit was made, with her friend, Miss Julia Metcalf. Miss Metcalf was exceedingly small of stature and my mother very tall; but heart and mind were on one level and they read and studied and walked and talked together with all the enthusiasm of youth. Before returning home, a visit was made to Mr. and Mrs. Hillard, whose house in Boston was a literary center of the day. Miss Metcalf must have been there also, at least for a time, as I remember a story of their walking home from some entertainment, my mother and Mr. Clarence Stedman in the lead and so absorbed in philosophical talk that they passed Mr. Hillard's house unawares. — "Look at those two with their heads in the clouds," said Miss Metcalf to her companion. "They will walk straight into Charles River if we do not stop them!"

Hawthorne was one of the Hillard household at this time; wonderfully beautiful in appearance, but so shy that he only spoke in monosyllables. He would come down in a flowered dressing gown to his breakfast of baked apples and cream, and as soon as they were disposed of, bow himself from the room, invisible for the rest of the day. In strong contrast was Oliver Wendell Holmes. The first time my mother saw him, she asked who was that extraordinarily homely man; but so genial was he and overflowing with wit and the milk of human kindness that one soon forgot the vestment of the spirit. This was the winter of Dickens's first visit to this country, and my mother used to say the pressure of his hand and his "God bless you my child" at parting were memories for life. Mr. Henderson Inches was a man of distinction and wealth, just past the boundary of youth, who had attained that most enviable of positions — consideration and esteem in the Hub. Like most such men who have not assumed the joys and cares of matrimony, he greatly delighted in the society of a charming young girl and so was a frequent attendant on Annie De Wolf.

Boston, Jan. 23, 1842.

My Dearest Aunt,

ALTHOUGH I have not heard from you in answer to my last I am writing you again to endeavor to induce you to fulfill your intention, (which Mr. William Rogers tells me you had) of coming here. I met him the day before yesterday returning from a second call upon me which I was again so unfortunate as to lose—but he turned and walked with me, and said he had just been to the Tremont House hoping to find you had arrived, having received a letter from Mr. R. Rogers saying *he* waited your movements to come. Now if this be the case why will you not start off? Dickens is here at the Tremont House and *he* is no every day sight. The weather is delightful and Boston houses the perfect patterns of comfort not exceeded even by your Papasqua Hall. Knoop the great violincellist, and Madame de Goûr the guitarist are here giving concerts which would *thrill* you *through* and *through*—and Herwig with his violin is expected every day! Miss Clay is getting well fast so that she rides every day and would be perfectly delighted to see you. Mrs. Gray, Mary Gray, the Metcalfs, the Danas, even *Mr. Alston himself* have spoken of your coming. Don't pray disappoint so many rare people—to say nothing of a poor little niece of yours, who would be as happy as any queen to have a sight of your dear faces, I mean *yours* and *Aunt Charlotte's* and *Mr. Rogers'*. Now, what is the reason that you will not without delay pack up and be off? This will reach you Tuesday noon. You can reach here Wednesday—and Thursday Knoop and Herwig will give their splendid concert—*oh do come,—don't put it off.* I shall be ready to go back with you—but I do not mean to be so vain as to think that will be any inducement. But separate from everything else I want you to enjoy the *music* and see Dickens which you can only have an opportunity of doing by coming now. I feel quite sure that you will. Perhaps this will find you already determined and prepared for your departure.

Friday evening I passed at Mrs. George S. Hillard's very pleasantly. I heard *then* that you were daily expected. I met there a Mr. Roelker, a young German, quite a charming person, played and sang delightfully and pleased me by naming a piece of music, Annie DW. I saw him again at Knoop's Concert—he is coming with Mr. Hillard to see me to-morrow.

Monday. I have just returned from Mrs. Gray's; she is certainly *one* of the *loveliest.* I told her that I was *hoping* to see you here this week and she desired me earnestly to entreat you to come without delay and *stay with her.* I told her you would be most happy to see a *great deal* of her while here, but I presumed that Mr. Rogers had made arrangements to go to the Tremont House. She then said that perhaps his business might not allow of his bringing you *immediately* and that she should be truly delighted to have you with her. I told her I would repeat to you all that she said but I *could not* of course say that I thought you would stay with her, so left it for you to settle. But by this you may see how desirable you are in these parts. I have also seen Mrs. Metcalf who most emphatically joins her voice in the entreaties. All *these people* want to see *you*—for my own part I must say I think my wishes extend to my *dear Mr. R.* and it is my especial entreaty that I may see *him* and induce him to say yes. I will add to the many attractions already told, the one, that *Braham is coming! That I'm sure will bring him.* But I must take room to tell you that I have to-day received an invitation from Mrs. George S. Hillard to make her a visit before I leave town. She wants me to come to her on Wednesday morning and go with them to a party at Mrs. Skinner's that evening. I am quite delighted with this arrangement as Mr. Hillard being one of the *literati* sees a great deal of pleasant company. He is moreover one of the presidents of the *Book dinner* and will show us Dickens. Now, if you will come and be at the Tremont how delightful—what more can I say but come and make happy

Your own ANNIE.

P.S. I went into the rooms of Alexander the artist this morning, he asked me to sit to him for my portrait—of course I said no—I have not seen Mr. Alston yet, one day that he was in town at Mr. Dana's, they sent for me but I was engaged—If you come I hope you will take me with you when you return Mrs. A's call. I do wish to look upon his face once. There is a young sculptor here (Bracket) of great promise—he has taken a superb bust of Mr. Nick Brown and one of poor Abby Francis. You would like to see them; also one of Mrs. Dana which Mr. Alston thinks nearly equal to Greenough as a work of art.

Boston, Feb. 1842.

My Darling Aunt,

I HAVE been made happy by the visit of my *dear, best* friend, Mr. Rogers. He has now gone, and there is a lingering sadness about my heart that I am not going with him to see you all and be again one of the dear home circle. But I think I have *done right* in remaining where I am a little while longer. I cannot doubt the sincere desire of Mr. and Mrs. Hillard that I should do so, as in addition to their own expressions to that effect I am able to know their private feelings through Julia Metcalf, with whom I can, you know, talk freely. Mr. Rogers will tell you how the time is passing with me. One scene of interest is so quickly succeeded by another that I should fill a volume to tell you all. For last evening we had four invitations, two only of which we were able to accept. The first part of the evening we spent at Dr. Channing's, a "select party," where I met an old friend in Sam Ward, who has just come on to take Julia home. Mary Channing is a nice girl and seems to like me very much—we are going together to see Mrs. Nat Amory (tell Mamma this).

We left the Channings at about half past nine and adjourned to Mrs. William Lawrence's, the Dickens Party where I enjoyed myself I believe to perfection—had a delightful talk with Dickens about Washington

Irving, sculpture, etc. I stopped and drew back several times to give him an opportunity to leave me if he chose but he very kindly continued to resume the conversation, until someone took me away to dance—after that he spoke to me twice again, entirely voluntarily on his part, and gave me a gripe at parting, the effects of which I think I still feel in my fingers. Mrs. Dickens was very kind and told me if I would come and see her she would show me a picture of their children which they have with them. Next Monday is "Charles'" birthday as Mrs. D. said very simply—he is thirty years old and the next day (Tuesday) is that of his youngest son, one year. You must all join me in doing what I promised Mr. Dickens I would, wishing them health and happy days. I shall probably pledge my libation in cold water—you can do as you please—perhaps you will prefer coffee or a cup of tea.

I wish Mr. Rogers had stayed a few minutes longer this morning as he would have heard a really delightful song from Mr. Shimmin whose greatest attraction, to my idea, is his musical talent—he is very much such another as H. H. Ward.

Evening. I have but a few moments left to close these few lines before I must send them to the Tremont House. Mr. Henry Rice has been here for the last hour—he had just been to call on Mr. Rogers. What did Mr. R. think of him?

How can I express, dear Aunt, the gratitude I feel for the affection and interest which my dear Mr. Rogers has evinced for me. No doubt he will tell you what real confidential talks we have had. I treasure every word he said to me and only pray that my life may be so guided as to bring *happiness* to those to whom I owe more than my whole life *can pay.*

I shall write to the Farm in a day or two. We are going this evening to Mrs. Ticknor's and I must make some change in my dress. Adieu for the present dear, *dear* friends. In your prayers forget not your

ANNIE.

I dined the other day with Gilman, Henry Brownell's friend. I mention this for Elisa Vernon but am sorry that I do not like him better, he is however amusing but I should think without much principle.

Saturday Morning.

I found I could not without giving trouble to Mrs. Hillard send this letter to the Tremont House last evening — so have concluded to dispatch it by mail.

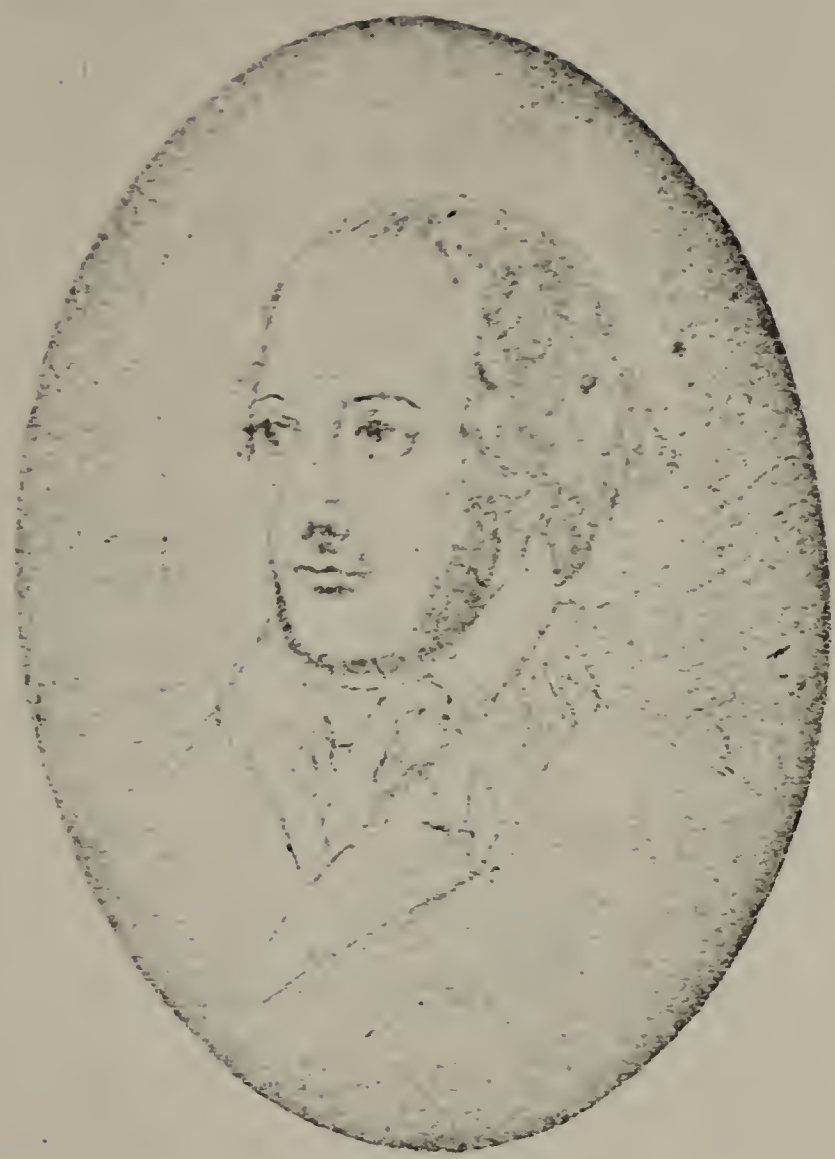
We passed a most delightful evening at Mrs. Ticknor's last night. Herwig the violinist was there and accompanied Miss Ticknor who played most charmingly on the piano. The last of the evening, that is after supper, we had a dance. Tell Mr. Rogers I had the pleasure of a talk and dance with Mr. Tom Appleton, the gentleman I pointed out to him on Beacon Street. Julia and Sam Ward were there.

It is needless to say that through these winters and summers at home and abroad

"*Wherever she wandered, wherever she roamed*"

lovers followed the footsteps of Annie De Wolf. But though she came near yielding more than once, indeed twice went so far as to engage herself to men so fine and attractive that there seemed no reason for her not marrying them, always the memory of that boy from the southern land came between, and so it came to pass that in the summer of 1842, my grandfather on returning from town one day said, "The old Russell house has been opened once more and the son of our old friends, the Arthur Middletons, has come with his family to spend the summer there. We must go and call upon them."

More than forty years afterwards, one sunny day in bonnie Carolina, I chanced to put on a pink striped muslin dress which I had just made. As soon as my father saw it, he said, "That is just like the dress your mother had on the first time I saw her the summer we were married, with a close fitting black velvet bodice." How plainly I can see him, as my mother



NATHANIEL RUSSELL MIDDLETON
Pencil sketch by Mrs. McEuen

has told of his following them to the carriage and after helping them in, leaning on the door as though loath to part, even for a little while, with what he had so long waited for. As they finally drove off she could see him standing, his hair blowing in the wind, a picture of intellectual beauty and refinement; he was so delicate and spiritual in make that when Miss Sallie Goddard saw him for the first time she said, "I believe he *is* a spirit," and many years later a friend said to me, it seemed as if the flesh was absorbed by the spirit. He was very fragile from birth, so that it was a surprise to himself as well as others when he reached each stage of life—boyhood, youth, manhood, and age. This last was never his, for up to eighty years his eye was undimmed, his step elastic, his form as erect as in early youth. He attributed this in great measure to his constant life and exercise in the open air, especially on horseback, which began almost in babyhood. When three years old he rode with his father from one plantation to another, a distance of twelve miles, and would not acknowledge at the end that he was tired, though his legs would hardly stretch across the big horse he backed. At eighty, when one afternoon he returned from his ride on "Red-doe," one of our beautiful thoroughbreds, and letting the reins hang loose on her long neck, walked her along South Battery and into the gateway, I said, "Why do you ride so quietly? Don't you know I sit here in the piazza on purpose to see you and Red-doe come home?" He did not reply, I think, but the next day from my accustomed seat I heard the clatter of horse's feet which soon rounded the corner of Meeting Street and there was my father coming at full gallop along South Battery and into our stone-paved archway. I ran breathless down to the garden steps, to find him dismounted, patting Red-doe, and laughing to me as he caught sight of my anxious face. Not that I feared for his horsemanship but for Red-doe's slipping on the stones of the archway; but this is years ahead of my subject,—to return from 1890 to 1842.*

* See note on page 199.

It must have been a rare enjoyment for the dear, interested aunts as well as the loving parents and sisters to watch the courtship of those two peerless beings. As a cousin once said of them, they were an ideal couple. Many hours and days were spent at the beautiful Old Farm, where the grove and the shore made tempting surroundings for wooing; then the aunts at Pappoosesquaw claimed their portion of the treat and the romance of rocky cliff and shady woodland again lent their aid of enchantment. My father loved to tell of the wonderful lightness of step which would scale a wall without disturbing a stone, and this with a height of five feet six inches. The West Shore was the scene of the final victory. After much pleading from me, my father once said, as we sat together watching the lights and shadows on the blue of the Narragansett Bay, "That is the Rock," pointing laconically to a great boulder around which the waves were gently lapping. The adoration of the whole family for my father was a refutation of the usual "in-law" relationship. When they returned from this memorable walk to the West Shore, my mother went upstairs to seek and confide in the two loving aunts. Soon they came down together, Aunt Charlotte's arm around her waist, saying, "Oh, you favored one! This is what you have been waiting for, you rare creature."

My father would hear of no long engagement and in three weeks they were married, and after a short stay at Pappoosesquaw, sped southward. Our friend Mrs. Shepard (*née* Elizabeth Goddard), told us a few years ago of her memory of being in front of her father's house in Providence, a girl of fourteen, and as a carriage and pair drove by hearing her elder sister say, "There goes Annie De Wolf. She has just married Mr. Russell Middleton of South Carolina," and of how she ran up the steps to catch a sight of the bridal party. It must have been a good look and a sight to be remembered, for after more than fifty years her comment was that never before or since had she seen such eyes — and the sweep of the lashes, not to be imagined unless actually seen.

HEY BONNIE HALL
Bristol, Rhode Island

Mention has been made of our uncle, Robert Rogers, uncle by marriage with our great-aunt Maria, who occupied Hey Bonnie Hall for half a century. They lost their only child, a little boy, who was born and died while his father was in Russia on one of the business expeditions so interminable in those days. He lived nearly a year, long enough to have the endearing and cunning little ways of babyhood. In old age Aunt Maria would tell of his playing "Bo Peep" by burying his head under her arm and then bringing it up laughing, and not long ago I found among her things a little lace-trimmed linen cambric shirt which must have been his. To Uncle Robert the loss must have increased in poignancy as success upon success crowned every enterprise, ending in the amassing of a fortune of over a million. And so from childhood the little niece helped to fill the void, and the stern man, absorbed in his money-making, cold and taciturn to others, had a never failing smile and happy welcome for "little Annie." They would go on long drives together with his famous horse, Lucy; the bright, trustful confidence of her young spirit bringing out the pent-up thoughts and aspirations of the usually morose and silent man. She would say to Aunt Maria, "People do not know what an interesting man Uncle Robert is." To his extreme homeliness of countenance was added an irritability sufficient to repel anything but the bravery of youth and innocence. He was called close-fisted, exacting, and selfish, but how full of error the judgments of men often are! After his death the poor and the suffering, the widow and orphan, bore witness to his generous and silent kindness of heart. He certainly was not as liberal as his large means justified, in such paths as the patronage of art and literature opened up, showing such need of encouragement in the life of the country. Nor did he take advantage of the wonderful inventions for household comfort which crowded thick and fast upon the last century, so that after his fifty years of life in this house, it was at his death as unequipped with modern improvements (except a furnace) as when it was built. This of course is in a measure to be accounted for by his having

no ownership in the place, which, by the will of our great-grandfather, William De Wolf, was left to the children of his son Henry, with a life interest to his two daughters, Aunt Charlotte De Wolf and Aunt Maria Rogers.

It was a bitter thing to our grandfather, Henry De Wolf, to have an outsider occupy the house which he and his wife had planned and partly built and fully expected to inherit; so bitter that he never again turned the corner of Pappoosesquaw, and never, I believe, spoke to Uncle Robert. The latter seems to have borne him no ill will, feeling no doubt how much ground there was for resentment; and he evidently fully appreciated the privilege of having little Annie constantly with them. When her marriage day was fixed he at once proposed to take her to New York, where, with unstinted generosity he gave her *carte blanche* to get whatever was needed for her outfit, which included a complete set of bedroom furniture. Taking her at last to Tiffany's to make her choice among the dazzling array of jewels and ornaments, Uncle Robert held up a very chaste and beautiful ring set with a cluster of diamonds, she said, "Take that to Aunt Maria," and turning to a set of simple Florentine workmanship in silver for the neck, arms and hair, chose them as the only thing she would take for herself. Otherwise her trousseau must have been all that was right. Two dear old ladies in Charleston have described to me her first appearance among them, and always after dwelling on her loveliness and beauty came a tribute to the rare taste of her costumes.

Charleston in those days, though sharing with Boston the palm as a center of art and literature, was absolutely indifferent to the world of fashion, that is, in matters of dress. Beautiful houses with equally beautiful furnishings and retinues of perfectly trained servants; high-bred horses and luxurious carriages; the occupants of these were usually clad in lute-string black silk dresses and shirred sun-bonnets. Both were made with exquisite care and workmanship by the family seamstress, trained from early girl-

PRINGLE-NORTON GROUP

hood for the post she was to fill for life, and proud and happy in the perfection of her attainments. The only exceptions to these typical Charleston ladies when my mother appeared on the scene were the two Misses Smith, one of whom became Mrs. Williams Middleton and the other Mrs. Alston Pringle. They were young girls who spent the summers at Newport, and on the way home gleaned the latest fashions in New York, and with their stately mother made a marked appearance in the quiet of the old town.

But what a charming dignity there was about Cousin Harriet Pinckney's generous equipage or Mrs. William Bull Pringle's roomy carriage with coachman and footman in their livery of dark green corded with yellow! Both these dear ladies were so small that they may have been hardly visible among the many occupants with which their carriages were always filled. With their size and loveliness of character the likeness ends. There is still on the wall of the fine old drawing-room of the Pringle house a portrait by Sully which tells the beauty of Mrs. Pringle, and indeed, it was never lost even in old age, when she had outlived many of her fifteen children and numbers of her grandchildren. Cousin Harriet Pinckney, on the contrary, was plain to distinction, but how little it counted! Her heart was as large as her body was small, and filled with all the beauty that nature had left out of her countenance; her kindness, her sympathy, her generosity, her love for everything and everybody, seemed literally boundless. In time of joy or day of trouble, every one turned to her; as a dear old lady (a Polish exile) expressed it once to my mother, "Dear Lady, I was in despair, I knew not which way to turn, when of a sudden, I thought on Miss Pinckney!" That meant an end of her woes, for heart and purse would be equally open to her; and fortunately the purse was almost as limitless as the heart, and both were at the command of the poor and needy. Her fine old mansion on East Bay was the rendezvous for all the relatives far and near, and any traveler or stranger was, as a matter of course, entertained by Miss Pinckney; and just as readily there would be a grand party for all the children of the families. She was

accused of spoiling her many servants and on one occasion, when her major domo from "Pinckney Island" (the plantation) arrived after a stormy trip from which he was barely rescued alive, and minus all the good things with which he had left the plantation—turkeys, chickens, butter, cream and eggs, having fared less happily than himself—Cousin Harriet was so rejoiced at his escape that she gave him fifty dollars on the spot. Cousin Harriet's mother was Sarah Middleton, the daughter of Henry Middleton, president of the Continental Congress, and sister of the signer, Arthur, and of Thomas, our great-grandfather. She married General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and died very early. With characteristic generosity, Henry Middleton added a codicil to his will bequeathing all that portion of his vast estate, which had been left in the will to his daughter Sarah, to her husband, from whom it passed in time to his three daughters, Mrs. Izard, Mrs. Poinsette, and Miss Harriet Pinckney.

Mr. Pringle was as remarkable for his height as Mrs. Pringle was for her diminutiveness; erect, graceful and dignified, he was a true type of the high-bred southern gentleman, not only in appearance but in manner and spirit. In age, my father was about midway between Mr. Pringle and his son, Mr. Alston Pringle, but both were his heart-to-heart friends through life. Besides the grand old house on King Street which came to Mrs. Pringle through the Brewtons, Motts, and Alstons, they had a charming country seat on the Ashley called "Runnymede," not far from my father's plantation on the Stono River. It was here, at Bolton Plantation, that my mother's real and happy married life began.

They had tried the experiment of living in the Calhoun Street house, which my father owned in common with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Heyward, as she was loath to be separated from the three little boys of whom she had taken care since their mother's death.* She seems to have been a pecul-

* Their mother, my father's first wife, was his second cousin, Margaret Emma Izard, sister of Mrs. Heyward and granddaughter of Arthur Middleton, the signer.

ARTHUR MIDDLETON

iarly trying person and to have made them all very uncomfortable. The children soon became devotedly attached to my mother, and she and my father decided it best to make the Stono Plantation their home, hiring a house in town for the months in summer when it was impossible to live in the country. The name of this much-loved home was really Bolton, but for some unknown reason it was always called Stono, from the river along whose banks its fields and woodlands stretched. The avenue was of uncommon length and beauty, formed, of course, of live oaks, leading up to the house. This was only one wing of what had been planned by the architect, Russell Warren, to be a beautiful and ample mansion, but in spite of my grandmother's large fortune left her by her father, Mr. Nathaniel Russell, it was soon found impossible to carry out the original design and at the same time gratify the social and convivial tastes of our grandfather, Arthur Middleton.

The general verdict is that Arthur Middleton was irresistibly charming and attractive; even the staid and sober aunts here at Pappoosesquaw could never mention him without expressions of admiration and memories of delightful intercourse in the days when he and grandmama spent their summers at the old Russell home in Bristol. These characteristics of course made him a center of attraction for the gay and pleasure-loving, who not only enjoyed his prodigal generosity and unlimited hospitality but did not hesitate to draw upon his purse for their own extravagances. His dinner parties, for gentlemen only, were deservedly celebrated, not only for the rare wines which flowed all too freely but for every accessory from old John the butler's faultless deportment to each minutest detail over which his Argus eye kept watch.

The love of gardening, which seems to have been a family inheritance on both sides, did not appear in Arthur Middleton, but in double measure in his wife. Her mother's first garden on East Bay was followed by one even more extensive when the Russell house was built on Meeting Street. This house is remarkable in many ways. It is built of old dark English

brick with copings of white marble and balconies of finely wrought iron, in the center of which, over the front door and opening from the long drawing-room on the second floor, the initials N. R. are wrought in the iron work. West of the long drawing-room is a smaller one of octagonal shape, the panels looking out being French windows and those on the opposite side mirrors from floor to ceiling. The effect is unique and very attractive. The staircase is beautiful, being semi-spiral and self-supporting, only touching at each story, the sweep is broad, the treads deep, and the rise perfectly proportioned and easy of ascent. It was considered a fine attainment in architecture, and cost $4,000. In this house my father was born in the room above the initials, which initials were bestowed upon him, the first grandchild. The garden occupied half a block and was filled with every imaginable plant and flower. The portrait of our grandmother, *née* Alicia Russell, is taken in the garden (probably the one on East Bay), with a basket of roses in her hand, a child of five or six years.

When, on her marriage to Arthur Middleton, Bolton Plantation became her home, it was at once adorned with a garden and shrubbery, and in her letters to my father when he was in Europe she commissions him to bring her seeds for her garden. Grandmama's roses and laurestinas, foxgloves and Canterbury bells, have been a tradition in the family. She was one of those rare and noble characters that leave their ineffaceable impress upon all who know them. It was always a keen regret to my father that she had passed away at the early age of fifty-two, before my mother came into his home and life. He used to say they would have been kindred spirits, and so it was a double task of love to both of them to keep her garden and add to its beauty. Many of my mother's early letters home are filled with this interest.

So much for the gardening trait in the Russells and the De Wolfs. On the Middleton side we hear that when the first in this country, Edward, in 1680 received from the Crown the grant signed by King Charles II,

MRS. ARTHUR MIDDLETON
From a miniature by Robertson

of lands near Goose Creeke, Cooper River, and extending thence almost to the city of Charleston, he employed a French landscape gardener to lay out parterres and shrubberies and terraces. The plats of these are still kept with interest, as well as the sword he wore at the Court of King Charles. Little is said on this score of his son, the first Arthur, who seems to have given all his attention to statecraft which was becoming more and more the vital need of the country, and he being Royal Governor of South Carolina.

His son Henry must have been far wider in the scope and variety of his ability. Owner and controller of a score of plantations with all their multitudinous cares and interests, giving so lavishly of his wealth, influence and knowledge to the needs of the country, that it has been historically stated that he and Gabriel Manigault, our great-great-great-grandfather, father of Peter Manigault, our great-great-grandfather, gave more individually to the cause of the Revolution than anyone else in the country. In spite of this devotion to public service, he found time and means to lay out the grounds and gardens at the plantation on the Ashley River which was subsequently called "Middleton Place." This he made his home after his marriage with Miss Mollie Williams, whose inheritance it was. The original family seat, "The Oaks," on Goose Creeke on Cooper River mentioned above, Henry Middleton gave to his son Thomas, our great-grandfather. Here our grandfather, Arthur (third of the name), was born.

A tablet in memory of four generations of the Middleton family was placed in St. James's Church, Goose Creeke, by Henry A. Middleton Smith. It should be noted that Arthur Middleton, eldest son of the Honorable Henry Middleton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, being of St. Andrew's Parish, Ashley River, is buried at Middleton Place, and so is not mentioned on this tablet.

It bears the inscription given on the following page:

To perpetuate the Memory of
EDWARD MIDDLETON ESQ.
Who arrived in the Province of South Carolina in the year 1678
Settled at the Oaks near this Church
Was of the Grand Council of Carolina—Died in 1685

And of his Son
THE HONORABLE ARTHUR MIDDLETON
For many years President of his Majesty's Council in,
and Commander in Chief of, the Province of South Carolina
Born in South Carolina in 1681
Died 7th September, 1737

And of the latter's Son
THE HONORABLE HENRY MIDDLETON
A member of his Majesty's Council, & thereafter a President of
the first Continental Congress in 1774
A member of the Council of Safety and President of the Provincial
Congress in South Carolina in 1775—1776
Born in 1717—Died 13th June, 1784

And of his Son
THOMAS MIDDLETON ESQ.
A member of the Common House of Assembly of the Province, and
thereafter of the Provincial Congress
Born 26th July, 1753—Died 19th August, 1797

The last three of whom were residents of this Parish, and each
for many years of the Vestry of this Church: and rest as to
their earthly part without the Eastern wall of this Church
Adjacent to the Chancel
"*Memoria nostra durabit si vita meruimus*"

Middleton Place is happily situated on a bend in the Ashley River formed by quite a high bluff and therefore commanding a fine view down the stream with its beautifully wooded banks. The rise of the land, quite unusual in this locality, gave room for terracing, which was carried out extensively. I have heard that there are twelve miles of terraces on the place, very believable, as there were fifty gardeners and workmen employed for ten years in the laying out of the grounds. The *Century Magazine* for October 1910 gives a very complete account of the garden and surroundings, and *Country Life* tells of the wonderful great live oak on the lawn

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, GOOSE CREEK

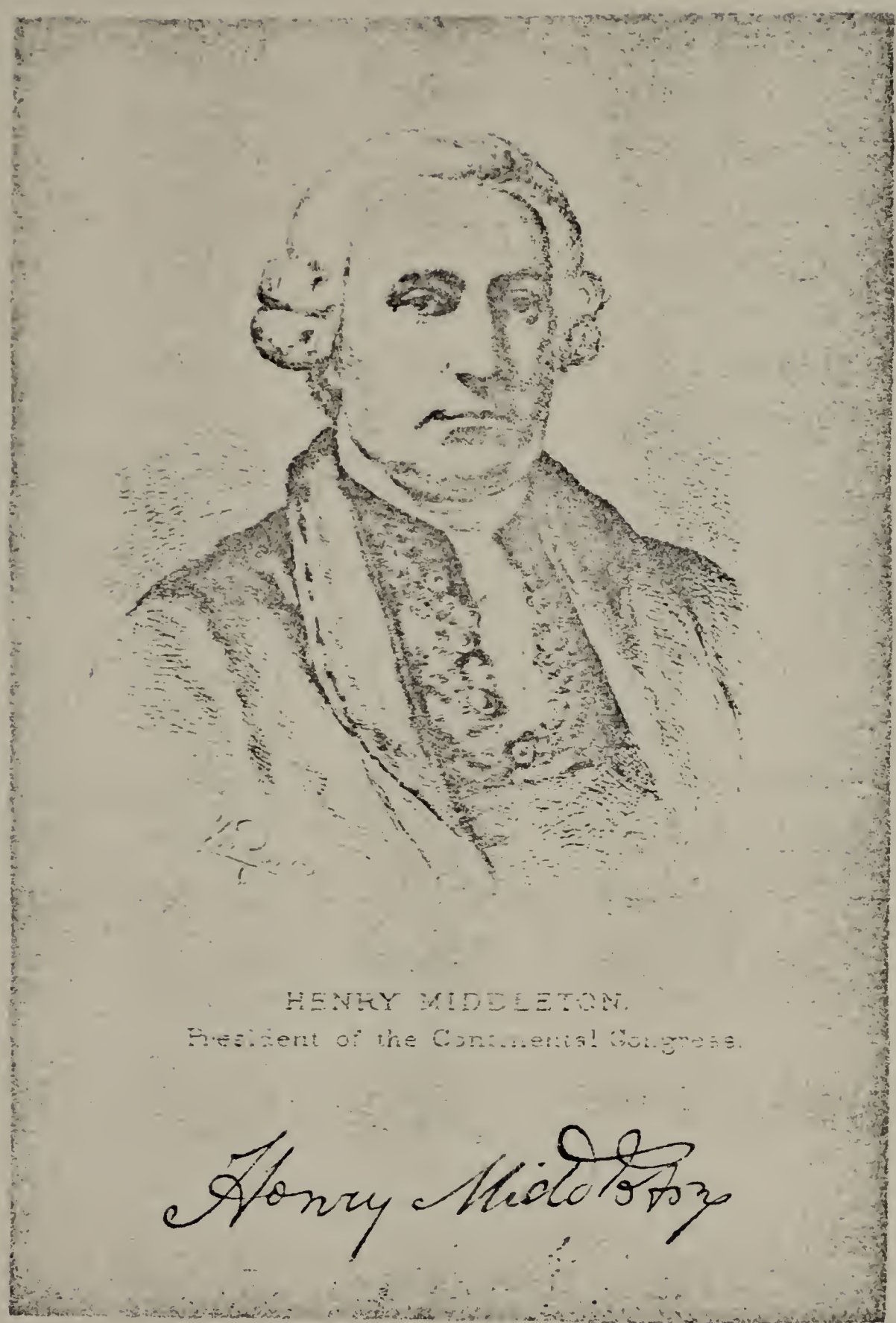
at the rear of the house under which, tradition says, the regiment encamped which the first Henry Middleton raised and supported at his own expense during the Revolution. I remember being one of seven children who, with our two nurses, encircled the trunk of the tree with our arms outstretched. There are forty acres in the grounds, which were filled with rare plants and shrubs from all parts of the world. The camellias and azaleas were the first brought to this country from Japan before Perry opened its gates. The four original camellia plants still tower like trees among the countless others which have been added from time to time. From the semicircular portico and steps on the front of the house a very broad walk, twenty or thirty feet wide, runs straight to the terraces with numerous flower beds on either side. Diverging from this, in front of the house, are walks somewhat less broad. One, after a short distance, turns abruptly and skirting the great lawn in the rear of the house, passes borders of azaleas, rhododendrons and other blossoming shrubs, then a group of laurels and fine forest trees, which form a secluded enclosure for the tomb where generations of Middletons sleep their last sleep.

Farther on the walk, on the lotus pond, the famed flower of the Nile finds a friendly atmosphere and lifts its golden bloom a foot in diameter to a height of three feet or more above the water. Still farther on a heavy wire fence divides off a portion of the wide expanse of lawn where the curious Turkish water cattle grazed and revelled in still another pond, standing so deep in it that only their noses were visible on the surface. In shape they were much like buffaloes, but without the heavy growth of hair about the neck and shoulders. They were carried off by the Federal troops at the end of the war and I last saw them on exhibition in Central Park in New York.

To return to the main walk which swept on and on, seemingly endlessly, following the curves of the river. Opposite the bosquet of laurels and the tomb, the land was cut abruptly down to a stretch of greensward reach-

ing to the terraces. Near the end of the plat was the rose garden and a large circular arbor, while above, across the walk, the lawns swept back to the lotus pond, the far corners filled with tall mountain laurels, laurestinas, etc. Along the walk camellias and rhododendrons vied with each other, and the ineffable fragrance in the air told of the nearness of the olea walk flanked on either side by high shrubs of this exquisitely delicate plant. The house itself was Tudor, of no remarkable architectural design, but finely built of English brick, three stories high, absolutely without ornament except for the semicircular portico and steps which faced the bend in the river. On either side of the house proper and about forty feet from it, were wings, one the laundry and extra bedrooms above, the other the library, beneath which was a conservatory. The walls of the library above the wainscot were lined with well-filled book shelves; below were closets and drawers full of rare works of art, water-colors of unusual size, priceless engravings, exquisite miniatures and other treasures, ten thousand in all, it was said, the collection of many generations of travel in Europe and distant lands. Some of the water-colors were the work of John Izard Middleton, who was a distinguished artist as well as a diplomat at European courts, living most of his life in Spain, Italy and France, where he was the intimate friend of Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier. He was the son of Arthur, the signer, and brother of Henry, ambassador at the Court of Russia for many years.

John Izard Middleton married the beautiful Miss Falconet, whose mother was Miss Hunter of Newport, R. I., and her father a Neapolitan. Her portrait by Sully is one of the few pictures saved from Middleton Place when it was burned by the Federal troops at the end of the Civil War. Two others were the full-length portraits of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia and the Empress, presented by the Emperor Nicholas I to Henry Middleton on his leaving Russia. Henry Middleton (the second in this country) was ambassador for so many years that the Emperor became strongly attached to him and upon his departure presented him with a set of rare china which



HENRY MIDDLETON.
President of the Continental Congress.

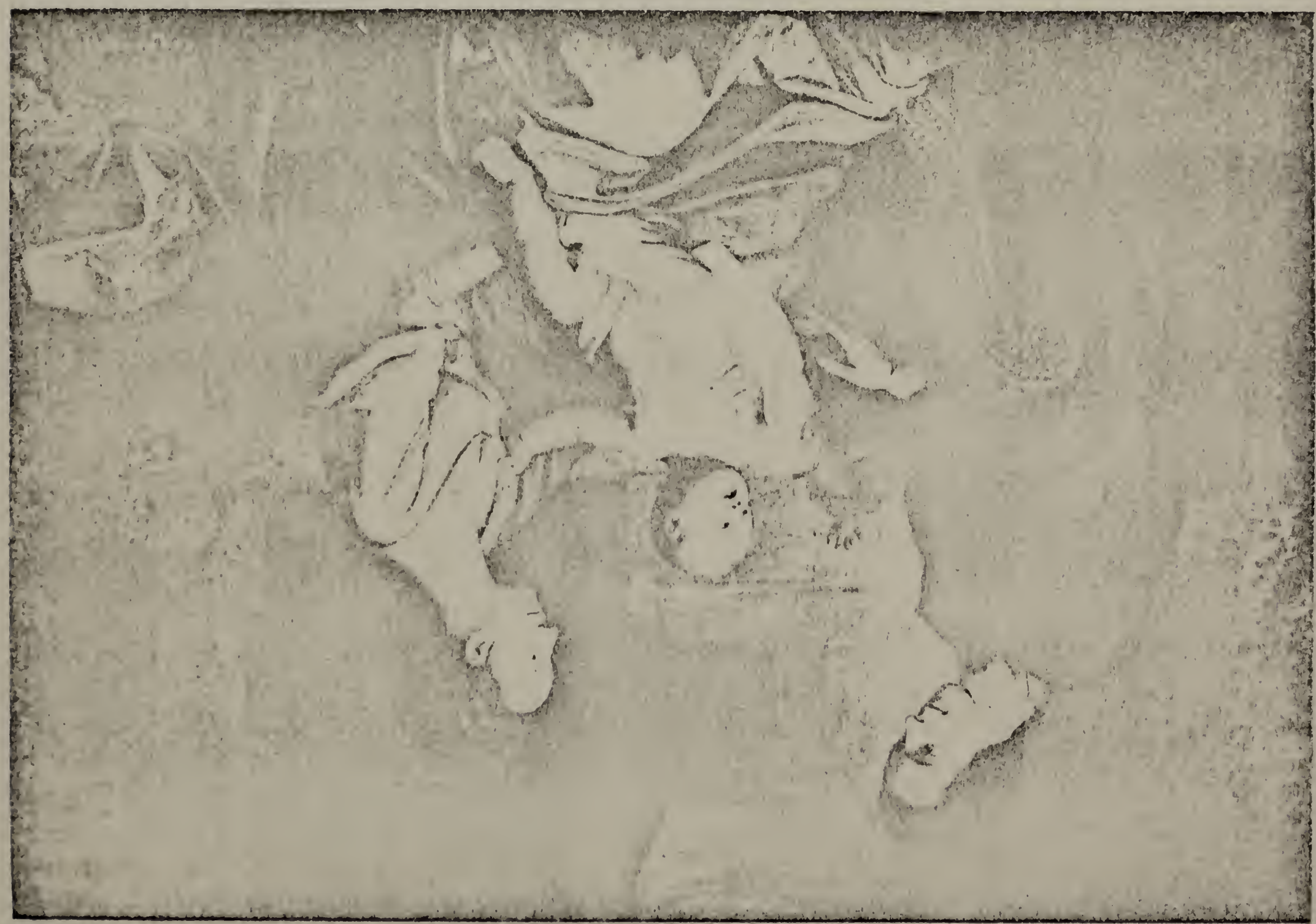
was also saved from the burning in quite a remarkable way. Cousin Williams Middleton, who then lived at Middleton Place, had sent his wife and two children, Lily and Hal, to the "up country" for safety, intending to follow them at once. My brother Russell, about fourteen years of age, of whom Cousin Williams was very fond, rode over from Summerville where we were "refugeeing," to take messages from our parents and try to cheer our cousin's loneliness, which was so much appreciated that he was kept all night. About midnight the old butler, Moro, appeared, according to arrangement, with spade and shovel in hand and the three together took the box of china, a remarkable piece of statuary in marble (a girl putting on her sandal, mate to the piece representing the boy taking a thorn from his foot), and several other articles of great interest and value. A large excavation was made in the earth to receive these things, which were then covered securely and the spot marked for future recognition and carefully concealed from the eye of the enemy. Our cousin then left Middleton Place to join his family.

This, of course, is three generations ahead of the first American Henry Middleton. All that comes down to us about him is of a most interesting and delightful character. Reverent and God-fearing, generous and just in private life, eminently able and with a long range of vision in the affairs of his country, which showed its confidence by making him president of the Continental Congress, he gave zealous aid in the forming of the new order of government in spite of his love for England and grief at parting from her. His will gives an insight to his mental and spiritual poise. As aforesaid, when his daughter Sarah died he at once made a codicil giving the whole of that portion of his vast property, which he had bequeathed to her, to her husband, General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. Each daughter was provided for in the same liberal manner. Of the two sons, Arthur had Middleton Place with several adjoining plantations. To Thomas was left the original homestead, "The Oaks," near Goose Creeke, on Cooper River,

Bonnie Hall on the Combahee (said to be the finest rice plantation in the world), and the town house on Broad Street where the cathedral now stands, with all the silver, books, pictures and other furnishings. A codicil gave the portraits to Arthur. To each son he left a pew in St. Michael's church. Among many other bequests, he left his faithful body-servant, Cæsar, his freedom and the interest on $5,000 for life. The wording of the will shows a thoughtful and deeply religious spirit. His son Arthur seems to have been a very attractive character as well as able in national affairs, being one of the signers. The younger son, Thomas, is said to have been the special favorite both with his father and his stepmother, Lady Mary, who was the daughter of the Earl of Cromarty who, being an adherent of Prince Charles, was forced to fly to this country. The window in one of the towers of Dunrobin Castle in England, from which he escaped, is still pointed out to visitors. For a description of this wonderful old feudal castle with its three hundred rooms, see Lord Ronald Gower's *Reminiscences*, he being the brother of the late Duke of Sutherland, both great-grandsons of the Earl of Cromarty. I have never heard whether the Earl lived to return to England, but his two daughters lived the remainder of their lives in Charleston.

Lady Ann Murray is buried in the graveyard of the Scotch church on the corner of Meeting and Tradd Streets. Lady Mary Middleton died at sea on her returning from a visit to England. Thomas Middleton's library, in our possession, is a collection of the best authors of the day, printed and bound in the finest manner. We also have a noble portrait of him by Benjamin West, painted in London at the same time as one of his brother Arthur, with his wife and child,* they both having been educated in England. Thomas Middleton married Ann Manigault, daughter of Gabriel Manigault (mentioned above), and died quite early in life, leav-

* This picture is now in the possession of his (Arthur's) great-grandson, Henry Middleton Fisher at Alverthorp near Philadelphia.



ARTHUR MIDDLETON, WIFE AND CHILD

From portrait by Hirst

ing, however, three sons and two daughters, Arthur, Henry and Thomas, Elizabeth (Mrs. Ralph Izard) and Hester (Mrs. Ralph Steed Izard). Arthur, our grandfather, was born at "The Oaks," of which we have the original grant from the Crown, A.D. 1680, to Edward Middleton, his great-grandfather, the son of Henry Middleton of Twickenham, England.

With the strong disapproval and criticism of his family and friends, Thomas Middleton sold the famous rice plantation, Bonnie Hall on the Combahee, and bought in its stead Bolton on the Stono River. Beloved as this home came to be by our grandparents, our parents and ourselves, it was always a mystery that Thomas Middleton should have given up for it one of the finest plantations in the country until, not long before the Civil War, the discovery began of the famous phosphates or antediluvian bone deposits of which the finest bed was found on the Stono marshlands. Then it was recalled that Thomas Middleton had a scientific friend from Europe constantly with him, and with some other clues, my father was led to surmise that the great value of these marl deposits became known to the scientist who persuaded Thomas Middleton to buy the lands where he found the highest values. If this is so, he certainly was not mistaken, for the place which my father sold in the early fifties was bought soon after the war, in the late sixties, by an English company and is said to have yielded millions of dollars in phosphates. The change, however, in spite of our affection for the place, was a good one for us. After paying off the debt of thirty thousand dollars, which his father had left on the place, my father bought, first, a house on South Bay into which we moved; then finding another in the very preferable locality opposite the Battery, he bought that also. The house here was old, shabby and inconvenient, and my parents decided it would be wiser to build a house especially adapted to their needs, so the old one was taken down and the pleasant occupation of drawing plans and building resulted in the happy home which has been ours for full half a century. It is hard to imagine a more inspiring view than the one to the

eastward, out to the wide ocean with historic Fort Sumter midway between the islands, where the distant roar of mighty waters upon the bar is seldom silent and the great waves come rolling in, often dashing over the masonry of the East Battery; while to the south, across the park of live oaks and broad, pleasant walks, the Ashley flows calmly and peacefully, gently lapping the stone steps from which gay parties of young people would embark in boats and go rowing or sailing off into the moonlight or sunlight, perhaps over to the "enchanted isle," across the river, where the "Hundred Pines" rose almost from the water's edge like "fronded palms in air," a temple of Nature's own build. Nor was this southern home the only benefaction from the sale of the Stono plantation. It had naturally always been the heart's desire of my mother to spend a part of the year in her native land and near her parents. The visits to the homestead becoming more and more difficult to arrange as grandchildren from east and west as well as south increased in numbers, my father decided to buy a small farm with acres enough for us to run wild upon during the summer months when heat made Charleston far from invigorating. After many visits of inspection up the bay towards Providence, where the old Halsey Creighton place seemed very attractive, and down the Island of Rhode Island toward Newport, where the "Glen" with its lovely and interesting surroundings was most alluring—the nearness to our grandparents of a little hillside farm not half a mile from their doorstep, led to the choice of another home of fifty years, which from its sloping meadows and green pastures, we called "Hayfield," a name which no son or daughter of the house can speak without a heart full of memories and associations.

But again my pen has run away and bridged many years. Let me take up the thread where my parents made the plantation on the Stono their home. The family consisted of my father's three boys, Arthur, ten, Harry, nine, and Walter, eight, and my mother's first baby, the little Maria, who

PETER MANIGAULT
From portrait by Allan Ramsay

was born July 23, 1844, at the Calhoun Street house in Charleston. My mother's letters tell of the joy and happiness which this little life brought into hers, and my father's delight in this first little daughter was boundless, while the brothers vied with each other in doing her homage. From all sides comes the verdict that she was a wonderfully beautiful baby, and each year she grew in goodness and sweetness as well.

There was one other whom we may surely call an inmate of Bolton, and indeed an ever welcome member of our home table wherever it might be. This was our cousin, Barnwell Heyward. The first time my mother saw him, she and my father had been on a three days' visit to Colonel Morris at his Pon Pon plantation, my father having made the unheard-of request that the precious baby, about eighteen months old, be left in the tender care of her devoted nurse, Maum Affee, under Mrs. Heyward's supervision. Needless to say, on their return, my mother's eyes were watching for a glimpse of that little form, and to be sure, the first sight to greet them was that of a tall, slender youth at the window with the baby in his arms. This won him the entrance to my mother's heart and his devotion to her was unbroken through life. He was very handsome, of the high-bred Saxon type, six feet, and absolutely symmetrical in figure, athletic and overflowing with spirit and the joy of living, full of wit and humor and withal of a nature as pure and guileless as a girl, yet strong and instantly responsive to the call of duty. These rare characteristics were remarkable because of the temptations of great wealth which surrounded him from birth, but which never affected his charming simplicity. The happiest thing in life for him was to come bounding in upon us unexpectedly and receive the rollicking adoration of the boys and the joyful welcome of my father and mother and the babies as they came one after the other.

In the autumn of '47, on the return from Bristol, my mother's youngest sister, our aunt Cecilia, went with them to spend the winter. Her letters are full of the charms of beautiful Stono, where she must have had much

enjoyment of an entirely new order of country life, differing from New England. There were numbers of high-bred horses, all available under the saddle, even Kate and Gay, the pair appropriated to the carriage. Nancy was considered Walter's personal steed, and his feelings were much torn between desire for Aunt Cecilia to experience Nancy's delightful gaits, and fear of Nancy's suffering under Aunt Cecilia's height of five feet eight. Fortunately Snood was a remarkably fine saddle horse and so large and strong as to be quite equal to any demand of height and weight. Aunt Cecilia was almost as beautiful as my mother but without her intellectual qualities of mind or high spiritual aspirations, though very lovely and attractive in character and deportment, and of course several of the young cousins paid tribute to her charms; but strange to say, she did not respond to any of them, though to us they seemed far more interesting than her final choice, made a year or two later.

Stono was the birthplace of the next little girl, who was given the name, borne through four maternal generations, of Anna Elizabeth. While in many of the letters her beauty is claimed to be equal to her little sister's, the characteristic chiefly dwelled upon is her extremely early attainment, walking and talking at nine months, and as the following letter tells, setting out a violet root two months later.

Unfinished Letter from my Mother to her brother, Uncle William De Wolf

Bolton on the Stono

MY BELOVED BROTHER,—It is often in my heart to write you a long letter which would in some measure convey to you an idea of our household life and thus to tear at least a loop-hole in the veil which separation has so long hung between us. Want of leisure is the usual plea for not executing this wish, and as I see no prospect of the old Greybeard Time lingering on his march for my benefit—I must make the most of the scraps and crumbs of that luxury which he lets fall upon my path. To accomplish

THOMAS MIDDLETON
From portrait by Benjamin West

this I have determined to resort to the expedient of making a sort of diary of the events of a few days, say a week, and if by that time it shall suit the purpose designed, I will dispatch it to you. So now to begin, this is Thursday evening, 14th December, 1848—We are spending the Christmas holidays at Stono and all in the enjoyment of fine health and best of spirits—During the period of our sojourn here, coming on the 1st of this month, the weather has been unusually lovely, really as warm as our northern summer days, and as most of our trees and shrubs are evergreens, it has not been difficult to imagine ourselves in the month of June rather than December. The moonlight has been superb since we have been here.

This morning Russell went to town with Wattie. Hal and Paul Trapier, who is with us, took themselves off upon some enterprise, and I was left alone with the little girls and spent most of the morning with them at gardening of which I have become exceedingly fond. We were transplanting jonquils and violets (the sweetest of all flowers, little Maria says) for borders to our rose beds, and all four of those tiny hands were busy in the service, even Baby (Annie) dug a little hole and planted a violet root by herself (eleven months old).

Just after sunset.—I am sitting at my open window which looks west upon our shrubbery and garden—the sky is clear and glowing and the sunset light streams through the trees upon the garden plats which are of the most vivid green, a number of roses still linger upon the bushes and the laurestinas are just bursting into bloom—The air is of the most perfect temperature and filled with the sounds of twittering birds and the peculiar note of the frog so familiar to our ears when at home (R. I.), the river reflects the sky like a mirror, a roseate hue has this moment shot up over the whole sky to the zenith and mingling with the pale blue, forms upwards the loveliest violet tints. I can just discern the motion of the leaves upon the sky, and there hangs the evening star to complete this scene of exquisite beauty.

The little birds seem to sing louder than they did just now, and everything else seems more still . . .

Annie's talents became evident at a very early age, and when she was only seven or eight years old, our artist town neighbors, the Misses Withers, begged that she and Maria might come in to their studio and take lessons in drawing from them. Maria's drawings are exceedingly pretty and well finished, but her special talent was for music, in which her touch and expression gave exquisite rendering instrumentally, while her voice was most sweet and clear with never a hint of a harsh tone or imperfect note. Annie, the next winter, was a pupil at Madame Bonitheau's drawing school and later with Mr. Vautin, the English water-colorist, in Boston. All her teachers pronounced her their best pupil.

Daughters seem to have been the order of the day. The summer of 1849 was spent in Bristol, where my father opened the old Russell house. In September, however, they went for the remainder of the season to our grandparents De Wolf at the Old Farm. Here the third little girl saw the light of day and was at once named by her grandfather, Alicia, after her paternal grandmother. They say she was a good baby, which was natural as she was very sturdy and free from all the usual ills of babyhood and so had nothing to cry about. When they returned to the south in November of this year, our great-aunt Charlotte De Wolf went with us. Her letters to her sister, Aunt Maria Rogers, give a pleasant and interesting picture of the old plantation life as seen by a comparative outsider, one, too, who was decidedly prejudiced against the prevailing system, ignoring the fact that the poor negroes were brought to our shores by Northern traders in a state of absolute barbarism, from which the Southern people developed them into a useful, industrious, happy peasantry. Of course both master and people had much to go through that was trying, in attaining this result, and to the master fell the heavy burden of responsibility. My mother has told me

how impressed she was with this when she first took up her life in Carolina. The mode of reaching the city was by a ferry-boat across the Ashley River, on to which the planters would drive or ride, and as she sat in the carriage watching the novel scene about her, she could not but observe the careworn, serious faces of the gentlemen, while the coachmen and footmen were laughing and joking in careless glee with no need for thought for the morrow.

The next summer was spent in Charleston, and in January, 1851, at the dear Stono home came, with glad rejoicing, my mother's first and only son, for whom was reserved the best loved name of Nathaniel Russell. Different from the last little comer, on whose steps he followed so closely, he was so fragile and delicate that his life was only preserved from month to month by devoted care and ceaseless watchfulness, even through the summer of '52 which was spent in Bristol with the hope that the bracing Rhode Island air would invigorate him, which it did toward the end of the season, when he began to develop into angelic and exquisite beauty. He was the only blonde of all the children, and his golden curls were like a halo above his serious blue eyes. The latter part of this summer was spent at Mrs. Allyn's pleasant farm, within easy distance of our grandparents.

We had spent our last winter at beautiful Stono. In the spring of '52 it was sold and the following lines from my father's pen and heart tell how keen was the grief at parting.

Farewell to Stono

I thought to sink to welcome rest
Within the old familiar walls
And dying, there to still my breast
As sleep on wearied eyelid falls.

I thought that life would calmly fade
Where life had numbered tranquil years,

And death diffuse its mellow shade
Too gently there, for faithless fears.

My thought was vain, I turn to go
And heartsick as I gaze around
A mute remonstrance seems to flow
From lawn and flower and forest ground.

A calm reproach, so still! so sad!
That I should part when all remain
The voiceless birds unconscious add
A silent sorrow to my pain.

The stately oak beside the door
Half conscious of its wizard power
In solemn grandeur brooding o'er
The silvery sheen by moonlight hour.

And many a dusky hand that took
Mine own within its loyal grasp
And many a mute appealing look
And many a warm paternal grasp.

But more than all the dear, dear past,
The cultured bed, the garden walk
The eyes that glistened to the last
Confiding, sweet, familiar talk.

With her I love and love the more
As daily, hourly proof returns
How all exhaustless grows the store
Of truth that in her spirit burns.

All, all are past, forever gone,
I shall not see the roses bloom,
The trees I planted on the lawn
The bulbs reorient from the tomb.

HENRY MIDDLETON
From portrait by Henry Inman

His sorrow was shared by each one of the family, and not long after we were settled in a temporary home in the upper part of the city, Alicia took advantage of the front door being open and ran away, and after half a day's agonized search by the whole household of uncle, brothers, parents and innumerable servants, was found by one of the old nurses at the other end of the town. When, on restoration to my mother's arms, I was asked why I had run away, the answer was quite conclusive to every one, "I wanted to go back to 'Tono." The next best thing was a flight to Rhode Island, where, as above chronicled, we remained until cool weather made city life comfortable.

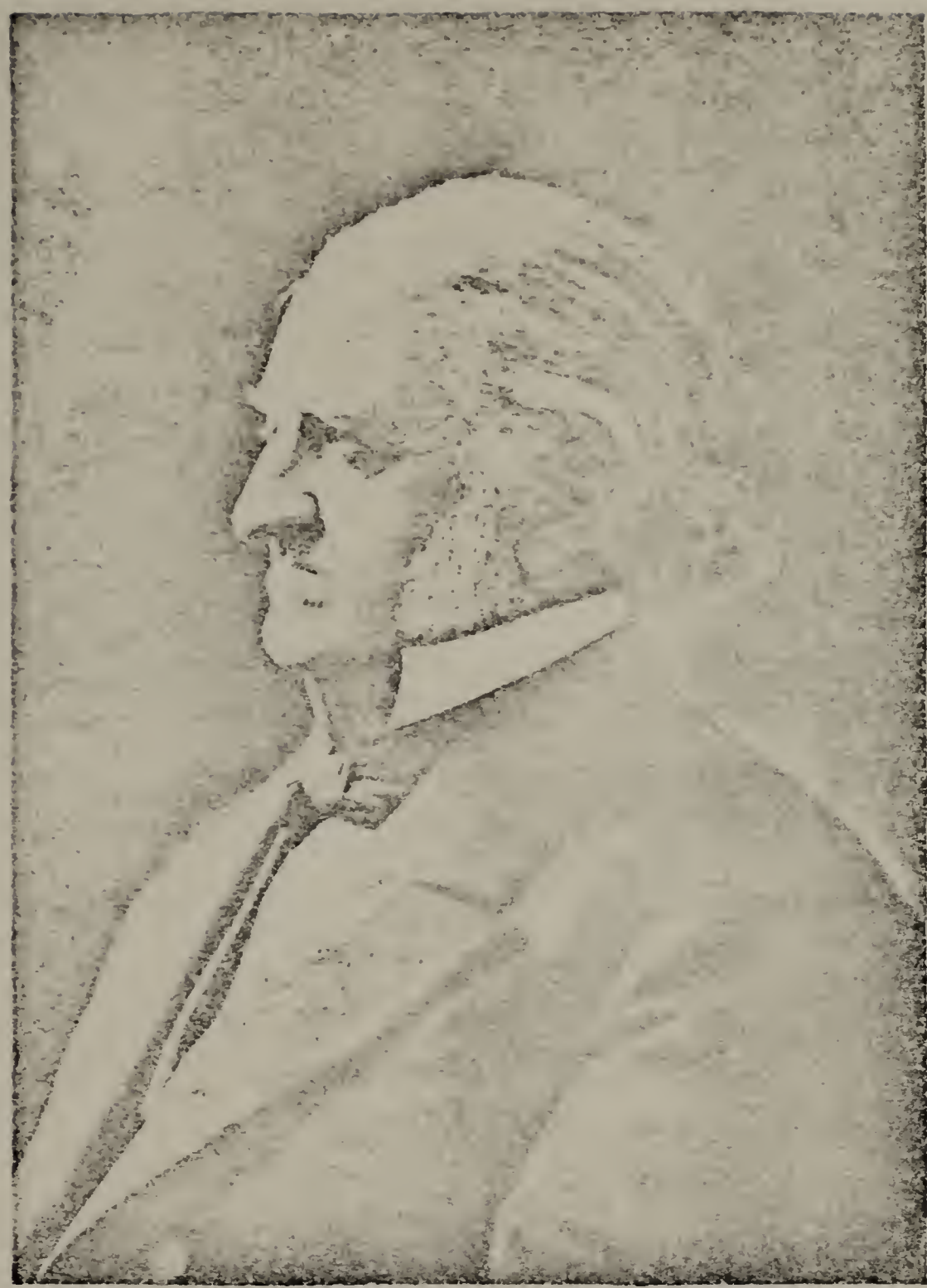
The year of '53 was a memorable one. Early in June my mother went on to the North with the children, paying, *en route*, a long promised visit to my father's friend, Colonel Lewis Morris, at his summer home, Morrisania, out of New York. His winters were passed at his plantation on Pon Pon River, about twelve miles from our place, Bolton on the Stono. My father was young enough to be his son, but the old Colonel was devotedly attached to him and his tall straight figure with its crown of snowy locks is one of the familiar associations with our fireside circle from my earliest childhood. They had one strong interest in common, the religious training of their plantation people, in which work they were probably the pioneers in Carolina. My father had a chapel built, of Gothic, though simple, construction, in which he held service regularly himself, besides employing a salaried clergyman to come once a month to preach and administer the Communion. My mother had all the children brought up to her on Sunday morning and taught them the catechism, hymns, and prayers. The old Colonel had a similar practice on his plantation. The chapel above referred to was built by the plantation carpenters, the head one being Richard Gregory, noble in character as well as person, over six feet, erect and perfectly proportioned, very light in color, much like an Arab chief. His devotion to my father and our family continued as long as life.

The remainder of the month of June was spent at the old Homestead with our grandparents; our aunt, Mrs. Gibson, and her two boys being there also. When tidings came that Uncle William with his wife and eight children would arrive on the seventh of July, my mother decided that even the large-hearted hospitality of our grandmother would be over-taxed. So she concluded to board in the neighborhood for the next month; but alack, board was not to be obtained and fortunately my father came on for a flying visit of two weeks and helped her solve the problem by hiring a cottage across the Ferry, on the Island. As soon as he left her, however, this proved anything but satisfactory, being cut off from easy access to the family reunion at the Farm. As on many occasions, the kind aunts at Pappoose-squaw came to the rescue.

The gathering at the Homestead must have been a remarkable sight. Uncle William's eight,—Annie, William, Charlotte, Mary, Henry, Maria, Edward, Cecilia; my mother's four, Maria, Annie, Alicia, Russell (our youngest, Charlotte, was born the next year); Aunt Abbie's two,—Charles and Maitland (her daughter Lulu came several years later); and Aunt Cecilia's one—Lillie Grey. Most of them were beautiful children and very interesting and lovable. After a month of joyous intercourse, Uncle William and Aunt Margaret with their lovely group of boys and girls took the Sound boat for New York, *en route* for their home in Chicago. I must again leave the letters to tell of the terrible blow which

> "*Smote the air with such an anguish*
> *That a listening world grew pale.*"

These lines are from "Silver Pictures," which is a record of Mrs. McMasters' own loss of her only little girl. Her tribute to Aunt Margaret is so beautiful that I give it below. The boiler of the boat burst and Uncle William's four elder daughters were scalded and died one after the other within ten days at the hospital in New York.



WILLIAM FREDERICK DE WOLF

Carlton House,
New York, 12th Sept., 1853

My Beloved Husband:

I WONDER if it has seemed strange to you that I have not written to you for four days or if you have imagined exactly the sad condition of things with us and felt that it would be out of the question for me to attempt it. I will try now to give you some little account of myself and those around me. Aunt Maria and I left Bristol on Friday after the receipt of the letter containing the intelligence of dear little Maria's death. We reached here the following morning and, on reaching poor William and Margaret, heard from them in agonized accents that three of their darlings were in their coffins. Lottie and Mary had followed little Maria before sunset on Thursday. I find that I am not equal to entering into the terrible particulars of the disaster at this time. I am low now and must wait until I gather a little strength. Let it suffice to say that the two elder darlings, Lottie and Mary, both died trusting in their Saviour, with inexpressible joy beaming from their eyes. Though dreadfully distorted yet in both instances the most seraphic smile rested upon their features while dying. Lottie said, "I am going home fast, Good-night, Good-night," and when little Mary was asked if she could cast all her care upon her Saviour she said, "Yes," and smiled brightly. No sadness, but great joy. This is God's mercy. Dr. More speaks of similar instances. Dear little Maria very soon became insensible and her little spirit fled while she was in the state of coma. The remaining sufferer is dear, blessed Annie, who in this hour of anguish shines out as no one ever suspected before, a sanctified child of God. Her poor father, after the deaths of the other darlings, turned in agony to her and asked her if she had one word of comfort for him? Forgetful of her own terrific condition she replied, "Oh! yes, papa, look to Jesus and remember as thy day is so shall thy strength be." And then, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil for thou art with me."

But I must say no more now, I must close or miss another mail. Adieu.

Your Own,

ANNIE

Early in '54 we took possession of the old house on South Battery, remaining there instead of going to Rhode Island for the summer, the delightful situation with the salt breezes straight from the ocean seeming to make a move unnecessary. But about the 21st of August, the dreaded epidemic of yellow fever, then so prevalent in the South, suddenly appeared in Charleston, and my father came home that morning with word from our kind Doctor that the family must leave the city that afternoon. The only refuge possible at such short notice was Sullivan's Island, an hour's sail down the harbor, and the summer resort of many Charlestonians. The great Hotel, the Moultrie House, was upon a high sand hill which rose almost directly out of the ocean; except a few palmetto trees there was hardly a leaf of vegetation on the Island. But the salt sea air was most invigorating and health giving, and well I remember our delight in gathering the bright shells that strewed the sandy beach like jewels. Here the crowning jewel of our home came into being. A letter written by my mother to her father says that his parents' names are awaiting the event, and on the 23d, two days after we reached the Island, the little Charlotte claimed her great-grandmother's name. Ten days later the great storm of '54 burst upon the sand-hill island. My father reached us by the last trip of the steamer from the city, which was an infinite comfort to my mother. The scene soon became appalling. The homes all over the island went down like card-houses; ere long the Moultrie House was the only building in sight left standing. It was built on palmetto piles several feet above the ground, the space between being open and through this space great waves rolled and the timbers and *débris* of the fallen houses with their furniture, sideboards, pianos, bureaus, etc., dashed against the foundation.

There was one other spot of greater safety, the Fort, with its fortified walls of heavy masonry. Here, one after the other, the guests from the hotel were taken until at last only our family remained and that of Mrs. Langdon Cheves, who also had a young infant. Finally the officers from Fort Moultrie came and insisted upon our being taken there. My mother was placed in a large piazza chair, which was borne aloft by two soldiers through the roaring waters. Each child was placed upon the broad shoulders of a soldier. Our nurse Lydia said no one else should carry the precious baby, and wrapping her up securely she waded bravely through the waves. Soon Mrs. Cheves and her baby were brought also to share the room which Colonel Seymour and his kind wife had hospitably turned over to my mother. One of my earliest distinct memories is of standing by the window which looked down the long line of barracks; the rain was descending in torrents, and against the wall of the barracks leaned my father's slender figure, the water pouring from the rim of his hat. In spite of my distress at his being out in the rain, I remember the feeling of comfort as long as I could see him. Presently, however, the door behind him opened, and an officer spoke to him and drew him within. With a child's dread of soldiers, I was terribly alarmed, and thought I should never see him again; every one was too busy with babies and their mothers to be appealed to, and there I stood by the window watching that door in despair for what seemed a very long time. At last the door into our room opened, and I turned to see my father come in, to tell my mother that Captain Somebody had kindly insisted on his sharing his room, where he was comfortably warm and dry.

After the winds and the waves had subsided, though the hotel had weathered the storm, it was not opened again, so my father took a cottage on the higher part of the Island at the west and nearer the city, not so attractive, of course, as those on the beach, but on that account they re-

mained standing when the others were swept away. Here, however, the effects of the storm still followed us. Our eldest sister, Maria, was stricken down with fever and for more than a month hung between life and death. The strain upon our parents must have been terrible after all they had gone through, but their letters show how calm and sustained they were by a trustful faith which never failed them. They were blessed and helped too by the devoted sympathy of all the family and friends, by whom the dear little girl was greatly beloved. After her recovery my father's gratitude for her restoration found voice in the following lines.

To Maria

I cannot frame my words aright
When I would speak of thee,
My eyes are dazzled with the light,
My utterance is not free.

I cannot think that thou art here
The thrall of grief and sin,
I cannot link thy soul with fear,
Thou art so pure within.

Thy place is in some brighter sphere,
Some cherub-peopled dome,
Thou wouldst not look so foreign there,
Nor feel so far from home.

And when upon this blighted earth
Thy wandering spirit came,
Faith seemed the herald of thy birth,
And Love thy proper name.

There was no weakness in thine eye,
No doubt upon thy face,
Serenely silent thou didst lie
In thy majestic grace.

MARIA MIDDLETON
Afterwards Mrs. T. W. Doar

There sometimes came a boding fear
Thou wert not all our own,
That we should wake some morn to hear
Our heavenly guest had flown.

And when the summons lingered near
For many a weary day,
We did not dare to chain thee here,
Or bar thy heavenward way.

So calmly thou didst look on death,
Thy gaze so wondrous high,
'T was only awe that held our breath,
Not fear to see thee die.

And now that thou dost linger yet,
The Cynosure of Love,
How can our trembling hearts forget
That warning from above?

Letter from Aunt Charlotte de Wolf to my Father

Paupausqua, Sept. 25, 1854

My dear Mr. Middleton:

We received your *final letter* at noon on Saturday. I really cannot tell whether we were most disappointed or relieved, to hear that your dear family were safe with you at home. We were somewhat disheartened I assure you, when the boat arrived that morning without the expected loved ones. We began to fear that Annie, exhausted by the passage, might be sick in New York, and many anxieties were mingled with our delighted anticipations. We have even indulged the hope of having you amongst us through the winter, and every arrangement had been made which could be thought of, for your comfort. So far from there being any "uncertainty of abode," here were our homes and hearts all ready to re-

ceive you. Abby's rooms happened to be vacated at this precise juncture, and thinking that Annie in her delicate state would prefer to be with her mother, it was planned for her to go to the Farm, while we at Paupausqua were hoping to have the dear little girls with us at least for a time. There was no time to reply to your first letter or you should have been apprised of these facts at once; indeed, we did not dream of your feeling any doubt on the subject of an *abode*. However, under existing circumstances, perhaps you have decided wisely, and while there might have been so much more to regret, let us be truly thankful to our gracious God for his protecting care, and give the hearts which He has saved from utter anguish, more entirely to Him. Tell Annie that her expected coming stirred us to the very depths. On the morning of the 20th you should have seen the gatherings at the wharf. Aunt Maria with her new carriage, Pa and Ma with their new buggy, Abby with her carriage, all of us with eager faces watching the approach of the *Durfee*. This was twice repeated before we heard of the delay of the steamer, then on Saturday we repaired again with hearts more sanguine than ever. Meantime, the sympathy spread and other friends waited with us the joyful arrival. Good old Mr. Van Dorn, with coat wrapped closely around him, said he had risen earlier than usual that he might be among the first to greet you, but we all returned with saddened countenances to our respective homes. No doubt all would be for the best and all *is well.*

We had seen in the papers the appalling account of the storm, but we hardly conceived of your perilous condition at the Moultrie House until we got your letter. Dearest Annie! you do not mention that she was particularly injured by the exposure and agitation of that dreadful day and yet how could she escape it; but while I feel anxious for her, I cannot but think most of you, dear Mr. Middleton, in reviewing those tremendous scenes. Your better knowledge of the danger and your care of the whole must have been almost crushing. I do not wonder you were ill. I think I

MRS. MIDDLETON

In Hey Bonnie Hall Drawing Room

shall never read the 46th and 51st Psalms again without reference to your dangers and trials of the past summer. And yet ours are now songs of deliverance and gratitude. How different our experience a year ago at this time (loss of Uncle William's children), how many hopes and joys were then extinguished, what a different thing life has become to some of us since. Still, God's Will be done, He did not take the lost ones until He had impressed his own signet on their foreheads, thus giving assurance that the "Lord knoweth them that are his." And He has spared your precious ones for future blessedness and service here. May they all live to know and fear Him. With my sister's warmest love, believe me

Affectionately yours,

C. DE WOLF

At last came the welcome news of a frost which enabled us to return to our South Battery home, that is, the old house which we occupied for a year before it was taken down for the building of the new one. Early in '56 we moved into the house farther to the west on the same street which my father had first purchased and retained while the new house was building. As well as I can remember, the work was not begun until the following year. This seems all the more probable as my mother being much run down in health by the experiences of the preceding summer, my father insisted on her going on to Rhode Island with the children, though he was unable to accompany her, having accepted the position of City Treasurer. It was an arduous post, which made it doubly hard for us to leave him. The chief consolation was the devoted care of our faithful servants, Lydia, our nurse, and Johanna, the seamstress, who were left in special charge with Bristow, the butler, Katie, the cook, Owen, the gardener, and numberless others to fall back on. My mother with the children went at first, as usual, to the ever hospitable home of our grandparents, Hayfield not having yet been furnished or prepared for housekeeping. Our great enjoyment was to

go up and spend the best part of the day roaming over the green meadows and taking our lunch under the spreading trees. It soon became evident that the air was uncommonly dry and invigorating and that our mother's cough, which had been obstinate and alarming, left her entirely while there. On hearing this the Doctor advised her to spend the rest of the summer there. The house was hastily provided with enough necessary articles, added to by Grandmama and Aunt Louisa Marston, who had lately brought all her father's household belongings to the Farm. The letters home to our self-denying father tell of the happiness in this beginning of the Hayfield life, which he was soon to enjoy almost more than any one.

Hayfield, 1*st Sept.*, 1856
Monday afternoon

SATURDAY was a regular festival. It had rained all day Friday and Saturday morning broke gloriously. I was up to see the sun rise over the eastern hill and the slanting of the beams over the valley, lighting up the houses and spires of the town and passing on to the harbor, making it a sheet of silver. Then came breakfast in the southeast room, all the windows open, letting in sunlight and the delicious bracing air, giving an appetite between each mouthful. Breakfast done, Boddie (Russell) bounds off with a shout—He is down in the meadow grass with Redman who says, "He 's the finest boy living!" Tottie (Maria) and the baby (Lottie), are under the apple trees imbedded in the long green grass, Annie and Alicia scatter themselves in all directions, sometimes picking flowers in the lane, sometimes riding on the empty cart with Boddie and Redman—then comes Papa in the big buggie, and I go into town with him, and bring home some delicious little cakes I had ordered baked and with the cakes, your—what? Not letter—you know what—written Sunday evening, Aug. 24th,—you say I must cry over them—I have not been able to do so yet, I am in a festival spirit and everything takes that coloring.

Oh! *I do long for you, darling!* This air is life giving, the thought of your delving in a city while we are enjoying this is unbearable, I cannot brook it excepting when I look upon it as the will of our Father. The question which arises is, "Is it His will?"

At this season, when the climate is perfection, the country here presents great attraction. The harvesting of the crops would almost persuade you that farming was quite a good business, and health and plenty seem to surround you. Yet mama has just spoken of the winter as terrific. But to go on with my festival Saturday. In the afternoon I rambled off with all the darlings up the lane toward the broad Common. The lane is shaded a great deal by fine locusts and the view to the east pretty all the way, but the north and west horizens are bounded high up by the outline of high land until at last as you take the last but one or two steps before you reach the crown of the hill, your head rises above the horizen made by the edge of the hilltop and you look, as it were, over the earth and all the beautiful country to the north, Warren, and stretching far away into the woods and distant blue hills lies before you, or rather under you. There is something to me very exhilarating in the effect produced by the sudden revealing of unexpected beauty. It might remind us of many things in life and experience. Well, to go on, when we returned home, tea was ready, and just as we were sitting down, Cousin Mark Howe drove up and came and partook with us just as we were, Baby and all. There was a fresh, clean tablecloth on and the silver had just been cleaned. We had a fresh, sweet loaf of new bread, a dish of the little cakes and one of sweetmeats, our tea, and cream as thick and yellow as need be, Hayfield butter, gold color. Was n't that a supper worth having?

Cousin Mark was very pleasant and intelligent, repeated a poem of Emerson's—very beautiful—admires Mrs. Browning, took away with him the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." He did not preach on Sunday and is going home on Thursday, so that I shall not have heard him preach

this summer. The only good sermons I have heard were those of the Bishop, Dr. Clark. I am now writing at night and it is quite late and I am thinking of going up to Providence to-morrow to see the Goddards. I shall go on the half past nine A.M. train and return on the two P.M. I must go to bed. Well, adieu, dearest. I never felt how utterly inferior I was to you, until reading those last lines I realized how incapable I was of answering them. I pray for grace to act and answer all the days of my life.

ANNIE.

The next winter and the succeeding summer of '57 were spent in the South Bay house while the one on the Battery was being completed. The chief interest of the winter was the close attention to the education of the children, especially, of course, the two elder. We had a delightful daily governess in Madame Gerard, an exile from Poland, who made her home in Charleston for the rest of her life, giving French and German lessons, as well as the usual courses in history, geography, mathematics, etc., in French, to most of our young cousins and companions, by which means she supported herself and her children. And soon another was added to her loving care. One night there was a ring at the door and on being told a gentleman wished to speak with her, she went forward to meet a friend of former days, Count Wianoski, also in exile. In his arms was a little child which he asked her to take and care for, his wife having died on the voyage to America. Kind, generous Madame took the baby without a moment's hesitation. This was some years before she came into our daily life, when little José was six or seven years old, a gentle, refined little fellow, whom my brother Russell and I delighted to have for our frequent playmate. As he grew up he developed into great beauty and distinction of appearance but very delicate of physique, and while still too young, in his desire to aid his kind foster mother, he took a position as teller in a banking house. The monotony and drudgery of the work were too severe for his highly

wrought temperament, and after some time of brave endurance and effort his mind gave way and his was that saddest of all human fates (except the criminal),—a mental wreck. Nothing seems to me so difficult to reconcile with the Divine Fatherhood as such an end to a noble creation. It is good to remember the happy hours he spent with us in childhood. Our music teacher was also a European, Mr. Hambruck. Maria had been his pupil for several years, and at this time Annie also had the benefit of his fine method. He was a cultivated man and his small bachelor establishment was filled with interesting pictures and works of art. He would frequently return to the Old World for his holiday season, and it was always an interest to hear and see what he brought back with him. He would kindly offer to fill any commission our father and mother would entrust to him, and on one occasion completed our rare collection of sketches by the artist Moritz Retzsch, the first numbers of which had been brought as a gift to my mother by our cousin, Barnwell Heyward.

We had many pleasant neighbors while in this South Bay house. Our artist friends, the Misses Withers, were just across the way; next door on our west, in a quaint, old-fashioned, low, wide spreading house with somewhat of a French air to it, set deep back in a large garden, lived the sister of the artist Sully, Mrs. Middleton Smith; her husband being a descendant of Henry Middleton, which gave us a welcome claim of almost relationship. A more exquisitely fashioned being it was hard to find, and as sweet and interesting in character as in person. She dressed always in white of some soft clinging material like India mull, made in the Empire style of her youth, short waist, short skirt, and close long sleeves, extending in a point over her delicate little hand, which, like her face, retained their refined beauty even in extreme age. The small high-bred head was surmounted by the daintiest of caps. Her manners were of the same courtly school, yet most gentle and considerate, making it seem a privilege to be addressed by her. Still farther to the westward, at the very end of the street

and almost in the waters of the Ashley, was the many-roomed domicile occupied by our great-uncle Henry Middleton's household of sons and daughters and numberless grandchildren. Next to their house, eastward, was the fine old Gibbes homestead with extensive grounds and gardens, its double flight of white marble steps with wrought iron, brass mounted railings. Within, the broad halls and capacious rooms were finished with finely carved and traceried wood work. Here our country neighbor and valued friend of my father, Mr. John Drayton, lived, that is for a few weeks in the spring and autumn *en route* from a surpassingly beautiful winter home on the Ashley to another almost its equal in summer in the mountains of North Carolina. The former place, "Magnolia," is about fifteen miles up the Ashley River, ten miles below Middleton Place. Though there were not more than fifteen acres in the grounds and gardens, it was laid out with such skill and taste, and every foot of land and nook and corner made so available for beauty and cultivation, that the effect is of a labyrinth of endless variety from cypress trees, oaks and magnolias, camellias, azaleas, rhododendrons, to beds of pansies and countless other delicate little flowers. It was said that there were three hundred varieties of azalea, many of them developed by Mr. Drayton himself, who was the genius of the place. The lake was peculiarly beautiful, spanned by a fairylike bridge and with a rowboat in which we spent many a happy morning. The cypresses grow out of the water, and the azalea branches bend over so closely that their many hued blossoms are reflected in the mirrorlike stillness below. It is the usual comment of visitors who have (some of them) traveled all over the world, that it is the most enchanting spot they have ever seen. Adjoining Magnolia is Drayton Hall, the ancestral seat of the family. Without special attraction of grounds, the house was the finest on the river and fortunately, by some caprice, was not burned by the Federal troops, being the only one spared on the Ashley River. Not far from all these homes is the Parish Church of St. Andrew, picturesquely set in the midst of forest trees with their solemn dra-

ANNA ELIZABETH MIDDLETON
In old Court dress

peries of grey moss. Here, of a Sunday morning, would gather, from miles around, the planters and their families, some in carriages with liveried coachmen and footmen, many on horseback, always in time for a neighborly chat and exchange of gossip before, as well as after, service. My mother writes of what a brilliant scene it seemed to her, the first time she joined them. It was at this ancient little church, on Easter Sunday, 1847, that the second daughter, Anna Elizabeth, was christened, our mother taking a handful of roses from the garden which she placed in the font.

I have said that the summer of 1857 was spent in Charleston for the purpose of superintending the building of the house on the Battery. For several years our grandfather De Wolf had been in ill health and he failed steadily during this summer, so it was no surprise in October for my mother to receive the summons to his side. Taking only the baby, Lottie, and her nurse, Adeline, we others were left with my father and in the care of our dearly loved nurse, Lydia, and Joanna, the seamstress; but most important of all was our little eldest sister Maria, about twelve years old, who was left in complete charge of the whole household. I can see her now in grave confab with Bristow, the butler, or, key-basket in hand, investigating the storeroom with Katie, who would come with several "Fanner" baskets to take out the supplies for the day; then giving Owen, the gardener, his orders for the market, where he would take the great covered market basket to bring back what my father had selected on his way to his office. I remember I regarded the little housekeeper as quite as much "grown up" as our mother.

My mother, meantime, reached the Farm in time for much happiness and comfort in intercourse with, as well as in helping to care for, her father. The baby too was a source of constant cheer. She was just beginning to talk, and instead of accomplishing one word at a time like most children she would bring out whole sentences. One day, hearing a sound in the chimney, she ran and looked up from the fireplace, then turned with the

interest of discovery saying, "Chimney blossoms"! Robin redbreast was "Robin breast-pin." Her great desire was to go barefoot, regarding her "foos and kokocs" as a tyranny and abomination; the moment she could escape observation, off they would come to her great joy, and the replacing of them was made as nearly impossible as the lightning motion of her little feet could accomplish. Our grandfather's life had been full of severe trials, probably seeming to him more bitter than those of most of his fellow mortals, and they had told severely upon his once buoyant and confident spirit, making him often irascible and impatient; but his love for little children never lessened, nor did his perfect faith and confidence in the love of an Almighty Father. He was a proud man in contact with the world, but with the humility of a child in the presence of his Creator. When near his end and in great suffering, his wife asked, "Henry, can you pray?" Quickly the answer came, "Short prayers — the publican's." My father often said he had never heard any one read the service or offer family prayers with such perfect expression. My father also particularly admired and appreciated the simple taste of the inscriptions which my grandfather had had cut upon the marbles over his parents' graves. On the one, after date of birth, marriage, and death, "An Honest Man"; on the other, "A Modest Woman." It was a great regret to him as well as to my mother when these old slabs were removed and replaced by the lofty obelisk which now marks the last resting-place of our great-grandparents De Wolf.

Only two weeks after the death of her father, my mother's brother Alexander, who, with his wife, was then living with his parents at the Farm, was taken suddenly ill and died, so that our dear mother's home-coming was doubly saddened; though to us little ones there was only room for rejoicing at her loved presence once more among us. Well I remember our nurse, Lydia, throwing open the nursery door with "Mis'tis come, Mis'tis come," and our flying feet to the hall below, where her unfamiliar mourning garb could not conceal the glow and joy as her arms clasped one after

CHARLOTTE HELEN MIDDLETON
Afterwards Mrs. E. P. De Wolf

another of her nestlings. The short month, so long to us, seemed to have changed our baby Lottie into a big girl, as she got down from Adeline's arms and walked gravely among us.

It was in the autumn of this year, 1857, I think—that Miss Cunningham's great project for a national purchase of Mount Vernon was carried out. A tent was pitched on the Battery and "everyone" went in and paid a dollar toward the fund. My father deputed our little golden-haired brother, Russell, to deposit his contribution, and proud we felt when he came back and my mother told him he was now one of the owners of the home of Washington. At this time we had owned the little farm on the hillside at Bristol for several years. But my father's letters constantly expressed the uncertainty of being able to make it a home even for the summer. Having given up the life of a planter, and his mother's large fortune as well as his father's ample means being seriously curtailed by the lavish expenditure of the latter, it proved absolutely necessary for my father to add sufficient to his resources to insure an adequate income for the increasing needs of his growing family. The office of City Treasurer which he accepted, allowed too short a vacation to be spent at such a distance, so the one summer ('56) which we had passed at Hayfield was without his companionship, and my mother and he both felt that the separation was too high a price to pay for even the advantage of the fine climate and country life for the children. Then, as has so often happened throughout our experience, a way was opened which no one had dreamed of.

Mr. Finley, the President at that time of the College of Charleston, resigned, and the trustees at once unanimously asked my father to fill the place. As usual, from his extreme conscientiousness, he hesitated at first, saying that his training as a planter had hardly prepared him for the position, but he had already delivered several addresses before the College and on other literary occasions, which had so assured the community of his ability and the high trend of his talents, that his hesitation only ac-

centuated the desire to have him take the presidency of his *Alma Mater.* The result justified their choice; for a quarter of a century, and that the most eventful and trying in the life of the College, he directed her affairs and the training of her youth—it being the only college of the South which was kept open through the four years of the war. To accomplish this, he had his students detailed off for army service near enough to permit them to perform military duty in the latter part of the day and at night and be at liberty to attend their classes in the forenoon; he himself also carrying his musket at night and filling his place in the defense of the city. Thus, when the war was over, he could present the city in her desolated and well-nigh ruined condition with a graduating class, though small, of educated youths. I think no President has ever been so beloved and honored by city, faculty, and students, and I must not omit John Cahill, who was janitor through all the years of my father's administration and whose love for him could not be measured. My father, in referring to him, often quoted Byron's lines,

"There's something so warm and sublime
In the core of an Irishman's heart."

But I am trespassing on the time in advance of the period of which I am writing, the winter of 1858. This congenial position at the College, besides other advantages, gave a vacation of three months in summer, three weeks at Easter, and two at Christmas. With this assured, there was no longer any hesitation in taking up the life at Hayfield, where the chief interest for one and all during the first part of the summer was to prepare as much beauty and comfort as possible for the coming in August of our dear father.

"Oh, the garden! I remember
In the gay and happy spring,
When our laughter made the thickets
And the arching alleys ring!"

When we took the place, it had a fine apple orchard, grape arbor, and abundance of small fruits, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, etc., but no suggestion of anything ornamental,—neither flower-beds nor shrubbery. On our way from Charleston in the spring, which this year, 1858, was by the land route, we stopped in Philadelphia with our cousin, Mrs. Earp; and each day my mother would go with either Cousin Jane Randal or Uncle (Commodore) John Marston, to the flower markets for which Philadelphia was then famous. By the time we left for Bristol she had a fine collection of rare and beautiful plants. Many that have since become familiar to every garden, we saw then for the first time. Others have never appeared again. As soon as we arrived, a flower-bed was made along the south front under the windows, where a white rose and pansies throve for many a year. To the west, a bed in my mother's favorite shape of a crescent received countless lovely plants. Afterwards, other beds were made and one given to each of the children to keep free of weeds. What a happy rivalry there was, though all agreed that Maria's and Annie's were always in the most perfect order. Not long after, on a shopping trip to Providence, my mother saw a wagon-load of evergreens which had just come in from an out-of-town nursery. She looked them over, asked what the man would take for the whole, and told him if he would drive them down to Hayfield, she would take them. This was the initial of the beautiful shrubbery encircling the garden and crowning the "Hill Meadow," to which a walk at sunset was generally the closing event of the day. The view was extensive and enchanting through the richly colored valley, with the spires and roofs of the little town to the south, and beyond, the harbor with its islands lifting out of the misty distance of the Narragansett, with a far-away suggestion of Newport; while to the north and west the scene was hardly less picturesque. The plan at first was to build a fine house on the hill, but the war prevented this from being accomplished, and fortunately my mother had sundry

changes made which transformed the little farmhouse into a most attractive and fascinating abode.

In my father's opinion, a pony was an indispensable factor in a boy's education, and almost equally so for girls, so a grey pony named Frank became our daily companion and tyrant. His grazing place was the long East Meadow, and he was so perfectly safe and good natured that we would catch him (if we could), saddle and bridle him ourselves, and take a gallop over the hills and far away. Nothing delighted me more than to meet our dear old great-aunts, Miss De Wolf and Mrs. Rogers, in their close, comfortable carriage, coming up to see my mother, when I would throw the reins on the pony's neck and with arms outstretched urge him to full speed and fly past them, enjoying their looks of dismay and terror. The catching of the pony, however, was an uncertain accomplishment and generally rested with him, to be or not to be. We would take an apple or a handful of corn and hold it over the stone wall, calling to him alluringly, to which he would instantly respond and come trotting up even from the farthest corner of the meadow; and while I kept his attention with the aid of the apple and the corn, Russell would skillfully throw the bridle over his head and put the bit in his mouth. Then came the tug of war. As soon as the apple was disposed of, the pony would back and back, dragging us over the wall, and as often as not get away and take a gallop on his own account round the meadow. Then he would come up voluntarily and let us mount, evidently thinking that on the whole companionship was pleasanter than solitary liberty. We had a large, strong, carriage horse which *we* considered so handsome that we named her Black Beauty. But she had been bought without my father's critical judgment, and when he came on, Black Beauty was condemned as utterly unworthy of the name, and possessing absolutely no point of the high breeding which belonged to all our southern horses. However, she did us good service and my father even condescended to mount her and ride with one of us on the grey pony; always pro-

HEY BONNIE HALL DRAWING ROOM

testing, however, that it was but a *pis aller*—as the owner of Sir Archie, Zilla, Gulnare, and the long line of thoroughbreds of the Bolton stables had a right to do.

The hay-making was another delight for us; to ride into the barn on a hayload and when a tall stack was left in the meadow to climb to the top and slide down, were joys beyond words to express. But what happy days for us! and equally so when some fresh autumn morning my father would say at the breakfast table, "Who is ready for the top of Mount Hope?" And off we would go with him along the old back road, turning to the east and climbing over rocks and boulders and through leafy woodlands to the summit, then down the farther slope until we could sit and rest on King Philip's throne and take refreshing draughts from the clear depths of his spring.

In the late autumn we would return to Charleston, my father usually preceding us by a few weeks to open the College. Then would begin the studies and music and dancing lessons of the elder children. Indeed, by this time all except the little Lottie began to receive some instruction. When Madame arrived, Russell and I were called in before the regular lessons began and she would teach us to ask for what we wanted in French, which my father expected us to carry out at the table. So, too, when Mr. Hambruck came to give Maria and Annie their music lessons, I had a half hour of finger exercises, and Russell had his hour of Latin, etc., when our father came down from the College at two o'clock. So enamoured were we of learning that Russell and I determined to impart it to some one and fixed upon our butler, Bristow, for a pupil. He had a broad shelf on the back piazza where he used to clean the silver, and as soon as he was settled there, we would take our lesson books to make him learn what we did, he protesting all the while that it was "gainst de law to teach colored people to read." Then we turned to our nurse, Lydia, and tried to correct her pronunciation, not then appreciating its fascination. Russell would say,

"Liddy, you must not say 'forgit,' say 'forget.'" To which she would reply, "But I forgit, mausa, I forgit," and then sing us one of her exquisitely plaintive songs, "Lepodora and the Lark," or about the man-servant who got caught out after hours.

> "*Oh! dear! I can't get out,*
> *For I'm in dis lady's garden.*
> *Bell done ring and drum done beat,*
> *And I'm in dis lady's garden.*"

In those days in Charleston two bells were rung at night, one at eight o'clock, the next at nine, and at ten the drum was beaten; after which no servant could be on the street without a written permit from his master or mistress. And oh! the suffering I went through if perchance I was awake late enough to hear the second bell or still worse, the drum, though the consequences to the servant were by no means dire; he was simply shut up in the guardhouse for the night and redeemed by his master's payment of a dollar in the morning. Another and delightful old custom was the call of the watchman in St. Michael's steeple at each hour through the night, "Twelve o'clock and all—l—l is well." To hear this by chance—and it began at eight o'clock—was a great enjoyment to me. It was kept up until 1885, when a utilitarian and prosaic mayor abolished it to save the city a hundred dollars a year!

Apropos of Lydia's singing, she had in speech as well as song as sweet a voice as I have ever heard. But the prince of *raconteurs* was Jacob, the young waiter under tutelage of Bristow. To sit on the piazza steps while Jacob polished brasses, or on the dining-room rug while he lingered over the setting of the table to give us the classics of B'r Wolf and B'r Rabbit, was something not to be surpassed in after years by Booth, Irving, or any of their compeers. He was the happiest, most kindly of boys, about eighteen years old at this time. Bristow had still another and younger apprentice named Billy. He was the only child of Lowry, the laundress, very black,

DRAWING ROOM AT "THE MOUNT"

DRAWING ROOM AT "THE MOUNT"

very homely, and a dwarf,—which latter feature his mother said "was 'cause Mass Art'ur done jump ober him when he was a baby." This was a firm superstition among them. I can see Billy's big, round, solemn face over a block covered with green baize and waxed, on one side of the dinner table, trying to make it reach Bristow on the other side, as they rubbed the table until it reflected the glass and silver upon it when the cloth was removed for dessert. Billy's ungainly form enclosed as good a heart as ever beat and we were much attached to him.

In 1859 we went on to Rhode Island as usual in the spring, my father joining us in August. But before it was time to return, a sudden and unlooked-for financial demand made it necessary to economize, and our house on South Battery was rented and we remained for the winter at Hayfield. We had taken with us two of our colored servants, Joanna, the seamstress, and Katie, the cook, who, with a loyal-hearted Irishman named Jerry, made up our small domestic staff. The experience of a northern winter was a novel one for the children, who greatly enjoyed the ice and snow. The sunny and sheltered situation of the house enabled us to keep warm and comfortable. About Christmas time my mother, on going to the flower-bed under the south windows, found a white rose and a pansy in bloom though the petals were encrusted in ice. More than once, however, we came near suffering severely from our ignorance of the climate, even my mother seeming to have forgotten its severity in her long living in the benign southern temperature. In going to church it was Russell's privilege to ride the grey pony, and on one Sunday, when, I suppose, he had left home in tolerably mild winter weather, it must have turned much colder during church time, for as we were about to start for home our young cousin, Willie De Wolf, came up to the carriage with, "Cousin Annie, you are never going to let that boy ride home! He will freeze before he gets there." I can see him now, standing six feet two, redundant in health, handsome, with his brilliant coloring and dark hair and eyes, as if he could face any amount of cold

himself, and his earnest solicitude for the delicate fair little boy. The latter, however, would not give in, and was allowed to ride home, which he reached somewhat before the heavy carriage with the rest of us. When we found him he was, as Willie De Wolf had warned us, in an agony of distress, and it was very, very long before all the restoratives and applications brought relief. Indeed, it was fortunate that the consequences were not more serious than they were.

During this period of eighteen months in Rhode Island, our great-aunt, Louisa Marston, who lived at that time with Grandmama De Wolf at the Farm, undertook to keep us from retrograding in our studies by having us recite certain lessons to her every day for two hours. This was a great privilege, for her noble character was as important an influence as her teaching. Then, too, the daily intercourse with our grandmother was deemed a special boon by us. She herself taught our little cousin, Lillie Grey, but after lessons were over, we joined forces and were off either down in the grove or some other delectable playground, or Lillie would go home with us for the rest of the day. There was also constant intercourse with Cousin Bradford De Wolf's family at the Mount. His second daughter, Mary, was midway in age between Maria and Annie, and there was a frequent interchange of days spent with each other; sometimes Mary at Hayfield and then Maria and Annie at the Mount. It was an ideal country home and it would be hard to find a more attractive family. Cousin Bradford was a typical country gentleman and Cousin Mary combined the perfection of sweetness and dignity, while the two sons and two daughters made a group of rare beauty and grace of deportment. The eldest, Cousin Hattie, who became Mrs. Lloyd Aspinwall, was the acknowledged belle of the day, and when presented at the Court of St. James was there pronounced the most beautiful woman ever seen by that august and critical society. She was, besides, peculiarly sweet and engaging in manner. At the Mount, hospitality was an inheritance, and lost no distinction under the happy rule of Cousin

BEDROOM AT "THE MOUNT"

Bradford and Cousin Mary. Each had a wide circle of family connections who were their frequent visitors—Mrs. Prescott Hall, Cousin Bradford's sister, and her husband, a brilliant member of the New York bar, Mrs. James De Wolf (*née* Post), and her beautiful daughter, Mrs. Robert Cutting, Mrs. Lovet, Cousin Bradford's youngest sister, and her lovely daughter, Mrs. Gibbs, and her other daughters and sons, his nieces, Mrs. Bedloe and Minnie Homer, afterwards Mrs. Pegram, and many others on the De Wolf side. Cousin Mary's kin were equally numerous. Her brother, Mr. John Soley, was always the life of the party, and with him his wife and pretty daughter, Ella Soley (Mrs. John Hoffman), who was a friend of my sister Annie. Cousin Mary's sister's family, the Selfridges, were delightful people, the daughter, Katie, most charming. She married a Russian and so we have lost sight of her, but not the memory. Of her brothers, Tom and Russell, the former was a prime favorite. He was in the navy and commanded the *Cumberland* when that battleship was rammed and sunk by the famous *Merrimac* of the Confederacy, and in due course he became Admiral Selfridge.

It was at this time that Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, made a visit to this country, and after being dazzled by the splendors of New York, where he had the honor of dancing with Cousin Hattie Aspinwall, came to Boston to experience the sensation of being the center of The Hub. The Misses Codman, who then lived in Boston and spent their summers in Bristol, invited Mary De Wolf and Maria to stay with them to attend the Prince's ball. What preparations were made in both households! A blue silk was bought for Maria, which our dear Joanna made up, with love and intensest interest sewed into every seam. We found out afterwards that she was convinced that this was the fairy prince who was to win and marry Miss Maria. What was her disappointment when the party returned, excited and enthusiastic with only having looked on royalty. The girls, being only sixteen, were not taken on to the floor of the ballroom but viewed the gay scene from a gallery above.

Cousin Sophy (Mrs. Mark Antony De Wolf) and her little granddaughter, Carrie, were also great favorites with us. Cousin Sophy was of French descent, with the fascination peculiar to their polished society. She was tall and very attractive in appearance and with a frank directness and probity of character which greatly endeared her to my mother. Carrie and Annie were fast friends and constantly together, the latter being a special pet of our great-aunts, and Uncle Robert, who then lived at Hey Bonnie Hall, was often with them; and so a frequent neighbor of Carrie's, who with her grandmother lived at the beautiful place just south of this. The aunts also had a pony, "Brownie," for our entertainment, and Carrie would run over to share the delight of being put on his back by Patrick, who was at that time their coachman. Long after he became an independent man of means, he continued in their service for the sake of taking care of them, sleeping in the attic over their room where a knock on the wall would bring him to their door. After they were laid to rest he passed on his loyal devotion to us, leaving no stone unturned to help us in many difficulties which arose in connection with the settlement of the estate, with which his forty years' experience in one or other capacity had made him thoroughly familiar. He was blessed, too, with as fine and noble a wife as ever fell to a man's lot, and their children are now honoring their memory by filling high posts in the town and state.

One of the pleasant events of the year 1859 was the coming of our dear old Charleston friend, Miss Huger, to spend the summer near us. My mother was fortunately able to induce Mrs. Reynolds to take her to board with her little niece and nephew, Lizzie and Alfred Ravenel. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds's home was a fine old house on the main road, half-way between Hayfield and Bristol. Besides being an interesting place in itself, it had the distinction of having entertained Lafayette, when he came to help this country in its struggle for independence. Uncle Henry Middleton's family occupied their Newport place as usual, and would come up to see us as

well as Miss Huger, who was a relative of Aunt Harriot. Still another visitor was our Cousin Henry Marston from New Orleans. He was a delightful young fellow, at that time full of the joy of life. Alas! we were never to look upon him again, for with so many, his life was given to the Confederate cause. Even then the war cloud was lowering darkly and soon to break. The summer of 1860 witnessed the nomination of four sets of candidates for the presidency and party feeling has seldom been more heated. We did not make our return journey to Carolina until quite late in November, and by that time the die had been cast and for the first time a Republican candidate was elected and Lincoln was President of the country. When we boarded the steamer for Charleston in New York, we found in command our old friend Captain Berry, with whom we had made the voyage many times. We left the dock under the United States flag, but as soon as we were well out in the stream, down came the Stars and Stripes, and up went the bonnie blue flag with the Palmetto Tree of South Carolina. The captain had taken Russell with him to witness the change and he came running back to the cabin in great glee to tell us of it. We little thought, in our triumph and delight, that the warm-hearted old captain would be discharged and thrown into prison on his return to New York.

Letter to Mrs. Nathaniel Russell Middleton from her Husband

Charleston, 25th November, 1859

My darling Wife:

I HAVE just seated myself down after a pretty active day. The last business was a meeting of the Art Association. We have been in difficulty in consequence of purchasing too many pictures and there was danger of a break up. Poor Mr. Sachteleben was in despair, but Mr. Rose came forward, as I told you, and with his influence and prestige we have succeeded at last in raising $1500 —15 subscribers at $100 each—which

pays off our debt and enables us to go on. We have received a dozen pictures from Germany, among them "Jacob blessing his Sons," a large and very interesting painting which I think must attract; several of the heads are very fine. The gallery now looks promising. Yesterday was Thanksgiving day—I had gone round and asked Henry to ride up with me to John Drayton's "Magnolia Gardens," for the poor fellow really needed cheering, but I could not persuade him. In the morning, however, he wrote to tell me he had changed his mind and he called for me after breakfast. The day was delightful, and we enjoyed it exceedingly. Mrs. Drayton was very hospitable, gave us a little lunch and a pressing invitation to stay, but we returned to dinner. The garden, tho' giving a beautiful promise in camellia buds, was sadly out of sorts and gave no intimation of what it really was last winter. We drove into Skeveling Avenue and wandered about there a little, and on the whole I think the excitement was beneficial to us both. Henry has been in trouble, you know, on account of Hal and is so still, for our Faculty has made difficulties. I hope he will be accepted, tho' I must confess the boy is not prepossessing. My idea is that between his father and myself we may keep him straight. Lis and Boddie's letters arrived today—Boddie's *beautifully* written by dear Tot. It does her great credit in every respect. The injury to the foot must have been more serious than I supposed to have kept Russell up so long. I am sorry to find that you still have pony. What a pleasant thing that dear Aunt Louisa should have undertaken Maria—I only hope she is not overdoing herself. How did you manage to get rid of Mr. Rich after engaging him, or was it only a trial? I met Mr. Hambruch this evening and he says he has brought a quantity of music with him and will send me some to carry on. He also has brought some *pictures* which I am going to look at, and if they are good I will get them for the gallery if I can—I think I will try to get him to play some of the new pieces for me. It is so long since I have heard any good music that I would willingly take a walk of a mile or two for the enjoyment.

HEY BONNIE HALL
From the lawn

Saturday evening

Just returned from a very pleasant visit to the Ben Rutledge's; really it was a delightful *ménage*—the charming old lady, Ella, sweet and intelligent and Ben, manly and vivacious. It was a picture of domestic enjoyment one does not often see—and I felt at once safe and happy among friends. I have been to-day reading to Dr. Gimké. When I came away—he lent me *a book*. I stopped on the way to do some business with Mr. Heriot—he lent me *a book*. I met a gentleman before dinner—he lent me a *paper*, I met another after dinner—he lent me a *paper*. I declare, it is very amusing. I made bold to ask Mrs. Drayton when I was up there the other day to lend me the photographs of the place and to-day when I came home I found the bundle containing them and so I will bring them with me and indulge our friends with the view of them. I wish you could see the number of beauties of that kind which they have brought home with them—There seems to be no lack of money—Good-night.

Mansion House—Saturday Morning
15th April, 1860

OH! My darling, how can I express the sadness that is over me at the appalling separation which lies between us. It cuts into my very heart, and utterly unmans me—and yet I cannot complain, for in many ways I see good in it—that is, I see correction and discipline—much needed discipline. But I have to turn away from the contemplation of that dear little abode and its darling inmates, rendered doubly inviting by the manifest growth in grace and virtue of those for whom we are now striving to live. It is due to you and to them to say that I found the greatest improvement in the darlings during my visit and an earnest of better things to come. There is only one thing that troubles me and that is the want of due consideration for Aunt Louisa. This must be mended, for it is a thing I cannot bear to think of that that dear old lady should

be treated otherwise than with the most profound respect and affection which we know to be her due—Say to the dear children, what I mean to urge upon them myself, that I expect it of them to be very particular in this matter—Aunt Louisa must not be worried. I know by their improvement in other respects that they can correct this if they will. I want them also to try and write to me oftener this term. It will be a beneficial exercise in every way and give me great pleasure. And now, my wife, let me say a word to you. I pray you take care of yourself. I pray you to remember how much depends upon your precious life—As a matter of duty apply yourself to this—and God will bless you in an effort to do right. As I mentioned in the scrawl I wrote on board the vessel, I intend to send you Timothy Titcombe's letters,—while here and there you may find some little fault with the style, which is rather *dashing*, there is an amount of solid sense, of courageous truthfulness, of clear insight into things, and of manly piety that is not often met with. It seems to me a book calculated to do good. I looked at "Bitter-Sweet," but, as far as I could see, I prefer this. "Gold Foil" is a very good sequel. I would like to see our dear little son imbued with his spirit. Besides this book I finished the first vol. of Washington on board, and found it exceedingly interesting and improving. It ought to be read out to the family. You will see there how necessary difficulties and trials are to make anything of us. You will see, too, how foolish and sinful it is to despair, and how God blesses cheerful perseverance in earnest effort. I feel a strong conviction that God is not trying us for nothing. I am sure that great blessing is hidden under the dark cloud. I cannot but remember that "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and as I know that his chastenings have drawn us to Him and not driven us from Him, I await the issue in faith—"in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Do you not suppose that all those who in times past have been sanctified by trouble have been continually tempted to think that they were deserted and that they were suffering the wrath of

an offended God? I believe it depends altogether upon how we receive trouble whether it is beneficial to us or not; if we receive it Christianly, it must be remedial, but if we rebel, it becomes, from the nature of the case, punitive. I am writing on in this way, my darling, more for my own consolation in communion with you than from any idea of enlightening you, but to me it is a great comfort to pour out my heart in this way.

I enclose a draft of the State Bank on the American Excge. Bank, New York, for $200—(No. 11411)—Notify me of its arrival and what more you will need.

It is *hot* to-day—a great contrast to the weather I have left and even to yesterday. Farewell, my beloved—from

Your own

N. R. M.

24th April, 1860—½ *past* 9 *o'clock, P.M.*

My beloved Wife:

THANKS for your letter of the 21st which I have just read. It comforts me in many ways. I will explain to you how it happens to be so late before I have read it, when I took it out of the office two hours ago. It was on this wise—I mentioned to you that Col. Alston and Madame had taken up the Art Assn. with great interest. A sufficient number of ladies have consented to serve at the fair and, among others (would you believe it?), Mrs. Rose. This evening I received a summons to join the Committee of 5 in an interview with the ladies at Col. Alston's at 7 o'clock, so I ran first for my letter, put it into my pocket and went to the meeting. After quite a pleasant knocking of heads together for a couple of hours we adjourned and I went around to see after the Randals; they were not at home so I came to my den and sat down as usual to my talk with you, when all of a sudden I remembered *My Letter!*—I am truly thankful to find you in such good spirits, and so surrendered to God; I have no doubt good will result anyway.

But I wish, while I think of it, to refer again to the matter of your health and beg you to try to accomplish the bathing if possible, and (which certainly is possible) the effect of a tumbler of cold water upon rising; it certainly has had an effect of putting me wonderfully to rights in some particulars, it gives a tone to the stomach—try it and let me know if you agree with me. This afternoon I was surprised by a visit from the dear old Col. [Lewis Morris]. I had no idea he was in town. He sat a long time and we had a pleasant chat, but he looks very badly and seems broken both in mind and body; there was a look in his eye which troubled me. He told me he had been suffering a good deal. I do not think he will last very long. On the whole this has been a cheerful, pleasant day, and I thank God for it. You have no idea how nicely the old house looks. It has been thoroughly carpeted, well furnished, repainted, repapered and regilt—you remember how much gilding there was about the wainscot and cornices—I wish you could see the improvement; to be sure it is not upon the scale of magnificence to which you are accustomed at Hayfield; but you must make allowances. This art gallery seems to be a real blessing to me, it is helping me to come out and become social, and giving me a purpose in so doing—and all these constant occupations keep me from moping and suffering as much as I might otherwise do from our separation. But there is no substitute. Nothing makes up for Hayfield and its precious inmates, that dear nest among the rocks with my deserted mate and the unfledged brood. I sent a letter to Lis this morning and very soon will write to my dear little son. Did you ever get at the explanation of Lottie's dodge the day I left—was it a mere caprice or a wish to be with Lilly, or an unwillingness to go through a scene? I am quite curious to get at it. It does not seem either, that she has been writing to me as she did before. I wonder if it was that encounter about going to bed. I rather think so. I hope, if that is the case, that the impression will not last, for I should be grieved to have the dear child alienated. I must try the effect of a letter. The Convention is going on quite thrivingly, the City is by no

means thronged and the strangers who are here are all, apparently, respectable and many of them distinguished men. They say that Douglas will not be nominated by Hunter or Breckenridge—either of them would be a good nomination. It is a delightfully cool change to-day and I feel correspondingly bright. How many such days you have before you with the accompaniment of open air and garden. I trust you may be able to make it profitable and that I will see those dear cheeks quite full and all angles rounded off when I come. The Col. told me to say to you that he was sorry to find me *in prison*, alluding to my back window, which, looking upon a neighboring yard, is secured by iron grating. So you see I was not so far out of the way when I called it a dungeon. But truly it is a matter of great indifference. I find that happiness is within, and I believe a true Christian might be happier than a king in a real dungeon. Why is it that while I do not mind it for myself, I could not bear the thought of you or the children being here. Thank God that you are where you are. How do you get on with your neighbour? ——

Love to the darlings from

PAPA

Letter from Mrs. Nathaniel Russell Middleton to her Mother, Mrs. Henry De Wolf

Charleston, 31*st December*, 1860

DEAR MAMA—

I HAVE been hoping to hear from you in answer to my letter which you seemed not to have received when you wrote the one for Jerry—I feel quite anxious to know something about you in these stirring times. I suppose that you personally can be but little affected by the condition of the country, yet you must feel deeply for the great misfortunes which we hear have fallen upon so many—the poor who are comparatively blameless. I hope the *foolish* ones who are trying to be "wise above what is written," will learn at last that "the service of God is the only perfect

freedom" and that "His Word is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path." The aspect of affairs here is, of course, interesting beyond expression. Both the Legislature and the State Convention are in session here in Charleston, and we feel that the events of each day are so many moral births. I wish I could convey to you an idea of the perfect order and quiet which pervades our city, and the expression of serious but cheerful earnestness upon every face.

Major Anderson seems to have been incapable of appreciating the high-mindedness of the Carolinians when he made that unfortunate move from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter; he was no doubt under the impression that he had mob-law people to deal with, of whom, happily, none exist. Still I think his situation was a most trying one, and one almost impossible to act wisely in. The Government ought to have withdrawn him from a post at which he could do nothing but harm. If they will even now be wise enough to do it, there may yet be a peaceful separation of the States. This accomplished and friendly relations established, the prosperity of the whole Country would be immediately restored—

January 14, 1861.—The New Year has opened since I began this letter and still without any tidings from you. I will not retain this any longer fearing my last may not have reached you—The great subjects of interest are of course the political events as they each day evolve—There is *no* truth in the reports in the Northern papers of the distress in Charleston—there is *really none.* The Shop Keepers probably are not selling as many expensive articles as usual, but all seem cheerful and ready to put up with a little present inconvenience for the good of the future. Many of them, at Christmas time, told me they had done very well, and some of the stores, to my own knowledge, were so filled with purchasers that it was literally impossible to get in. The young men as well as old have all turned soldiers, and we seldom go out without meeting a company of troops, sometimes horsemen and sometimes foot-soldiers, but as they are only actuated by

the spirit of *defense* not *aggression* there is a peculiar feeling of respect and sympathy drawn out of every human heart toward them. The idea of such men yielding an inch of what they think their rights can only be accounted for on the score of great ignorance.

Of course Aunt Louisa is with you—The children are going on delightfully with their studies. They often speak of dear Aunt L. and say they are so sorry they ever gave her trouble. I was truly happy to hear of Mr. Swett's gift to dear Cecelia [Mrs. John Swett], I am sure it will be a perfect blessing to her—We are all quite well and feel how unspeakably blessed we are in being once more united in our home life.—I hope you will write soon and tell us about your own life and how you all are. I shall write soon to Jerry (our loyal man). And now adieu with love from

Yours as always

ANNIE

Tuesday, 15*th*

I was prevented from sealing this letter yesterday, by the arrival of yours with numerous scraps from the Newspapers—You can hardly imagine, dear Mama, how laughable the misstatements of the Northern press appear to us who are on the spot and know how far from the truth they are. Do not give yourself any trouble about us, God has so far been very good to us, and we trust in his protecting arm now and *forever*—The difficulty with you at the North is that you only read *one side*—had you not better get Senator Benjamin's speech (of Louisiana) or Senator Hunter's of Virginia or Mr. Caleb Cushing's two addresses delivered at Newburyport, Mass. or the Rev^d Mr. Vandyke's sermon preached at Brooklyn? When you read the papers always bear in mind that the "other side" is kept carefully out of sight. I believe that the *moral* emancipation of the colored race and the physical emancipation of the white race will be furthered by the present movement of the South—The South will soon be the only place for free white people and the

only effectual Mission Station for the African. God's word will not go unfulfilled though the people do imagine a vain thing.

The guns on Morris Island were fired *intentionally* (at first across her bows) so as *not* to hurt the "Star of the West," but only to let her know she must not come any farther—

I must close in haste as we have company to dinner.

Ever your ANNIE

You say "let us submit like Christians." I will join you heartily in submitting to God, but not to man; there is a wide difference—

In the following month of December, South Carolina led the way by seceding from the Union. About noon on the 20th, my mother was walking down Meeting Street and not long before she reached Institute Hall, where the delegates to the Convention were sitting, the doors opened and the delegates came out; the streets were filled with people and immediately word was spread of the result of their deliberations. My mother saw a hat go up in the air, but absolute order and quiet prevailed, and just then our old friend, Mr. Lesesne, one of the delegates, came towards her, saying, "Well! do you feel giddy? We are afloat!"

Needless to say, the next three months were anxious ones, though the daily life of study, music, painting, etc., went on as if no tragedy hung unrelenting over us. Ignorant of all its horrors, we were full of eager interest in the possibility of *war*, and loyalty to our land was the subject uppermost, not only with our elders, but with the young people and even with the children in their play. I was the only one of us born in Rhode Island, and when any of the family wanted to tease me they would call me a Yankee, which was an overwhelming blow. On such an occasion when we were at play with our comrades on the Battery, and I must have shown how deep was my chagrin at the unhappy fact of my birthplace, a chivalrous little cousin came up to me saying, "Never mind, Alicia, I was

born in North Carolina," which for the time being quite restored my cheerfulness. Soon after the passing of the ordinance of secession, the United States troops garrisoned at Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, were secretly transferred under cover of night to the more important post of Fort Sumter. The cadets from the Citadel Military Academy in Charleston were then sent to man the battery on Morris Island, and upon an attempt by the United States Government to land supplies at Fort Sumter by the "Star of the West," the battery fired across her bows, obliging her to turn about. This first gun of the war was fired by Tom Ferguson, a very handsome cadet of the Citadel, who said as he fired it, "So help me, God." Soon after, on the 12th of April, the memorable battle of Fort Sumter took place, ending in its evacuation by Major Anderson. We have a little Confederate flag which my mother made early in the day for Russell, and which he carried to the top piazza, from which it floated throughout the eventful day. All the ladies of the city were occupied in making cartridge bags and scraping lint, which latter happily was not needed in this first battle, there being no casualties on our side.

The following letters were written while the battle was going on.

To Miss Louisa Marston, sister of Commodore John Marston

Charleston, 12 *April*, 1861

My dear Aunt,

I CANNOT let this momentous day close without some communication with you, though it is perhaps uncertain when I may be able to send a letter, as I fear the mails may be interrupted. We have been so often alarmed this winter by the prospect of collision with the old Government, and as often relieved, that yesterday I would hardly give credence to the assertion that there would indeed be a battle that evening. At about six o'clock, however, the usual hour for dressing and promenading upon the Battery, there was unmistakable evidence of there being work on foot, and

indeed assurances from the most responsible persons left us no room for doubt. The east end of our beautiful Battery grounds was already covered with tents of the Cadets, who were stationed there to tend the guns mounted upon the Battery in case they were needed, which, however, was not apprehended, the main body of the troops being stationed at their several forts commanding the harbor. Fort Sumter, you know, rises in the center as it were from the ocean. A message from General Beauregard had been carried to Major A. at 1 p.m. demanding the surrender of the Fort, which he refused, and was then told that he would be attacked at 8 o'clock in the evening. So reluctant, however, were our people to fire upon him, that another message went down at 10 o'clock giving him until 1 a.m. He however continued firm, which of course we think deeply to be regretted, and at half-past four this morning we were aroused by the terrific sound of cannonading. You can imagine how quickly I was sufficiently dressed to go upon the piazza which looks directly out to the scene of action, and could a sadder sight be witnessed than those fortifications raised for the defense of the city turned against each other.

Gen. Beauregard and Major Anderson are intimate personal friends, and yesterday when A. sent up his papers and letters to his wife, he requested that if it were thought necessary to open them, it might be done by his friend, Gen. Beauregard. Many of our gentlemen have all winter extended the most friendly attentions to Major A., supplying him with fresh provisions and every luxury he needed. His own wish has seemed to be to give up the Fort, only he demanded an order to do so from the Government at Washington, which they have failed to give, and thereby, I fear, brought this great affliction upon the whole country besides sacrificing the garrison of Fort Sumter.

All day the cannonading has continued, every shot shaking this house. The Battery and all the wharves have been lined with people, many from the country, gazing with anxious eyes upon the spots where many a be-

ADMIRAL JOHN MARSTON

loved one's life is perilled. In yesterday's paper I saw that Uncle John commanded one of the sloops of war of the fleet at Norfolk, and now the report is that the fleet is off the Bar. Several boats have come up from Morris Island bearing the news that *no one* is hurt there, but that the "Harriet Lane" has been sent back crippled. Uncle John commands the "Cumberland," and you can imagine how much interest I feel in any tidings, but as yet have heard nothing. You may be sure if anything happens to him, he will be well cared for. I have been utterly unable to do anything through the day.

The guns are now silent and I involuntarily turned to write to you.

To Grandmother De Wolf, at Bristol

Saturday morning

WHEN we first woke this morning everything was quiet—no guns heard—and when I opened my blinds, a lovelier morning never greeted the eye, and the beautiful Battery grounds and water lay peacefully before me as if no thought of strife had ever had place there. I soon found, however, that guns were firing and that our not hearing them distinctly was owing to the wind having changed in the night from East to West. Fort Sumter was, however, silent, and Mr. Drayton, who passed by, told me that it was supposed that Major Anderson had exhausted his ammunition. The fleet was off the bar and a most distressing conflict was apprehended. The anger of the people against Major A. has risen to a high pitch because they consider him the cause of it all. He has certainly sacrificed the peace of a nation to his own personal sense of honor. At about 8 o'clk several guns were heard from Fort Sumter and even some explosions in her have been going on. At times she is enveloped in flames and smoke. Still the flag flies—there are various conjectures—the last is that Major A. left the Fort lastnight after setting fire to it. I can only hope that no human being is in it now. The war steamers are within sight from the piazzas, but I cannot see that they move or fire any guns. The "Cumberland" is not one

of them. God's mercy has been very great; could it be imagined that our troops could have sustained fifteen hours steady cannonading without the loss of a single life—yet such is the wonderful fact. A gentleman has just told Russell that while at the Fort yesterday an Irishman called his attention to where a ball had struck quite near there and while he was speaking another struck still nearer to where they stood—yet no drop of blood was shed that memorable day. I pray the same may have been the case at Fort Sumter.

2 o'clock

The flag of Fort Sumter is down. At first it was supposed that no one was there, but it has since been raised again, proving that living men are still there. How they exist in the smoke and flame which envelop the fort is a mystery to all. Now a white flag is raised and a boat dispatched to Morris Island. Mr. Drayton has just come in to dine with us and the last news is that the white flag is only temporary.

Monday

I was obliged to cease writing on Saturday—since then everything has transpired so that we know all. It seems that the flagstaff was shot down and raised again, showing that Major A. and his men were still in the fort; that Mr. Wigfall, renowned chiefly for his indomitable bravery, turned to the General on Morris Island and said—"I think Anderson is a fool, but still I don't like to stand by and see him burn up. Give me a boat and I will go to him and tell him that his honor is vindicated and he may surrender without disgrace."—Another gentleman (Gourdin Young) immediately said he would go with him, and taking a boat with two oarsmen they pushed off, with the shot and shells, one of which burst so near them that large fragments fell into the boat, shaking it so violently that the oarsmen said they could go no further—but Wigfall with threats and promises urged them on to the devoted fort—they were obliged to wade through water up to their necks, holding their swords over their heads—clambered

up the rocks to a port hole where he asked for Major Anderson. He came and asked his mission.

"I am Wigfall, and have come to tell you that you stand vindicated before the world."

"Do you think I do before the world?"

"Yes," said Wigfall.

"I have shown a white flag," said Anderson, "but you still keep firing."

In a moment the flag was down and Wigfall, placing his own white handkerchief on the point of his sword, waved it from the ramparts and the firing ceased. Then came the blessed news that not a life was lost on either side. Was it not that God in his mercy had interposed and said—Ye are brothers and have naught to do with weapons of death? General Beauregard granted Major A. every honor of war, among the rest that of saluting his own flag at the moment of surrender. This he did yesterday at 1 o'clock, but in doing it—alas—killed two of his own men and wounded four others. Major Anderson's great error has been throughout a stickling for the technicality of personal honor—thinking of himself instead of the country he was plunging into distress untold—he says without reserve that he despises the Government at Washington and merely honors his Country's flag as soldiers do—but he might have risen above the soldier, as he is a Christian. My heart aches for him as I think of him bending over those poor men who had fought so bravely, now sacrificed to his apprehension of his own honor. All during the battle, which continued from four Friday morning until past noon on Saturday, the four government steamers lay anchored off the Bar and made not the slightest effort to assist Major A. Their conduct is inexplicable; some persons say that their hearts are not in it. And during the winter a young distinguished Army officer said to me, "Why, the Army and Navy are both with the South and you know how many have resigned."

But this immunity was not for long. Too soon came the marshalling of troops and forming of companies, mainly from the flower of the youth of the State. The "Charleston Light Dragoons" was entirely composed of the sons of the first families of the city. The day they left for Virginia, my sister Annie happened to be at my Uncle Henry Middleton's house, when his two sons, Henry and Frank, were bidding farewell, and in the same command was Cousin Oliver Middleton's young son, Oliver, of eighteen years. After the battles of Manassas and Bull Run, no one of the three was left. The list of our name in the Confederate service is a long one. Our two elder cousins, sons of the former Minister to Russia, John Izard and Williams Middleton, signed the Ordinance of Secession. John Izard, Jr., and his brother Thomas were in command of companies; another Thomas, also, was a captain, and his younger brother, Edward, an officer, I think, in his command. Our youngest step-brother, Walter, was in the Marion Artillery, and also our Uncle Izard's son, Ralph Izard Middleton, Jr. Our eldest step-brother, Arthur, having injured one of his eyes some years before, was unable to use a rifle and so was given a position in the Commissariat. Our brother Russell at the close of the war, when fourteen years of age, could claim to be one of the defenders of the little village of Summerville.

Our young cousin, Bentivoglio Middleton, had been brought by his uncles (and trustees) just before the troubles began from Italy, where his mother, Mrs. Arthur Middleton (*née* Comtesse Pauline Bentivoglio), lived with her daughter Angelina after the death of her husband. She had reluctantly consented to "Benti's" coming to the land of his paternal forefathers at such a hazardous time, but fortunately, in spite of his being constantly in exposed and dangerous positions, he was never even wounded, though very gallant. He was stationed at one time in Fort Sumter, and on the flag and flagstaff being shot down, sprang over the ramparts, rescued and held them aloft until they were replaced. On his next visit to us, he

WALTER IZARD MIDDLETON

divided the torn and splintered remnants among us; Annie still has her portion of this priceless memento. She also has a box of water-color paints given her by Benti, which he had used while at the University of Heidelberg, where he was studying when his uncles brought him to this country. He spent most of his furloughs with us and we became very fond of him. We delighted in his singing of the *Marseillaise*. When the war ended he returned to his mother and sister in Italy, where he has lived ever since, having married the Comtesse Beatrici Cini, a niece of Pope Leo XIII. His sister Angelina married Baron Basili and lives in Rome. She has paid several visits to this country, and is very attractive in appearance and ways. Benti as a youth was a classmate of King Humbert, who was much attached to him, making him, I think, either one of his staff or a member of his household.

It was, of course, impossible for us to go on as usual to Hayfield in the spring of 1861, and as there was every prospect of Charleston's becoming a main seat in the war, besides being at that time occasionally subject to fever epidemic, our parents thought it safest to close our home on South Battery and take a cottage in the village of Summerville, which, being in the midst of the pine forests, had a peculiarly health-giving atmosphere. We little thought, however, that we were to be refugees there for four long years. When, a year or so later, the bombardment of the city began, our house was especially exposed, and, indeed, the whole lower half of the city was deserted except by the military, our house and many others near the Battery being occupied as headquarters for the Generals and the Staff Officers. Summerville, from being the quietest of villages, became quite a resort, and a number of our cousins and friends gathered there, some, like us, to make it their home for four years, others passing on after a few months to what seemed greater safety in the up-country.

For my father it was, of course, important to be near enough to go daily to the college. The professors, I think, remained in the upper part of the

city, where they were at least safe from shells. We had constant visits from some of them, it being a boon for them to get into the country for their Saturday and Sunday rest. Doctor Gibbs made his stay always very interesting by taking us young people into the woods, which abounded with exquisite wild flowers, of which we would collect specimens, Annie sketching them in water-color, which greatly pleased the professor as well as our father. Professor Miles has left a delightful memory of this time when he was at the zenith of his powers. He was one of the most gifted and learned men I have ever known and with it, extremely modest. It was said that he knew intimately over thirty languages, Sanscrit, among others, being as familiar to him as his mother tongue; but when one of the students asked him which language he considered himself most proficient in, his reply was, "Not one." He was a bachelor and it seemed a special privilege and happiness to be admitted to my father's fireside with its joyous circle of young folk and its fair and stately presiding matron. I can hear his peculiarly low, rich voice as he talked on high themes with my father and mother in the firelight, which gradually became the only light we had. It was the delightful duty of us three youngest to gather the great pine cones and fill the recesses on either side of the fireplace, then in the evening sit beneath them and keep the hearth supplied without intermission that my father might read aloud to us. Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott are indelibly associated with that firelight, which even reached the piano where Maria and Annie would play and sing, among other things the whole of Mozart's opera of Don Giovanni, a great favorite with my father. If I remember right, it was after one of his visits at this time that Mr. Miles left the following poem:

Fair faces beaming round the household hearth,
Young, joyous tones in melody of mirth;
The sire, doubly living in his boy,
And she, the crown of all that wealth of joy;

These make the home like some sweet lyre given
To sound on earth the harmonies of Heaven.

A sudden discord breaks the swelling strain,
One cord has snapped, the harmonies again
Renewed and slower move but never more can pour
The same glad music as of yore.
Less and less full the strains successive wake;
Cord after cord must break and break and break,
Until on earth the lyre dumb and riven
Finds all its cords restrung to loftier notes in Heaven.

After the terrible fire which left a large portion of the lower part of Charleston almost without a house standing, our dear old cousin, Miss Harriot Pinckney, came to Summerville, doubtless to be near my father's care, as she was warmly attached to him and my mother. She was 88 years of age and had never before been on a railroad. But no one showed more courage and calmness than she during the appalling experience of the night of the fire, when she was moved first to one house, then another, to escape the flames. Her own fine old mansion on East Bay was among the earliest victims. From there she was taken to the Frederick Rutledge house on the extreme western side, thought remote from danger, but she had hardly reached it when the flames swept over that whole region and again she was carried to a friend's house in the upper part of the city. I am not sure whether or no she came to Summerville that night, but I remember her placid cheerfulness and her interest in her first trip in the cars. Miss Lucas Rutledge lived with her, and her younger cousins, Miss Lise and Miss Sallie Rutledge, were constantly part of her household. Cousin Lise from early girlhood had been a favorite with my mother, lovely in appearance and thoughtful and intellectual in character. Miss Lucas was one of the rare beings of the earth, almost as plain as Cousin Harriot herself, except that she was tall and bore herself finely; her mind and spirit

were of the noblest. I think there was no one who was more sure of the happiest welcome at our house. I keep the memory of one visit from her in those troubled days toward the end, when almost famine for the morrow stared us in the face. In some way which I cannot recall, we had been provided with quite a supply of native wheat, ground at a primitive mill, and such delicious flour we had never seen before. It was in reality pure whole wheat. It was treasured like gold, my mother or I, whom she taught, always making the bread, that none need be wasted by any mistake. Another gift, soon after going to Summerville, had been some bottles of rare old Madeira from a friend and distant relative of my father's, Colonel Ashby. This too was guarded with great care, my father having long given up his habit (then universal) of taking wine daily at dinner. One day near the close of the war, Miss Lucas's tall figure came up the steps, which was the signal for real enjoyment to my mother. After a long and pleasant talk of books and other interests, a waiter was brought in with simply a plate of bread, decanter and wineglasses. The bread, of course, won great praise, and as she was leaving Miss Lucas said in her soft, low voice, "I have very much enjoyed this little sacrament with you."

One of our frequent furlough visitors from the front was our young cousin, Captain Frank Blake. He was at the age of romance and fond of writing poetry, which, as a rule, was rather too lengthy to be appreciated by gay young folk, but on one occasion, hearing my birthday mentioned (14th, I think), he asked for my album in which he wrote the following inspiring lines, which have been one of the influences for good in my life.

To Alicia

I would wish thee a life of joy,
Were joy the meed that springs
From fruitful works of human worth
To grace Earth's passing things.

ALICIA HOPTON MIDDLETON

I would wish thee a life of ease,
Were ease a state that finds
A place of confidence and trust
In high and noble minds.

I would wish thee a life of power and praise,
But these are shadows vain
Of a glory which no human soul
May safely wish to gain,
And which amid Earth's hollow realm
Must live on others' pain.

But a life of patient, toilsome love
Is the life I wish for thee,
For its flowers are ever fresh and fair
With the charm of purity,
And its fruits live ever in the sight
Of Him who smiles to see
Meek hearts endeavoring to share
His work of Charity.

He was a noble man, truly brave and unselfish. Soon after this he was ordered with his command to Virginia, and there received a wound from which he never recovered, though he lived five or six years after, but always subject to excruciating suffering. On leaving, he asked my father to keep a very fine grey horse on which he had generally ridden up from camp, having another, a large and handsome black, which he found more suitable for military work. During this period of country life, when again we were cut off from city advantages, our eldest sister, Maria, undertook to teach us three younger ones, and I often think how remarkably she succeeded for so young a girl, just seventeen. She had the art of making us love our lessons, which probably grew from our love for her. Besides the usual English branches, she taught us French, and when, after I was grown up, I went for a year to a French boarding school in New York, I

was able to take a high stand in the first class in French as well as in the English studies. She also carried on my music, practicing with me every day, and though I had only one quarter's instruction, some years later, from a regular teacher, I was able to play well enough to give my father much enjoyment, by choosing simple arrangements of his favorites among the great composers, which was an inexpressible happiness to me.

Maria was very beautiful, with many lovers and devoted girl friends, by all of whom she was in constant demand, and it must have been no small sacrifice to give so much of her time to her younger sisters and brother; but if love could repay it, she had it in large measure. I remember how we would decorate her room with the exquisite wild flowers with which Summerville abounds. On her bureau was a round French mirror in an ebony frame, most becoming to a wreath of white amaryllis with which we encircled it. We knew the haunt of every flower; indeed, there was hardly a nook or bridle-path of the woods that we were not familiar with. I can hear now the music of those lofty pines towering above our heads like the pillars of a vast cathedral.

Our cottage was on a broad, very broad road, paved with the dazzling white sand of the pine lands and most appropriately called the "Appian Way." It led in a perfectly straight line from the depot, passing here and there a few houses, on and on into the forest. About half a mile beyond our dwelling, the land rose sufficiently to be styled "The Hill," and here a still more primitive road, carpeted with pine needles (the most perfect footing for a horse), branched off to the south by several lovely sheets of water which were bridged over simply by a great pine felled across each. The largest and prettiest, of course, was "Lovers' Lake." This was a grand place for our picnics, though as the war with its sad needs progressed, "The Hill" bore its sorrowful crown of comfort in a large number of hospital buildings, of which our friend, Dr. Jenkins, was the physician in charge, and the slope between it and the lakes became dotted with graves.

One of the chief interests of my mother was preparing something from our own frugal larder which would at least have the merit of her own careful making, to tempt the poor suffering and dying soldiers. Those who recovered would come to see us, and I especially recall one who became a warm friend. He was a captain of a Virginia company, recovering from typhoid fever after a wound. His name was Bridges and he was called the handsomest man in the Confederate army, though when we first saw him, he was so gaunt and haggard it was hard to trace any beauty except in his great black eyes, which looked down from a height of six feet four inches as he slowly mounted our steps. Soon, however, with the help of our mother's nourishing care, he developed a fund of humor and entertaining stories, as well as a magnificently proportioned figure, and sorry enough were we when his long convalescence came to an end. On leaving for the battle-front, he asked my mother to keep a very handsomely engraved and mounted sword which he had captured in battle. We were its proud guardians for several years, until it was finally restored to him after peace once more reigned.

The winter of 1861–62 was very gay in the beleaguered city. There was no thought of anything but speedy triumph, and the spirit of the land was high with courage and hope. Beauregard was in command in Charleston, and with his young staff officers elicited a number of brilliant entertainments. It seemed an opportune time for Maria, who was eighteen, to make her début, and as Annie was nearly sixteen, she could see a little of society without really "coming out." So the South Battery house was opened and invitations sent out for a ball, and to add to the interest an English Man-of-War came into the harbor and took up her quarters not far from the Battery. The party was most successful and brilliant, the British officers vying with the Confederates in attentions and devotions. I can see now Cousin Olivia Middleton (Mrs. Frederick Blake), seated on a sofa near one of the folding doors, carrying on a gay flirtation of repartee

and badinage with one of England's sailors. But the hero of the occasion was Benti. He was off on a leave-of-absence visit to Middleton Place, and so missed his invitation which had been sent to him at Fort Sumter. I suppose some faithful comrade had forwarded it to him, for in the middle of the evening he arrived, booted and spurred, and his regimentals (that most becoming of uniforms, Confederate grey) somewhat bespattered with mud, his bronzed cheeks glowing with his ride of over twenty miles, saying as he looked down at his boots, with many apologies, he was so afraid he would be too late, he did not stop to dress. In a moment he was in the midst of the dancing with Maria for his first partner. The heroine of the night was decidely Lottie, the baby of the family, about six years old. She had curled herself up in one of the large armchairs and was soon fast asleep. Every one paused to look at the unconscious picture, and when she at length vouchsafed to open her eyes, the British Lieutenant, who had sat directly in front of her, elbows on knees and chin in hands, apparently awaiting the event, forthwith devoted himself to the exclusion of all the great belles.

Benti at one time was in the signal corps and stationed in St. Michael's steeple, and the greatest treat for us was to go to town and up into the steeple to look through the fieldglasses and see the shells fired from the Federal position on Morris Island, then watch to see how near to St. Michael's steeple (their target) they would fall. This bombardment was kept up almost without intermission for two years, and I have thought how enormous the expense must have been without any result, as hardly any damage was done, almost all the shells falling in the wide extent of burnt district left by the fire.

Occasionally, however, there was a narrow escape. The college was supposed to be beyond their reach, but one morning as my father entered his room there he was met by the faithful Cahill, who, with much concern, showed him where the window-sill, beside which was his chair, had been broken in by a spent shell which had passed over the back of the chair.

General Beauregard was very soon ordered to Virginia, General Hardee succeeding him in command at Charleston, making his headquarters at Summerville, to which quiet little village were transferred the gaieties of the camp, though on a much less brilliant scale than in the city. I remember only one ball, which was given by one of the regiments, which styled itself "The Rebel Troop." They, however, were only there a short time, being ordered, like so many, to Virginia. General Hardee's aides made their headquarters for the most part at our house and with Dr. Jenkins, there was never lacking enough for a game of whist in the evening. Sometimes Mrs. Hardee and the General would add the distinction of their presence. She was very pretty and gracious in manners and, wonderful to relate, elegantly and stylishly attired, having just had a box of dresses, etc., run successfully through the blockade, to our interest and admiration. The running of the blockade was one of the excitements of the time, the "Virginia Dare" being the most successful and intrepid of runners. To hear that the "Dare" had got safely in created a whirl of interest as to what she had brought, and the rejoicing was great with us when tea was part of her cargo, our supply being almost exhausted and our mother at that time regarding her cup of tea as a simple necessity of life.

At last, one evening, General Hardee began talking to my father of the possibility of being obliged to evacuate Charleston before it should be at the mercy of Sherman's reckless and fast-approaching army. Too soon it became an accomplished fact. The first step was the removal of the hospitals. How plainly I can see them as they filed past our house, Dr. Jenkins's handsome figure mounted on a fine horse, the sick and wounded in very primitive ambulances, while the convalescents trudged along on foot. Our thoughtful mother had stationed Jacob at our entrance with a large basket of baked sweet potatoes and a great cauldron of milk, having asked Dr. Jenkins to let those on foot pause long enough to secure this nourishment before starting on their sorrowful and uncertain journey. I shall never forget

the *gout* with which they partook of her little repast and the grateful "Farewell, ladies," as they passed on, leaving us in desolation and loneliness. Dr. Jenkins had stopped to tell my father that there was one poor fellow left in the hospital building, so near his end that it was useless to add to his sufferings by taking him on their rough journey, asking my father to go and look after him until all was over and then see that he was buried. Needless to say, this was faithfully carried out. The next day Jacob preceded us with his spade and dug the last grave upon the southern slope of the hill. My father had received from the poor boy his last message to his mother, and then we laid him to rest beneath the Cathedral of Pines.

Then came the retreat of the city's garrison—how vividly the scene comes back to me! The encampment began just outside of our enclosure and extended as far as eye could see through the pine forest, and when by night the camp-fires were lighted, the weird brilliancy of the picture no words can describe. Colonel Walters, who was in command, spent the evening with us, talking buoyantly of ultimate success, declaring that this was only a temporary expedient in military tactics and that soon they would return in triumph. My father had no such hope, and we began to realize that the end was not far off and to regret that we had sent our large chest of rare old family silver to Columbia to be placed for safe-keeping in a building in which Mr. Kerrison had stored his merchandise and the valuables of friends. Side by side with our chest was one containing the Communion Service of Grace Church, Charleston. After the burning and sacking of Columbia, this latter chest was returned, but not ours. Some richly wrought wine salvers which had come down to us from our great-great-grandfather, Henry Middleton, were afterwards seen in Logan's tent, and other evidence makes it pretty certain that he possessed himself of the whole chest.

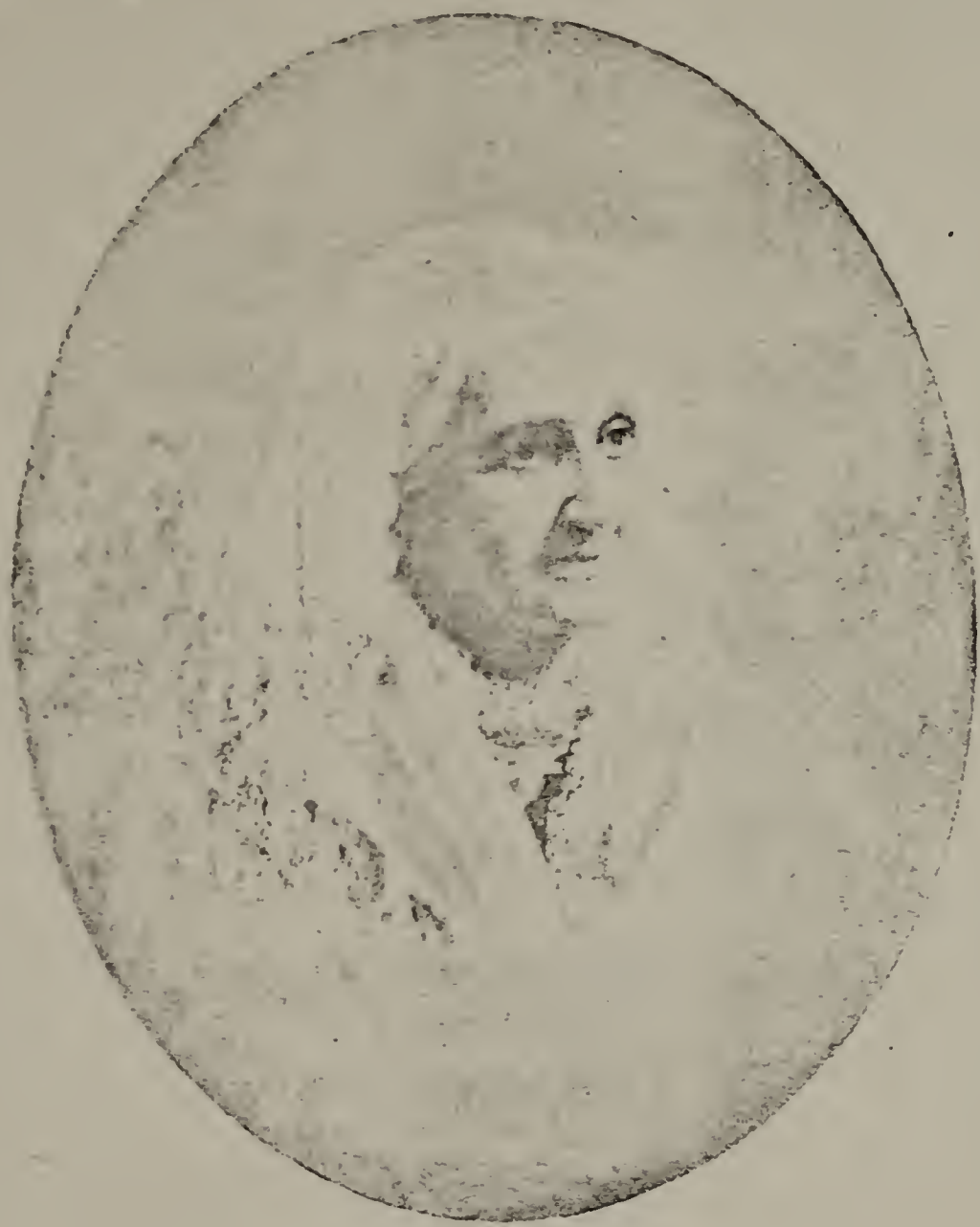
It has always seemed strange to me that General Sherman, after boasting that his famous march through Georgia had left only smoking chimneys in its trail, should persistently deny having burned Columbia. I could bring

innumerable witnesses to the fact, but two will suffice: my step-brother Arthur was away from the city on commissary duty, and his wife, with five or six little children, was alone except for the servants; over and over again before her eyes the troops would build fires under the house and as fast as the servants put them out they would light them again, at last telling my sister-in-law that she had better leave the house if she wished to save her own and her children's lives. The convent of French nuns, in which was also a large girls' school, was entered by Sherman's officers, who rudely ordered the Mother Superior to get her nuns and scholars out of the building at once before it was set on fire. She appealed to the commanding officer, but to no avail. The convent was burned before their eyes. Just before communication was cut off with Columbia, our youngest step-brother, Walter, who with our cousin Ralph Middleton was in the Marion Artillery on James Island, had his chest of silver sent over to us from Middleton Place, where it had been left for safe-keeping, asking to have it sent with ours to Columbia. My mother told him that if she had ours once more in her own care, she would not send it away, and taking her advice, he decided to trust it to the care of my father and mother, which was fortunate, for through many vicissitudes it was saved, while ours was lost.

After the main garrison from Charleston had passed on, a company called the "Stono Scouts" brought up the rear, covering the retreat. They had orders to confiscate every horse in their route, both for service in our army and also to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. This was direful news for us, with our own beloved chestnut pony, Jenny, and Frank Blake's beautiful grey, Mac. As we heard of one neighbor after another who had been obliged to surrender his steed, our hearts sank. At last we saw just across the road Mr. Pettigrew's pair of carriage horses led away and we knew our turn would come next, and soon two figures clad in the beloved grey came up our walk. To our joy they turned out to be former comrades and play-fellows, Robbie Smith and Jimmy Pringle, and we left no

stone unturned to induce them to leave us our horses, for a long time to no purpose, their best argument, of course, being that if they did not take them, the enemy would. At length a happy thought struck one of them, and after a short consultation he said, "We have a turkey with us and no means of cooking it. If you will have it cooked in your kitchen, we will leave your horses." Needless to say, the terms were quickly accepted, the turkey promptly and well roasted, and the boys treated besides to the best the house could furnish, after which we saw them depart with an avalanche of thanks, to which they replied they feared we would not long enjoy our horses, which for one proved too true.

A day or two after the last of our beloved grey uniforms left us, my father received news of the illness of Walter's body-servant, Andrew, who had been sent from camp to his wife, Jane, at Middleton Place. Mounting Jenny, the pony, he rode over to see after him, quite unaware that the Federal troops had entered Charleston and were foraging the country around in all directions. Being very near-sighted, he did not even perceive their presence on the lawn at Middleton Place until he was entirely surrounded by a company of troops. They compelled him to dismount and walk between fixed bayonets to where their commanding officer stood, saying that there he would be shot, which my father never doubted. But, as always, he did not for a moment lose his self-command and courage. In a perfectly firm and unmoved voice he told them they had better beware of what they were doing, as they would certainly be called to account by the Commanding General in Charleston. This made them pause and they discussed among themselves for some moments, but returned and began making ready for their hideous deed. Again he remonstrated with them, and again they went off a short distance where their superior officer was standing, returning with their purpose unchanged. Undoubtedly it would have been carried out but that Andrew got up from his sick-bed and with Maum Betsey's help reached the spot, both of them expressing their devotion to



MRS. N. RUSSELL MIDDLETON
From portrait by Anna Elizabeth Middleton

my father and telling besides that he was not the proprietor of the place, for whom they had more than one special grudge, as, in addition to Cousin William's having been a signer of the Ordinance of Secession, he had quite recently had an enormous supply of rice burned on the Combahee plantation rather than let it fall into the enemy's hands. So, thanks to our good, faithful servants, my father was spared. The miserable creatures, however, kept his horse, our loved Jenny, and he was obliged to walk back to Summerville, nearly twelve miles. Soon after he left, the fine old mansion and the library wing and extensive stables were burned to the ground, only the laundry wing remaining. The marauders had first rifled the house of its rare collection of art and literary treasures, but much must have perished in the flames. As the day passed with us at home and my father did not return at the expected time, Russell set out on foot to meet him, and my father said no words could express the comfort the sight of him gave when they met some two miles from home, after his weary and lonely walk of ten miles.

Soon after this the United States troops penetrated Summerville and we were in more danger than at any period of the war, as the village was frequently entered by squads of lawless and brutal soldiers, often without a commanding officer. It became necessary to report its unprotected condition to the General in command at Charleston, and my father, with Judge Pressley and the Rev. Dr. Harold, drove down to the city for that purpose. It was a hazardous enterprise, for the road lay continuously through the woods for twenty miles with the almost certainty of meeting bands of marauders at any time. Our anxiety was intense while they were gone, and my father's no less at leaving us without any protection, and to be sure, we were hardly surprised when a party of blue coats came marching up our path and then the steps to the piazza, where my mother met them with her usual calm mien and wonderful courage. They demanded our silver and valuables, and at first their insolence was unbridled, but in spite of it she kept them

at bay by her dignity and firm though indignant composure, so that they did not dare to pass her and enter the house, in spite of their braggadocio and loaded muskets, but she felt it was more than likely that they would return and rifle the house. On leaving, my father had directed us in case of need to send for an old sea captain, Captain Peck, who lived two miles off through the woods; so in fear and trembling our dear little brother was dispatched, and my mother with her four young daughters sat on the steps watching him as long as straining eyes could see and then listening to every sound that came from the direction he had taken. No words can convey the agonized strain and tension of nerves that reached their height when the sound of a pistol-shot came from just where we knew he might be, and oh! the weary length of the moments as they passed before we discerned his slender little figure emerge from the fast falling shadows with the kindly, bluff old captain, who gave us his protecting presence for the remainder of the night. It may have been the knowledge of this which saved us from farther intrusion from our foes on that occasion. The next day my father and his fellow ambassadors returned. My brother's account of their experiences is so graphic that I will not repeat it.

Not long after, our premises were again invaded; this time the object was not to rob us of our silver, but of our servants. They were affectionate and devoted to the last, but a blue-coat stood at the kitchen door and another at our entrance gate and told them they must go with them. My father sent word for them all to come in before leaving, and when they were assembled in the dining-room, he had the usual family prayers for the last time, reading for the portion of Scripture the chapter containing "Servants, obey your masters." It was very solemn and touching, for they loved us and we them very dearly. I need not say what an ordeal we faced in being for the first time in our lives without the loving hands which had daily ministered to our wants. But bread had been cast upon the waters, and it came back to us after many days. A poor family, whom my mother had

HEY BONNIE HALL PORTICO

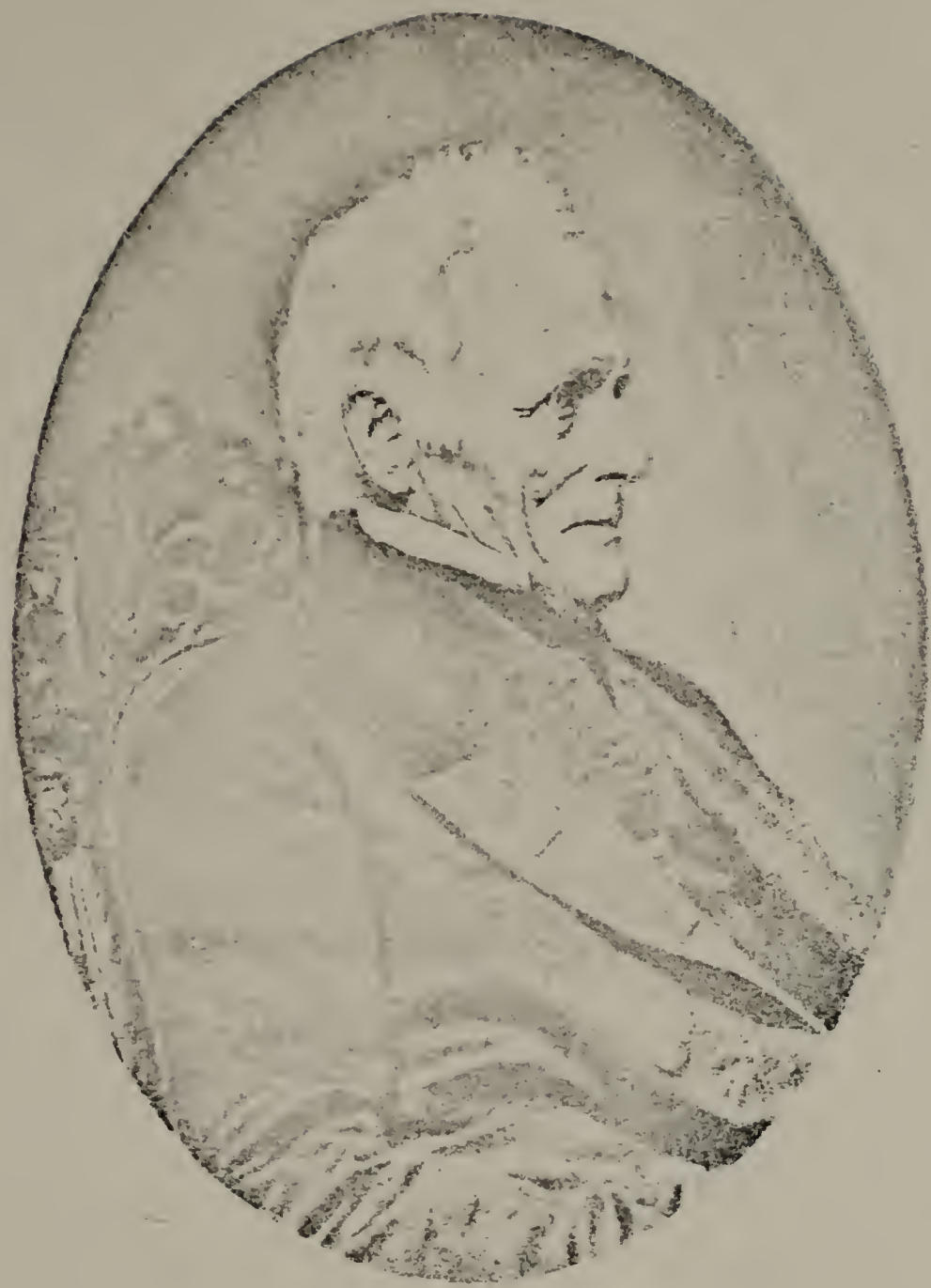
befriended while the father and supporter was away on the Virginia battlefields, came to the rescue and filled, to the best of their ability, the posts left vacant, and when, soon after, through the kindness of Captain Boutelle of the United States Navy, we had our town house restored to us, we left enough furniture, as well as cows and chickens, to make the Spells comfortable for some time. When it was decided for us to go to town, our dear old cousin, Miss Pinckney, and Miss Lucas Rutledge wished to go also, and indeed my father did not feel like leaving them. Our house was in such need of cleaning and putting in order that we accepted the kind hospitality of our cousins, the Charles Manigaults, for two of us, Maria and Annie, while Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lesesne housed the rest of us, and Cousin Harriot and Miss Lucas took refuge in the empty Winthrop house next door, where Cousin Lise Rutledge and her father, Mr. Frederick Rutledge, soon joined them. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of the naval officers. Far from treating us like conquered enemies, their deference and consideration proved them true gentlemen, finally ending in their giving us free transport on a government ship to Philadelphia when we at last yielded to our grandmother's urgent desire to see us and my mother's longing to see her once more. My brother gives such an interesting account of this period that I will refer to his portion of the record. It was inexpressibly hard for us to leave our beloved land in the day of her dire trouble, and the kind friends we left behind bade us a sorrowful good-bye, Cousin Lise saying she would send a regiment of Confederates to bring us back again.

The following winter we spent in Cambridge for the purpose of education; Maria and Annie taking singing lessons from Mr. Carter, the English choirmaster of the Church of the Advent in Boston, and Annie painting lessons from Mr. Vautin (also English) in landscape, and in heads and figures from Miss Hughes, daughter of the sculptor, Bald Hughes. Alicia had the great privilege of studying under Mrs. Charles Pierce, a most

gifted and cultivated lady, whose courage and devotion to the Confederate cause endeared her to us all. But the chief importance was the preparing of Russell for college, which he was to enter the following year at home in Charleston. My father had been recalled to reopen the college there which he had so faithfully kept active through the whole war. This necessitated his leaving us, which was a sore trial, especially as his health was much undermined by the four years of vicissitudes and anxieties. He was, however, mercifully blessed in being among true and warm friends. Mr. and Mrs. William Ravenel, especially, were most hospitable in insisting that he should not go to a hotel but spend the winter with them in their delightful home on East Battery. This was an unspeakable comfort to my mother and all of us.

The Cambridge winter was a delightful one, and many lifelong friendships made. Annie, just grown up, went frequently into society and met the distinguished people of the seat of learning, among others William James, just returned with Professor Agassiz from South America. Meeting at a reception, they talked philosophy most of the evening, his comment being that most young ladies were not so interested as she in such subjects. It was his father, however, Professor Henry James, with whom a strong friendship and correspondence developed. There were quite a number of Confederates besides ourselves studying at Harvard that winter; four young law students who constantly visited at our house we called "Cousin Lise's regiment." The two poets held steadily aloof, being (especially Lowell) bitter haters of the South. The Longfellow children, however, became hearty friends of Lottie through a children's society, to which they all belonged and which still exists to this day.

In June we returned to Bristol, first to our grandmother's and then to Hayfield, where my father joined us in August. The 20th of September of that year was the twenty-fifth anniversary of our parents' marriage, but in the stress of the times it had not been thought of until, on the morning of the



NOR'WEST JOHN DE WOLF

day, our mother having driven into town, and obliged to put the date to some letter or paper, it came to mind, and forthwith she decided the day must be celebrated. The next person she met was Cousin "Nor'west" John De Wolf, so called from his making the first northwest passage. Him she bade to the wedding; then to Pappoosesquaw to insure the presence of the two old aunts; next to Grandmama's to bring her and Aunt Louisa Marston to the festival; then Mrs. Church and Miss Annie Munro. Reaching home, she found the bridegroom, as usual, at work in the flower-beds. "Do you know," she said, "this is our silver wedding?" He lifted himself, trowel in hand, and just shaking the earth from his fingers, walked slowly in reverie into the house and, taking his pencil, wrote the following lines:

To My Wife

ON OUR TWENTY-FIFTH WEDDING DAY

There was glory on the land and a splendor on the sea,
And the stars were bright
On the heavenly night
Which gave my love to me.

The years have come and the years have gone,
And their marks are on our brows,
And the sun hath shone and the winds have blown
On the record of our vows.

And many a stain of the dew and the rain
And the eyes bedimmed with tears
Give a tender grace to the glowing face
I knew in former years.

But the tears we shed were shed together
And we knew the fountain well,
And come there storms or come good weather,
We love the spots where they fell.

For when we look back on the varied track
And travel the path again,
The holiest spot in our checkered lot
Is sanctified by pain.

There is glory on the land and a splendor on the sea,
And the stars will be bright,
My love, to-night,
As they shine on thee and me.

On arrival of Cousin "Nor'west" John, beautiful in his erect six feet of height and snowy locks, Grandmama, equally beautiful in the calm sweetness of her eighty years, met him at the door, where they kissed each other.

"*Mercy and Truth are met together;*
Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other."

Hey Bonnie Hall, December 15, 1908

II

RECORD

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NATHANIEL RUSSELL MIDDLETON, JR.

NATHANIEL RUSSELL MIDDLETON
Five years of age

II

RECORD

BY NATHANIEL RUSSELL MIDDLETON, JR.

N the year 1852, when I was about a year old, my father and mother concluded to accept a fair offer for Stono, the plantation of about 3,000 acres, together with the people upon it, reserving only some ten or twelve household domestics, and to move to Charleston.

On finding himself established in town and no longer a planter with the abundant supplies which (aside from the cotton crop, the source of income) were in so great plenty on the plantation of that day, the question of a means of support for his family, of course, confronted him, and the period of doubt and uncertainty he has described as an exceedingly trying one. At length the Board of Directors of the Northeastern railroad, which was then being built from Charleston to Florence, offered him the presidency of the road, with a good salary attached. In reflecting upon the offer, he declined it on the ground that a man with more knowledge and experience of railroad building than he felt himself to have should fill that office, in order that what he regarded as full justice should be done to the stockholders. He took the treasurership of the road and discharged the duties of that office with entire success, and when at the end of a year the office of City Treasurer of Charleston was offered to him, the Directors of the railroad company very urgently asked him to continue in the service of the road. He declined to do so and became City Treasurer, which office he also held for a year, and during his occupancy brought its affairs from a state of considerable confusion to one of entire order and system. At times the work in this office was very arduous, and at one period of special pressure the sickness of a clerk threw the work entirely upon him and his remaining clerk. This made it necessary for him to remain at the office until

nearly midnight, and then his brain would sometimes be so overwrought with figuring and calculating as to render sleep very difficult and even preclude it altogether. On one or more occasions he returned to work in the morning without having closed his eyes in sleep. While he discharged the business of this office with efficiency and thoroughness, it was not wholly congenial to him, and therefore when, on Dr. Finley's resignation as head of the College of Charleston, the Board of Trustees of that institution elected him by a unanimous vote to the presidency, he resigned from the former office and accepted the latter. He held this for a quarter of a century, instructing the junior and senior classes in moral and mental philosophy, logic, the evidences of Christianity, and international law.

One of my father's lifelong friends was Colonel Lewis Morris, though very much his senior in years, having been a friend and contemporary of his father. Colonel Morris's plantation and winter home was on Pon Pon River (the Edisto), and it was usual during some part of the winter for my father to make him a visit of a few days' duration, and the Colonel in turn was a guest at my father's when he came to town. From this interchange of visits both gentlemen seem to have derived mutual enjoyment, founded upon genuine respect for and attachment to each other. I never saw Colonel Morris's residence on Pon Pon, but I have heard my father speak of the fine situation of the house, being on a bluff in a bend in the river, surrounded by fine old trees and commanding an extensive view down the stream and the country on either bank. The Grimball family of Charleston are descendants of Colonel Morris, Mr. Berkley Grimball having married his daughter. Another daughter became Mrs. John Butler, making her home in Germantown, out of Philadelphia. Colonel Morris had a summer home at Morrisania, in the vicinity of New York, and the following letter from my mother to my father describes a pleasant visit there, which she made while en route from Charleston to Bristol. It gives an agreeable view of the aspect of New York suburban life at that date.

Morrisania, 15*th June*, 1853

I SENT a hurried letter to you this morning. I have so much to say, and my stock is so continually on the increase, that it is extremely difficult for me to go back to the time when I reached Morrisania. However, I am determined to do it and so will begin at once, returning to the Tuesday that I arrived in New York. I think I told you how the Colonel found me at breakfast and how he returned at one o'clock and took us all to the Harlem cars. I had just time that morning to run into Lockwood's and ask about "Up Country Letters." They could give me no information about the author, but when I asked them to recommend some books of the same calibre, they replied that such books were very uncommon, that there has no such book appeared before for a long time and that they could not expect them often. "Fern Leaves," they recommended very highly; I got it but have had no time to look into it. Papa has read "The Experiences of Life" and speaks of it in terms of unqualified praise, and this before you wrote me Izard's opinion; I really wish to read it and shall do so soon. Well, now, to go on with my history, I was, of course, much interested in our drive through the upper part of the city. The Crystal Palace, Tower of Babel, the Hippodrome, the Bible House, were all wonders to me, and how beautiful the country looked as we emerged from the city! "There is a charming place," said I as we approached Morrisania, pointing to the trees which were scattered over the lawn (you know the house is not visible from the road), and in a moment I found we were turning into the very place, what I took for a cottage by the roadside being the Colonel's porter's lodge. You know how pretty the winding road through the grounds is; the clover and daisies were in full bloom and the long grass waving beneath the old trees as we drove up to the house (by the way, the carriage had met us at the bridge). I was met at the door of the mansion by Mrs. Harry Morris and shown directly up to that delightful large chamber over the drawing-room. Here everything was provided for my comfort with so

much refinement, at the same time with so little ostentation. Did I not enjoy that room? Only one want, my beloved! You need not be told what that was. Go where I will, see what I may, that want is never unfelt. May it please our heavenly Father to mitigate this heavy trial in His own time and way.

I had just time to make my toilette before dinner was announced and, as I sat down to it, I said to myself, "This would suit Russell exactly," everything so nice and so simple and the very beau-ideal of a waiting woman. She was small in stature and quickly motioned as she was noiseless; everything seemed done without effort. During the afternoon, while we were enjoying a range around the place, two or three mowers appeared and put their scythes into the blooming grass. It seemed almost a pity, but in a short time we were luxuriating in another phase of beauty and fragrance—the new mown hay lay around exhaling perfume. For about ten minutes toward sunset, a cloud that had sailed up from the westward opened above us and showered a few diamonds upon the old maples, as if to deck them for a leave-taking of the sun, which soon set in great resplendence beyond the highlands. That night, I could not get to sleep for a long time; thoughts of you and home came thronging up, and the note of some mournful night bird kept up a strain of sympathy with my feelings; at last I dropped asleep, the birds still playing the accompaniment, and was waked at half-past four by a triumphal chorus, reverberating music, song calling to song across the dewy slopes; dear Frank Brias's words, of course, were on my lips in a moment: "The birds singing all the night long." I rose immediately and was down stairs before the family. How sweetly sounded the words of holy writ and voice of prayer from the lips of our venerable friend! I am entirely convinced that your estimate of his character is perfectly correct; I had some most refreshing intercourse with him. I know no one else except yourself who has such thorough views of faith and the tenderness of our Father's love; I had several conversations with him and always felt

more courageous after them. It was now Wednesday morning — but no, I had not quite finished, or rather I omitted some of Tuesday. At about six o'clock in the evening, a bell summoned us to the dining-room. Here the table was spread, a noble four or five quart silver bowl of fresh strawberries showed beautifully on the white table linen which the Colonel, with many other old-fashioned usages, retains at the tea table. I soon found, however, that it was not tea that was ready but evening prayers; the dear old gentleman has them before tea that he may have the benefit of sunlight to read by. Immediately after, tea was brought in and we feasted upon the strawberries and cream. We lingered around the table until lights were brought in and then adjourned to the drawing-room, where the children danced to Mrs. Morris's music and then to bed. And now to go on with Wednesday. The Colonel had arranged to go into town by the ten o'clock train of cars, and, as he said, to prevent hurry, we would not return to dinner; so leaving the children in Ellen's care, at half-past nine we were off. On reaching town I went first to Genin, the hatter's, and got myself a leghorn bonnet which I think you will like. I gave $10 for it and it was as fine as those the milliners were asking twenty for. It is trimmed very plainly with white ribbon, and with my black silk dress I flatter myself that I look to suit you. I did not get the barège dress we talked about; I thought we could do without it. I found all the little girls wearing Leghorn flats and instead of getting the children's straws newly trimmed, as I intended, I got the flats with a peach-bloom pink ribbon tied round them, which was very becoming. This, with getting some shoes for them, was all the shopping I did. I went with the Colonel (who, by the way, was the most patient of attendants while I was choosing the hats) to the Düsseldorf gallery; there we spent some time before that charming picture of Huss. It was for this especially that the Colonel wished to bring me into town. After this he had business down town. He took leave of me with many cautions about being run over by the carriages in Broadway (he almost took me up when I was obliged to cross while walking with

him). I took quite a little dinner at one of the ice cream shops and then went up to Miss Lawson, whom I wished to consult about my bonnet trimming. While I was in the room I noticed two little girls about seven years old, who seemed to be employed in the establishment. They were very plainly dressed, and one of them had the brightest little face imaginable. "These are French flowers," said she in a sweet little voice to me, showing me a box of flowers. "And are you French?" said I. "Oh, no," she replied, "I am an American." "What is your name?" "Margaret Theresa Delany." "Well," I said, "I hope little Margaret is a good little girl." "Not sometimes," was her rapid response. "Do you like little hymns?" "Yes." "Have you a hymn book?" "No, but the other little girl has." "No? Well, you shall both have one." So I went into Lockwood's and spent a dollar and a half in two Testaments, a little hymn book, and two little story books and had them directed and sent to the little creatures, offering a prayer that the truth might shine into their young hearts. When we reached home Mrs. Gouverneur Morris had just left; she had waited some time. I returned the call the next morning. The Colonel took my baggage on board the "Bay State" and placed everything in the hands of the Captain, and did everything he could for my comfort before leaving me. The last train for Harlem leaves at the very time the Fall River boat starts, so that he could not see me on board without staying in town all night, but I promised him I would leave Carlton House half an hour before the time, and so I did, but Broadway was so crowded the driver could not more than walk his horses. The Hippodrome or something, I know not what, blockaded the way. For some time I was unconscious of the slow rate at which we were going, being absorbed in attending to the children, and then, on looking at my watch, I found it near five o'clock and we were not at the boat. I hurried the driver, and he soon after turned out of Broadway and we reached the wharf, but the boat had left. I know you will laugh at me, but I don't care; it was the first time I had been late since I left you. I had not failed in all my appointments

while at the Colonel's, had never once kept him waiting, and had boasted a great deal to myself of my punctuality, so I suppose I needed a little humbling. Tottie says she never saw anything so calm as I was when I found the boat gone. Well! there was nothing to be done but to return to the Carlton House. I immediately summoned the clerk and, while inquiring of him the best and earliest way of getting to Rhode Island and concluding to take the New Haven cars at 8 o'clock the next morning, the door opposite me opened and out came Mrs. Eustis, whom I had seen only a few days before in Charleston. She had just arrived with Mrs. Poinsette by the land route; she seemed as glad to see me as I was to see her, and in a short time she and Mrs. Poinsette were both in my room seeing the children undressed. After they were all in bed I went into their room and sat an hour with them. I left the next morning and reached Providence, by the way of Worcester, at about 6 o'clock. No boat or stage after that hour, but the conductor, a most gentlemanly and attentive man, got me a comfortable carriage, which put us down at the Farm at 8 o'clock.

Previous to 1857, the family visits to Bristol had always been made at the residence of my mother's parents, which was situated just halfway between Bristol and Warren, on the straight road connecting the two towns, being two miles distant from each, from which road the farm lands extended westward to the Narragansett Bay. In that year, however, the family having grown in numbers and years, the house at Hayfield was made habitable and the family domiciled there. It occupied a position on the high central ridge of Bristol Neck, from which were visible the main arm of Narragansett Bay to the west, and that arm of it known as Mt. Hope Bay, to the east, with the city of Fall River crowning the heights on its farther shore, while from one of the meadows a view to the south was commanded, which not only included Bristol struggling out of its beautiful trees and the harbor with its tongue of land opposite, which has re-

tained its Indian name of Pappoosesquaw, but still farther to the south took in the Bay with the island of Rhode Island rising from its east shores and the promontories of the island of Prudence from its west shores, and Newport barely visible in the distance, a scene of great beauty even in that region so rich in beautiful views.

The move from Charleston was generally made by the family in May or June, my father following in July or August for his two-and-a-half months' vacation, when he gathered health and strength from the change of air, scene, and surroundings from the fatiguing and exhausting effects incidental to steady city occupation in a warm climate. He and my mother were both very fond of gardening, and through their constant expenditure of thought and energy each year, the ground around the house at Hayfield became so attractive a shrubbery as to lay claim to the title of Grounds, the working in which was one of the greatest enjoyments of their lives. The house at Hayfield was originally a small farm-house containing ten rooms, none of them large and some small enough. The ceilings were low, about seven feet from the floor. An alteration on the first floor was soon effected by which the entry separating the two front rooms was done away with, leaving one partition between the two rooms, in which a relatively wide arch was cut and a similar arch cut into a smaller room behind, thus forming a suite of three rooms connected by arches, with a pleasing effect. In laying out the shrubbery and gravel walk, an old Scotch gardener was engaged by my mother to come up from Bristol by the day and carry out her wishes under her supervision. He was an excellent and thorough gardener and did no slip-shod work. The figure and countenance of old John Dempster, with his strong Scotch brogue, was a familiar sight in the earlier days of the Hayfield shrubbery, and he set out many an evergreen and flowering shrub ordered down by the wagonload from Providence by my mother, but subsequently it owed its growth and extension almost entirely to personal efforts, and very largely to those of my father, who was

CAROLINA THOROUGHBREDS AT HAYFIELD GATE

constantly propagating many kinds of shrubs by cuttings and layers which the following year he would find well-rooted plants. These he would transplant to their destined place, soon to become well-developed ornamental bushes and trees. In 1859 the family passed the winter at Hayfield, my father boarding at the Mansion House in Charleston, which was well kept and where the landlady, Mrs Gedier, was devoted and attentive in every way to his comfort. The Christmas holidays were short, only two weeks, but notwithstanding, in order to spend them in the family circle, the long journey to Bristol and back was made by him. I think the family throve on the whole during that winter at Hayfield.

In order to check too great a tendency to rustication among the fascinations of horses, cows, calves, etc., my mother instituted a social reception for every Saturday morning of the gentry in and around Bristol, most of whom were more or less nearly related to us. These receptions, as I remember them, were a great enjoyment to all concerned. We had two horses, a carriage horse called Black Beauty and a grey Canadian pony called Frank, which latter was bought for a saddle horse but was more in his element when in draft, where he was very serviceable and manifested plenty of life. When under the saddle with one of us children on his back he was very domineering, and if he did not feel like going on a ride, refused resolutely and fully realized that he was master of the situation until compelled to go by the groom. I remember his being brought round to the door for my father to ride over to dine with my uncle and aunt at Pappoosesquaw, and as soon as he mounted him he began his usual refusal to move, but instantly seemed to realize that in this case some one else was master of the situation and off he started without much ado. Frank was entirely amenable when in draft, and a favorite amusement of my sister Alicia and myself was the raking of the fallen leaves under the oak and hickory trees into heaps and then putting Frank into the wagon and carrying them to the barn. The following lines were by Alicia, 11 years old:

"One summer's day, my brother and I,
We walked o'er the beautiful fields,
And there we sat by the squirrel's nest
Under the old oak trees."

Politics were running high, and four presidential candidates were in the field, Lincoln and Hamlin, Bell and Everett, Breckenridge and Lane, and Douglas and Johnson, and the war of secession was looming up dark and threatening. We were to occupy the house on South Battery for the winter, and the eighteen months' residence at Hayfield came to an end in November, when we started for Charleston. We were passengers on the "Columbia," a very fine side-wheel steamship of that day, commanded by Captain Michael Berry, who was a bluff, hearty, whole-souled Irishman, with intensely warm sympathies for the South. On reaching Charleston we once more set our feet on South Carolina soil, which we were not destined to leave for the following four years, during which we learned what war is, not when waged in distant countries and states but at our very doors. This winter is rendered memorable in history by the secession of South Carolina from the Union on December 20th; also by the bombardment of Fort Sumter on the twelfth of April and its evacuation by Major Anderson at the end of the second day. I remember all very distinctly—the dense crowd of citizens thronging the Battery and wharves to witness the bombardment, the general excitement in the air, the incessant discharge of cannons from the several forts and batteries, and the dense volumes of smoke ascending from Fort Sumter when its interior took fire. My mother had made me a small Confederate flag a foot and a half long, and I had it flying from the top piazza during the entire period.

My father did not place me at school this winter, but began my introduction to Latin grammar himself, hearing me recite every day at two o'clock when he returned from college. In May, it being pretty clear that

there would be war, he moved the family to Summerville, a healthy village very much spread out among pine woods, situated on the South Carolina railroad, twenty-two miles from Charleston, he himself going to town every day by train for the discharge of his duties at the college. Summerville continued to be our place of residence for the next four years, and from there we watched the war as it dragged its bloody length along, alternating between hopes and fears as the news of the day from the front would be that of success or defeat to the Confederate arms. These years, while characterized by hardships and deprivations of many kinds, so that food for the next day was often uncertain and clothing reduced to the lowest ebb, were, notwithstanding, happy ones. Several fine regiments of the Confederate army were encamped there at different periods, and the dress parades every afternoon presented only the pretty side of war. The regiment of which Haygood, who afterwards became a General, was at that time the Colonel was the first to come. Colonel Glover of Orangeburg was the Lieut.-Colonel. He was a very striking-looking man, a fine head with blonde hair and beard and regular features set on an excellent figure, at least six feet in height; a fine bearing gave him a commanding presence and impressed one as a noble type of the Anglo-Saxon. Although we did not make his acquaintance, it was very sad news when we heard of his being killed in Virginia in one of the first engagements into which the regiment went after it left Summerville. Orr's regiment came next, a body of men raised near the Blue Ridge mountains and rivalling in size the King of Prussia's regiment of giants. They presented a splendid appearance on dress parade. The small boys of the village formed a company, with wooden guns, of which I was made the Captain, and our front yard was the scene of the afternoon drill. My father's salary was quite sufficient for the wants of his family when peace and plenty reigned and it was paid in gold or its equivalent, but when paid in Confederate money, several hundred dollars of which was the cost of a pair of boots, it went a very little way, as there was no

increase as the currency depreciated in purchasing power. The two acres of white sand which formed the enclosure around our house was made to do wonders. Several cows were kept, which furnished us with the important articles of milk and butter, and a very productive vegetable garden cultivated.

Passing friends were constantly at our house, and we were seldom without company. Among them were Chancellor Lesesne, Mr. Barnwell Heyward and his son Izard, the Misses Middleton, daughters of Mr. John Izard Middleton, the Rev. Paul Trapier and members of his family, Mr. Williams Middleton, Capt. Frank D. Blake of Rhett's regiment of regulars, for a long time the garrison of Fort Sumter and afterwards on James Island, my uncle, Mr. Ralph Izard Middleton, and Theodore Dehon. Bentivoglio Middleton, of the signal corps, stationed at Fort Sumter and in St. Michael's Church steeple, entertained us with accounts of his experiences during the bombardment. The Confederate Government built several large hospital buildings, which were constantly filled with sick and wounded soldiers, and Dr. E. C. Jenkins, the surgeon in charge, was a warm friend. During the winter months I was in the habit of making visits of a week at a time at Middleton Place, where Mr. Williams Middleton resided with his family, consisting of Mrs. Middleton and two children, a daughter and a son, the latter, Hal, about my age and a playmate from an early day. It was twelve miles from Summerville, on the farther side of the Ashley, and my visits there gave me my chief knowledge of plantation life under the old régime. Middleton Place had been the seat of the family since the time of Henry Middleton, the President of Continental Congress, by whom the grounds were laid out, fifty gardeners being kept at work for ten years. As you approach the place on the road, a gateway set in a semi-circular brick wall opened on the lawn, across which, a third of a mile back, stood the house, a three-story brick structure with a smaller brick building of two stories on either side, which, although not joined to the house, pre-

MIRROR LAKE
Middleton Place

sented the effect of wings. In these were the library on one side, laundry and additional bedrooms on the other. As one entered the gate, the lawn was flanked by groves of oak and beech trees, and as the house was approached, the out-buildings appeared to the right, while to the left, behind a wire fence, extended the ornamental grounds and gardens and artificial ponds. The shrubbery extended round the front of the house, descending to the river in a series of fine terraces. It was a charming old place, situated on a bend in the river, and from that side was seen as a venerable and imposing establishment, crowning its terraces. In the grounds were a number of live-oak trees of unusual size, with enormous trunks and wide-spreading branches. Indoors were very many rare works of art and objects of historic interest. The estate was an extensive one, about seven miles long by three wide.

Mr. Philip Gadsden was rector of St. Paul's Church at Summerville, but he was advanced in years, and his health breaking down, he was obliged to move away. For some time there was no regular rector and my father, at the request of the vestry, read the services until Dr. Harold was secured. Sometimes my father would receive an invitation to join a party of gentlemen on a fishing excursion, either to the Ashley River, five miles distant, or one of its tributary streams. These were very pleasant affairs, generally resulting in a good haul of fish. On one of these expeditions I was allowed to accompany him, riding on horseback behind the buggy in which Dr. James Jervey and my father drove. When the party reached the bridge over the creek, which was the appointed rendezvous, they alighted from their horses and vehicles and, having made them secure, walked down the bank of the stream until some negro men were seen handling a large seine net. The men were in the water up to their thighs and, as the point of observation was on the other side, we were all conveyed over the stream on the backs of the men, and then watched the operation of dragging the net down the stream and finally the landing of a great catch of fish. Then followed the pleasant ride

through the woods back to Summerville as the sun went down. I returned in company with Dr. Jenkins, who was well mounted on a fine black horse.

Besides the all-important subject of victories or defeats at the front, one of very constant interest was the successful arrival or capture of a blockade runner. They were frequently making the attempt and, considering the narrowness and winding nature of the channel into Charleston Harbor and the close proximity of the ships of the blockading squadron, it is surprising that so many successfully ran the gauntlet. The arrival or loss of a blockade runner meant a great deal to the Confederacy, shut off as it was from the rest of the world. Although we were twenty-six miles from Fort Sumter, whenever there was a sharp cannonade, which quite often occurred at night when the monitors would attempt to force an entrance into the harbor, the sound was very perceptible and was sometimes even enough to shake the windows. After the erection of the "Swamp Angel" on Morris Island and its regular discharge of shells into the city, every discharge was audible to us unless a strong contrary wind was blowing. The lower half of the city only was within the range of the "Swamp Angel." The college was thought to be out of reach of the shells and was kept open uninterruptedly through the war—the only college in the Confederacy that did not close its doors. One morning, however, my father on entering his room there found that a fragment of shell had knocked the window-sill into the room in such a manner that if it had occurred when he was there, he would probably have been hurt, if not killed. Strange to say, however, not a pane of glass in the sash was broken.

About three miles from Summerville, in the direction of Ashley River, is an estate known as "Newington." In the previous century it had belonged to the Blake family, who had erected upon it a large and handsome brick residence, laid out gardens, planted avenues, etc. During the absence of the family in Europe, the house, together with the extensive stables and buildings, was burned and never rebuilt. The bricks and mortar of which it was

constructed were of very fine quality, so that while all the woodwork was entirely consumed, the brick walls remained intact as well as the moulding around the gracefully-shaped windows, the tiles around the fireplaces, etc. The walls had become mantled in creeping vines and, surrounded as it was with the remains of gardens, shrubberies, and ornamental trees, it was an exceedingly picturesque ruin, a pleasant spot for picnics, and occasionally we made expeditions there. At that time it belonged to my father's uncle, Mr. Henry A. Middleton. A part of the tract has since passed into the possession of Dr. Charles U. Shepard, and there he has successfully solved the problem of growing and curing tea in South Carolina, and that too of a fine quality. There was still another ruin in the vicinity of Summerville, that of the Dorchester Church on the nearer bank of the Ashley, a brick structure with part of the tower standing; the old fort nearby, built by the Continental troops in the Revolutionary War, added to the interest of the spot and made it well worth a ride or drive to see.

The above-mentioned Mr. Henry A. Middleton was the uncle of my father, Mr. N. Russell Middleton. They were much attached, resemblance in person being strong enough for them to be sometimes mistaken for each other, but differing greatly in characteristics. The elder, while highly cultivated, well-informed, intelligent, and a lover of art, was singularly without the intellectual and spiritual elements so evidenced in his nephew. His strong points were absolute independence and unflinching courage.

With his wife he owned a good deal of property in Newport, Rhode Island, the family spending their summers there regularly up to the time of the Civil War, after which they preferred the beautiful mountains of North Carolina to setting foot on Northern soil. Not so Uncle Henry; off he went alone, feeling strong enough to meet all comers. This custom he kept up to the last, at ninety-three, and after three strokes of paralysis. Of his courage probably many tales could be told; one comes to mind decidedly typical. At the time of his early manhood there chanced to be in

Charleston society, hailing from another State, a man who was not only a professed duellist, but known to be a dead shot. His chief entertainment was to decoy some youth into a quarrel, to be followed by the duel and death of his victim. This had occurred many times, when on occasion of a large entertainment, a number of young men were standing in the upper hall near the head of the stairs. One was especially distinguished in appearance as well as by birth and name. As the duellist caught sight of his tall, handsome figure leaning against the banister, he ejaculated, "Insolent puppy! I've a great mind to kick him down stairs!" Mr. Henry A. Middleton in the group near—slight, of barely medium height, but the perfection of symmetrical beauty—stepped forward: "Then, Sir, you would do a wrong and most unjustifiable act." "Will you stand in his shoes?" "Most certainly I will."

Though utterly opposed to the practice of duelling, he knew its code gave the challenged party the right to choose weapons and distance. These he made pistols at three paces, which meant death to both. When he went to the duelling ground no antagonist was there: he had fled the city and was never seen there again, proving the truth of the cowardice of the bully. Besides "Newington," Uncle Henry was said to own twenty plantations: two others on Ashley River, "Skeveling," where the avenue of live oaks was famed for its length and symmetry; "Vaucluse," where the house was commodious, so sometimes occupied by the family. On Cooper River he owned the original grant of land from King Charles to the first of our name in this country, comprising "Crowfield" and "The Oaks" near St. James' Church, Goose Creek. On Combahee, "Neuport" Plantation was also his and another on Black River. These were probably his Middleton inheritance. His noble wife, *née* Kinlock, was heiress to a large fortune, of which the landed interests at Newport were a portion, and were of great avail in meeting the ruin of Southern property after the Civil War.

While on the subject of duelling, and most thankful that it is of the past,

I will give expression to some thoughts comparing the custom with that of hazing, which is still practiced and endorsed in many colleges and universities at the North. In the duel, two antagonists voluntarily subject themselves to a combat in which equality of risk is made as nearly perfect as possible and, unquestionably, courage is the dominant note. In hazing, a horde of uncontrolled savages torture and hound — sometimes to his death — one fellow-being, as a rule choosing the most delicate and sensitive subject on which to vent their inane and cruel power — a custom in which not a suggestion of courage or manliness can be traced.

One of the most brilliant careers among the Confederate Brigadiers was that of Gen. Micah Jenkins. He was the younger brother of Dr. Jenkins, and several times he was at Summerville on short furloughs, when he was exceedingly entertaining in the accounts of his campaigns, which he recounted with great zest. Although a very modest man personally, he took great pride in the accomplishments of the Brigade, and always attributed the remarkably effective action and the truly brilliant part which he played to the fine material of which it was composed. He was wounded several times, as he seems always to have been at the front, never sparing himself on account of danger. His first wound was in the lower part of his body and each succeeding wound was higher up; when he was on his last furlough at Summerville, the regularity with which he had been wounded higher and higher seemed to depress him. His last wound had been in the region of his shoulder, and he said he felt sure the next would be in the head and prove fatal, and that he would not return. So entirely convinced was he of this that he told all his friends good-bye, as never expecting to see them again in this world. The event proved his forebodings were only too true. Very soon the news came that he was killed, the shot this time striking him in the head. His body was brought by railroad to Summerville and buried in the rear of St. Paul's Church. I recall the solemnity which seemed to prevail among the crowd at the depot as the train came

in, and to my ears there seemed to be something solemn even in the movements of the engine and its mode of letting off steam. The coffin was placed on a wagon and a Confederate flag thrown over it and in that manner conveyed to the church, where all the village was gathered, every one feeling that one of the bravest and ablest of the Confederate soldiers had been taken.

A friend of that period was Capt. Bridges, a Confederate officer, for some time very sick at the hospital, to whom, at Dr. Jenkins's suggestion, my mother sent delicacies while he was recuperating. When sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital, he was a constant visitor at our house until he rejoined the army. His fund of entertaining stories and interesting anecdotes seemed to be quite inexhaustible. He had a handsome sword with the letters "U. S." on it which he had captured from a Federal officer, and when taking his departure for Virginia he left it in my mother's keeping. He was a tall man, with black hair and eyes, and strikingly handsome.

General Hardee was in command of the Confederate forces in and around Charleston during the last year of the war. Mrs. Hardee came to live at Summerville, it being within easy reach of the General and out of reach of shot and shell, the General running up to Summerville occasionally to see her. We enjoyed very pleasant intercourse with them, both being very genial in their manners, and I recall many social gatherings at our house at which they were present. I remember a conversation between the General and my father, the former expressing himself as much perplexed whether to hold on to Charleston or evacuate it; that he would undoubtedly be censured for losing so important a post, but that from a military standpoint the advance of Sherman's army rendered it the only course that would not be suicidal, asking my father what his opinion on the subject was. My father's reply was that, inasmuch as it was purely a military question, the General should decide the matter by his own best judgment and not be governed or influenced by the opinion of civilians. Charleston at this time was a very

desolate place. The lower half of the city, which included the entire business and shopping streets and most of the handsome residences, was within reach of the shells constantly fired from Morris Island, and was entirely uninhabited. To one walking through, it seemed more like a city of the dead than anything else with its silent and deserted streets, and when viewed from one of the church steeples, it was hard to find a roof that had not been shattered by a shell. In addition to this, the great fire of 1862 had burned a large area right through the heart of the city, starting on the eastern side of Hazel Street and burning in a southwesterly direction until arrested in its course by the Ashley River at Tradd Street. The width of the burnt area was about half a mile, and in this section a forest of chimneys was all that met the eye.

The white farmers of the low country of South Carolina were a class by themselves. They were not slaveholders, and earned their living with their own hands. They were all in the Confederate army and formed a large part of the rank and file. In so far as the maintenance of the institution of slavery was concerned, they had nothing to fight for, and I suppose it really could have made very little difference to them which side conquered in the struggle, but nevertheless they responded to the call of the State and made brave soldiers. The wives of these men, although used to poverty from their birth, were in a peculiarly destitute condition on their isolated farms with only women and children around them, the tillers of the soil away fighting, if not killed. My mother befriended many of these women in the vicinity of Summerville, and besides extending sympathy to them, assisted them materially in the way of needful articles and employment. It was not an uncommon sight to see one or more of them at our front door. As a rule they had spinning-wheels and hand-looms, and my mother would supply them with wool, which they would spin and weave into cloth and return to her, which helped to supply a want greatly felt, for while the Southern States abounded in cotton and wool, they were with-

out manufactories, and cloth was a very scarce article. She also procured from Mr. Kerrison's dry goods store in Charleston bales of yarn which she furnished these women to be knit into socks by them for the soldiers, they receiving a regular price for their work.

The outlook for the Southern cause was getting dark. A regiment of reserves was quartered at Summerville, composed of old men of sixty and over and boys sixteen and under, and their aspect on parade with the beardless faces of the boys and the shaky knees of the old men did not impress one as a very strong dependence for a nation to rest on, if their services should be required for the saving of it. We had seen all the prime regiments go to the front; the Charleston Light Dragoons had passed through Summerville en route to Virginia and encamped for the night in the woods just outside our enclosure. We had many friends and relatives in that company, though most of them were not with their command at that time, being on furlough to say good-bye at their homes, joining the company farther north. News soon came that the command had been cut to pieces in a gallant charge made in the battle of Manassas. Three of our name were among the killed, Frank and Oliver Middleton and Henry A. Middleton, Jr., elder brother of Frank. News had come through the lines of the mortal wound received by Lieut. Wm. F. De Wolf, Jr., my mother's nephew, who had entered the Federal army with great ardor, and of his subsequent death; the highest encomiums on his bravery and gallantry have been given by his superiors in command. The air seemed thick with the news of the deaths of friends and relatives.

At length Gen. Hardee's army began its retreat northward to unite with that of Gen. Joe Johnston. Charleston was evacuated, and the shapeless mass of Fort Sumter abandoned to the Federals after the long and heroic defense by its garrison under Col. Stephen Elliot. Several of the retreating regiments passed through Summerville and among them the Washington Artillery, Capt. Walter, the Stono Scouts, and others. They bivouacked for

the night in the woods around our house, and the aspect of the camp-fires as far as the eye could see through the woods, the forms of the soldiers as they moved to and fro in the weird light, the constant neighing of the horses, I recall very vividly. Captain Walter took tea with us that night before going to rest after the long day's march. He was still hopeful and would entertain no anticipation other than that of eventual Confederate success. In the morning we saw them get into marching order and file past the house, and realized with downcast hearts that we were looking our last on the grey coats for the present, even if the chances of war should again restore them to us.

Wateree, S.C., 8th October, 1862

Dear Cousin Russell:

I AM at home on a visit for one day only, having lately carried my brother Joseph up to Greenville for change of air, his condition being very critical; I am glad to say he has been benefitted slightly, but is yet, and will for a long time continue to be, a very ill man. I go back this evening and shall continue in that climate till cold weather, which is very backward this autumn. I hope this finds you all well at Summerville and I beg to be remembered most affectionately to you all with thanks for your sympathy in my affliction. Our neighbors have since suffered from the same disease which swept away my little darling, and in many parts of the State I hear of sickness and deaths adding to our other terrible sufferings. I write to propose to you to take into consideration the selection of some retreat for your family this winter in the event of a successful descent upon our coast by our savage enemy. It is the opinion of all who have been spoken to on the subject of Summerville that it will not be habitable. I have always thought so and I believe you agree with me. I have taken pains to learn the advantages of different places in the State and I would advise you to turn your attention most particularly to Society Hill and Darlington Court House. I am told that it has been the only retreat where families have been

treated properly by the inhabitants and where cheap and good board and living have been obtained. Mr. Wm. Jervey can give you information, also John Izard Middleton and James Wilkinson, whose families I know are living there, and all speak very favorably of the place and I have long ago advised some friends to select that place and whenever you wish to fix upon any such retreat I am quite sure you will be safer and more comfortable there than anywhere else in the State. Don't go to the mountains or to any point in the *corner* between Georgia and Tennessee and this State, as it is a strategic point most important to be possessed by the enemy to interrupt our railroad communication, etc., etc., etc. If at home I shall be most happy to assist you to move your family, and I hope you will allow me to know what your plans are for the future. Direct for the present to Greenville, S. C. With love to all, I am in haste,

Very affectionately yours,

E. Barnwell Heyward.

For some time after that, Summerville occupied a position of considerable danger, being outside the lines of both armies and having the protection of the civil law of neither the Confederate nor the United States Governments, nor the security afforded by the presence of either army. The woods and swamps for miles around were infested with outlaws, deserters, and stragglers from both armies. The old men and boys of the village were formed into a guard divided into two squads, one under the command of Dr. Harold, the Episcopal clergyman, a former West Point officer, and the other under that of Dr. Vedder, the Presbyterian minister. They were armed with guns loaded with buckshot, and every night one squad would patrol the village, placing sentinels at the roads leading into the town. My father had already done guard duty in Charleston with the Home Guards, when called on to do so, and therefore it was not a wholly new experience to him, but to me it was entirely so and it was with intense satisfaction that I found

myself enrolled among the defenders of the town. I was in Dr. Vedder's squad, and I first took my place in it mounted on a fine grey horse called "Mac," which Captain Frank Blake had sent to us to keep for him, when he left with his regiment for Virginia. While in camp on James Island he had two fine horses, Mac and a large dark brown mare, and he rode up to Summerville several times on each of them. Not desiring to take both animals on the march, he asked my father to let him leave Mac with us.

About this time we lost our sorrel saddle pony, Jenny. My father had ridden off on her, expecting to go as far as Bacon's Bridge on the Ashley, halfway to Middleton Place, where a wagon containing some articles from there was to meet him and return with him to Summerville, but on reaching the bridge no wagon had come and he pushed on until he reached Middleton Place. The family had departed for safer quarters in the mountains of the up-country sometime previous, and the establishment was left in charge of Movo, the head servant. But for the fact that my father was very nearsighted and did not have his glasses with him, he would have seen on entering the gate at the lawn that the premises were in the possession of a large band of Federal soldiery, and would have turned his horse's head back to Summerville without encountering them. But not perceiving that such was the case, he rode on quite unconsciously until he suddenly found himself in the midst of a crowd of United States negro soldiers in the blue uniforms, which until then he had not seen. They were Northern negroes of a low and brutal order, accompanied by no white officers whatever, and were engaged in rifling the house of its contents preparatory to setting it on fire. They accosted my father very rudely, seized the bridle of the horse, forced him to dismount and took possession of the animal, and then made him march between fixed bayonets some distance off to where the officer in command was, threatening that he would be shot, in all of which a great deal of excitement and insolence was manifested. My father said he never doubted that they would shoot him, and he walked

along preparing his mind for death, without being in any way moved from his habitual calmness and serenity. Upon reaching the commander of the troops, a council was held by them. I suppose there must have been that in my father's countenance, bearing, and general appearance, together with his grey hairs, which had an unconsciously over-awing effect upon these men. Be that as it may, the result of their deliberations was that they required his immediate departure, but did not restore his horse to him. As he walked across the lawn towards the gate, the area around the house was covered with its contents, and before night the house and library wing and extensive stables were reduced to ashes.

As the day advanced and my father did not return, I set out on foot on the road by which he would come, expecting every minute to see him appear on horseback, but it was quite a time and I had walked a good distance before I discerned his beloved form coming toward me on foot. His whole aspect told me that something was wrong. I ran to him and clasped hold of him, and then learned what he had just experienced. He had walked the ten miles, and the sight of a home face, he afterwards said, was at that moment an unspeakably welcome one to him. At any other time I would have felt the loss of the pony, but the fact that he was back safe and sound after the ordeal through which he had passed left room for little other thought.

One morning shortly after breakfast I met one of the old men of the village who was in Dr. Harold's squad, who said to me in a very husky voice, "We have just had a fight with six Yankee soldiers and we have killed a man and wounded another," and then he passed on his way. I afterwards learned the details of what had taken place. Six Federal soldiers had approached the village by the road, which was guarded by as many men under Dr. Harold. The soldiers were, of course, heavily armed with rifles and pistols and all mounted on horses. Dr. Harold signalled them to halt and said they could not advance farther unless they surrendered their weapons, in which case they would be allowed to do so. This the soldiers

REMAINING WING OF HOUSE AT MIDDLETON PLACE

declined to do. "Then," said Dr. Harold, "turn round and go back the way you came. You cannot enter the village with your arms." This too they declined to do. After farther parley Dr. Harold said, "If you advance a step, we will fire." This the soldiers seemed to think only a threat and began to advance, whereupon Dr. Harold gave his men the command to fire, which they did. One of the soldiers fell dead and another was severely wounded. A third was also wounded, but not so severely as to prevent his galloping off with the other three, who had not been hurt. The body of the dead soldier was removed and the wounded man placed on a litter and carried to Brown's Hotel, where all was done for his relief and comfort that could be.

A meeting of the men of the village at the Town Hall followed immediately upon this event, to consider the situation, which appeared sufficiently grave. Dr. Harold's squad had successfully routed the six stragglers with considerable loss to the latter and without suffering any themselves, but when the stragglers should get back to their camp and report their disastrous encounter with armed citizens at Summerville, and a regiment or more should be sent up to avenge what they would doubtless represent as an unprovoked outrage, the case would be very different. The village would simply be at their mercy, and the example of Sherman's army pointed to the burning of the town as the thing most likely to take place. The deliberations of the meeting were therefore long and earnest, and the final decision was that Dr. Harold, Mr. B. C. Pressley (afterwards Judge Pressley), and my father should at once proceed to Charleston and have an interview with the commanding officer, represent to him just what had taken place, and inform him that, except for the few old men and boys, the village, which was full of women and children, was unprotected against an attack by a body of troops of even no great size. The railroad track had been torn up by the Confederates in their retreat and we had been without connection with Charleston for some weeks, so the three gentlemen set out in a carriage with a pair of horses on their mission, which as the event

proved was to be a fruitless one. The distance from the village to the city by road was 25 miles, the condition of the roads bad, and their progress slow. Night overtook them on the way; there was no moon, black clouds and rain and the thick woods through which the route lay made the darkness impenetrable; so that it was with great difficulty that they could find their way or even proceed at all. One or the other was obliged to get out of the carriage and precede the horses with a torch. When at length they reached the Federal outposts near the city limits, they were positively refused admittance, and no expostulation or representation on their part availed to move the sentinels, who said they must obey the orders they had received, which were that no one should be admitted. There was nothing for them to do, therefore, but to retrace their weary way. On reaching Summerville they reported the unsuccessful result of their journey and the prospects as to the fate of the village were more gloomy than ever.

In the meantime, the Federals had been restoring the railroad, and shortly after the return of the three gentlemen the first train reached Summerville from Charleston. By it a letter came, addressed to my father, which proved to be from Captain C. O. Boutelle, of the United States Navy, inviting him to move to Charleston with his family, and take possession of his house on South Battery. My father at once proposed to the citizens of Summerville to avail himself of the admission into the Federal lines which this letter afforded him, to go down to Charleston, and obtain if possible an interview with Gen. Hatch, the Commander-in-Chief. This proposition, it need hardly be said, was readily and gratefully accepted by the citizens, and he at once proceeded by train to Charleston. Through the influence of Capt. Boutelle he obtained an interview with Gen. Hatch. The latter, at first, was very unbending; the accounts of the skirmish at Summerville which had reached him placed the citizens of that village in a very unfavorable light, and he manifested great sternness, even after a lengthy and detailed account of it by my father, and his representation that the citizens of Summerville

AZALEA LAKE
Middleton Place

had not fired on regular United States troops properly officered and disciplined, but on stragglers and marauders heavily armed attempting to force an entrance into a town full of defenseless women and children. Gen. Hatch was still unconvinced and said sternly, "Mr. Middleton, I am a soldier." "Yes," said my father, "and a gentleman, General!" This appeal proved not in vain. Gen. Hatch wrote an order to the Colonel of the regiment from which the stragglers had come, ordering a strict military investigation into the conduct of the men, and countermanding the order already issued for the regiment to march to Summerville, which it was just about doing. My father then returned to Summerville and brought the good tidings to the citizens, a small detachment of United States soldiers coming on the same train to take charge of the wounded man and remove him to Charleston. Thus Summerville escaped the fate that was hanging over it.

In the early part of the war, my father gave his opinion that if it was to end successfully to the Confederate cause, it must be brought to a close in two years' time. If it extended beyond that period, the inventive skill, aptitude for learning everything practical, including the art of war, the number and the internal resources of the Northern people would assert themselves and finally triumph; the history of the struggle and its ultimate result vindicate his prophetic view. Yet subsequently he always said that if Stonewall had not been killed, success would eventually have crowned the Southern cause, and the careful study of the war yields much to sustain that opinion. Briefly stated, all the great victories of the Confederates were attributable to the rapid and almost impossible marches and telling blows of Gen. Jackson's corps, and after his death wound at Chancellorsville, there were no more Confederate victories. The news of his death sent a chill to our hearts, and I have no doubt the same chill went through the whole Confederacy. He was a very remarkable man. While deeply and almost conspicuously religious, there was no cant about him such as would liken him to Cromwell; on the contrary, his conversation and replies were wholly free from

the circumlocutory character of Cromwell's. He was singularly direct and to the point, short almost to curtness, though never discourteous; but while of so truly exalted a nature spiritually, his apprehensiveness in military matters was the same in kind as that of Bonaparte, and I should say he was the only General in either the Southern or Northern army whose campaigns show the same preëminent genius in military affairs. At Chancellorsville the Confederate cause was at its highest point. In the campaign that followed, the advance into Pennsylvania and the battle of Gettysburg, the Confederate troops seem to have fought as bravely as ever before, and Pickett's charge has become historic from the great valor exhibited and the fearful loss sustained, but it availed not; the councils and, still more, the action of Jackson's genius were not there. No victory was gained, retreat back to Virginia followed, with a considerably shattered army, and the Confederate cause steadily declined thenceforward.

Some time previous to Sherman's advance into Georgia, when Charleston and its vicinity seemed a place of danger, with the possibility always that the iron-clads and monitors might at some time succeed in their oft-repeated attempt to force a passage into the harbor under the very guns of Fort Sumter and, once in, compel the surrender of the city, and when Columbia seemed preëminently safe, my father and mother thought it best to pack a trunk with some of our handsomest and most valuable gold and silver plate and other articles of special interest, and commit it for safe-keeping to a trusted business friend in Columbia. Accordingly the trunk was sent, and he placed it in as safe a situation as his establishment afforded. As events turned out, it was a mistake to part with it, for the trunk with its contents fell into the hands of Sherman's army when it reached Columbia, and no efforts on my parents' part to trace it with a view to its possible recovery ever proved other than futile. We have never seen its contents from that day to this. If it had been kept with us at Summerville, it would have been safe, as we lost nothing we had with us. Many of the pieces were old family plate,

which we were very loath to lose, among them waiters that had belonged to my father's great-grandfather, Henry Middleton; also a single one of very large size coming from his grandfather, Nathaniel Russell; gold-lined goblets from MacGregor ancestors, etc., etc. We have often regretted having packed and parted company with that trunk. Among its contents was a new and richly embossed silver tea service recently made by New York silversmiths after designs given them by my parents.

After the advent of the Federal troops into Summerville and the announcement to the negro population that they were free by the virtue of the Emancipation Proclamation, the servants, with few exceptions, left their masters. Considering the excitement of the times and the many reasons why they might have behaved far worse, I think the verdict must be that they did not act badly. Many of them doubtless had some real or supposed grievance, and it is not surprising that exceptions occurred, but on the whole they stood the test well. Our servants were respectful and affectionate to the last, but they all announced that they were going to Charleston, and having said good-bye, took their departure. They deported themselves well to the last, as I have said, but after the lifelong relationship and daily intercourse that had existed, it was impossible that they could feel entirely comfortable in leaving, and certainly there was that in their appearance that indicated that they felt somewhat ashamed of themselves, as undoubtedly they did. But the sight of the colored soldiers, and their intercourse with them, as well as the visions of the joys of freedom held up to them, proved too strong a temptation, and it is not surprising that it was so. At all events, for the first time in our lives we found ourselves without servants, and although a poor white family of the village whom my mother had befriended came to the rescue and cooked our meals, my father and mother seemed to think a move to Charleston was the next thing in order for us.

Before bidding a final farewell to Summerville and recording our departure from that village, I will mention an incident that occurs to my

mind. During the last year of the war, there was encamped in the vicinity of that village a regiment of what were known as galvanized Yankees. They were prisoners from the Federal army, who had been in the stockade at Andersonville in Georgia and had taken the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States Government and entered its service. They were formed into companies and officered by Southerners, but they were not given arms and were not really looked upon with confidence. I should say the Confederate Government had taken that method of relieving them of the hardships of prison life, and doubtless the poor fellows found it a change for the better. Many of them were sick from being confined to a meat diet, and the craving for vegetables was very great among them. A fine turnip patch in our garden, which had been raised with great care from seeds sent by a De Wolf uncle with much difficulty through the blockade, proved too strong a temptation for them; they would make nightly raids and help themselves to the largest of the roots and leave little piles of the green tops. As we depended upon them for food for ourselves and servants, we could ill stand the loss. The regiment was moved from Summerville some time before the evacuation of Charleston and I have never learned what was its fate; whether it remained an intact body until the surrender, or gradually dwindled away by desertion or escape as opportunity offered in the general disorder of the times.

During our life at Summerville we made many friends among the native inhabitants of the village, as well as those who like ourselves were temporary dwellers there. In his daily trips to and from Charleston in the cars, my father saw a good deal of the many gentlemen who were likewise daily passengers to the city, Mr. Pressley, Mr. Jas. L. Petegrew, Colonel Detreville, Mr. Alonzo White, and others. It was a standing joke with Mr. Pressley that my father should invariably be seated in the car long before the starting time, he (Mr. Pressley) always coming in at the last minute. Sometimes he would have to run for it, when my father would have the laugh on him.

My father did not like either to be left or to suffer anxiety lest he should be, and was not comfortable unless he had sufficient margin of time. He never, however, performed the feat that Mr. Petegrew once accomplished; viz., upon one occasion, lingering too long in jovial talk with his friends, the train went without him; he inquired of the railroad official when the next would pass for Charleston, and on learning that it would not do so until daylight the next morning, he placed a chair for himself near the edge of the platform, seated himself in it, and did not open his lips or leave his chair until he did so to get into the train on its arrival.

The first year of our sojourn in the village, our relatives, the John Izard Middletons, were our near neighbors, the household consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, their two daughters, Helen and Maria, with occasional visits from their sons, Capt. John I. Middleton, Jr., and Lieut. Thomas Middleton, both in the army on the Carolina coast. Maria was a delightful musician, she and my sister Maria playing duets on the piano, among others the opera "Don Giovanni," to the great satisfaction of my father, who was especially fond of Mozart. The family, however, moved to Darlington and were lost to us as neighbors. My father's uncle, Mr. Tom Middleton, Mrs. Middleton, and their daughter, Euretta, were also in Summerville for some months at Cooper's Hotel, and we had the pleasure of their society. The last summer before the close of the war, Mr. Williams Middleton and his family were quartered at Brown's Hotel from May until November. Among our visitors were my brother Arthur and some of his children, also my brother Walter. The latter and my father's nephew, Ralph Izard Middleton, Jr., were in the Marion Artillery, stationed in the neighborhood of John's Island, from which they made frequent visits to our house. Professor Lewis R. Gibbs, my father's colleague, was constantly our guest, and found much of botanical interest in the fauna and flora of the country around the village. Colonel Lewis Morris's last visit to my father was paid at Summerville. The Williams Middletons had with them besides their carriage horses sev-

eral fine saddle-horses, and the two younger members of the family were our frequent companions on rides through the wooded country around Summerville. These rides were a pleasant feature of the summer. I would say here that in all my experience of roads, both natural and artificial, none compare, for riding, with a lightly used pine-land road covered with the fallen pine leaves; hard enough to prevent the animal sinking, soft enough to render shoes unnecessary, it is also exceedingly elastic. There were many such by-paths around the village and few escaped discovery by us.

There was great scarcity of corn at this time, and Mr. Williams Middleton was forced to feed his horses on bread which came up from one of the bakeries in Charleston every day in baskets. The supply of corn grown on the plantation was only sufficient for the work animals, and owing to the general scarcity none could be bought. We also were somewhat put to it to feed our animals, but did not resort to baker's bread. A timely supply of rice in the rough, sent by our relative, Dr. Theodore Dehon, from his plantation on Ashepoo River, tided us over a bad time. Cousin Williams also sent us two large supplies of rice as well as a fine cow from Middleton Place, which, with our own two, kept us in milk and butter. Another relative, Miss Harriot Pinckney, daughter of Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of Revolutionary fame, was in Summerville, having moved there from Charleston after the destruction in the great fire of her residence situated on East Bay, near Hazel Street, not far from where the fire was started. She was near 90 years of age and had always lived in extreme retirement. When she moved to Summerville, it was her first experience of railroad travel. She with Miss Lucas Rutledge lived in a cottage together, and when my parents determined to move to Charleston both ladies desired to go also, having been in a measure under my father's care during their sojourn in the village. Accordingly my father procured from Gen. Hatch a passport for them into the city and they went down on the same train with us. Mr. Stock placed his horse and carriage at my father's disposal to carry them

from their cottage to the depot, a distance of one or two miles. I was delegated to drive them. The vehicle was a single-seated covered carriage, and after the two old ladies were seated, I knelt down in front of them and drove to the depot in that position.

I remember the trip on the railroad very clearly. The condition of the road was such that only a snail's pace was safe, and we were fully two hours making the twenty-two miles. A Federal soldier under arms was on each platform and whenever the train passed through a swamp or thicket, where possible Confederate stragglers might be concealed, the soldiers would step inside the door of the car and stand with their backs flat against the door, in which position their blue uniforms were not visible from outside. We reached Charleston, however, without any shots being fired at the train. As the train rounded a curve, I caught the first sight of the United States flag I had had for over four years; a very large one was floating from the Citadel Academy. I remember well the intense feeling of aversion with which I regarded it after the four years of loyalty, devotion, and love for the Confederate flag; a feeling which was only increased by the knowledge that it was triumphant while ours was in full retreat, and that it was waving over Charleston, the last place on earth over which it had any right to float. It seemed to my apprehension the very emblem of the triumph of the wrong over the right. I had yet to learn that true, good, conscientious, and brave men can differ radically as to the right and wrong of a thing and believe earnestly enough in their opinions to die for them.

My father's house was not ready to occupy immediately, and the members of our family were for some days the guests of two hospitable households. My father and mother, Alicia, Lottie, and myself were quartered at Mr. Daniel Lesesne's house in Tradd Street, while Miss Pinckney and Miss Rutledge were established in the Winthrop House, next door, and Maria and Annie were the guests of the Charles Manigaults in Gibbs Street. Before leaving Summerville we had given two cows and two yearling heifers

to the Spells, the family who had come to our assistance on the departure of the servants, and had arranged for Mr. Spell to ride the grey horse, Mac, to Charleston, and lead a cow which we desired not to part with at that time, Mr. Spell being furnished with a passport to enter the city. Soon after our arrival he appeared, having made the ride safely with the horse and cow. The latter was a high-bred animal and gave an abundance of milk, and was the means of supplying our parents and friends with that necessary article.

Charleston was not a very inviting place of abode at that time. Hardly any of our acquaintances were in the city, and indeed the whole white population was only a fraction of its usual size, while it swarmed with country negroes who had flocked indiscriminately in from the surrounding plantations, under the impression that since they were now free, henceforward they were to live in luxury and never have to work again. Several large fires had broken out in the general disorder of the time, and with no fire department in working order many blocks were destroyed. In a few days we moved into our house on South Battery, and made ourselves as comfortable as the absence of furniture and household necessities admitted. General Hatch had fixed his residence in the house next but one west of us, then belonging to Colonel Ash and which subsequently passed into the hands of its present owner, Mr. W. K. Ryan, while his military headquarters were at Mr. Wm. Bull Pringle's house in King Street. The Battery presented a very different aspect from that of the present day. The Confederates had excavated the several plats south of the central walk for the purpose of erecting earthworks at the east end of the Battery fronting the harbor. The embankment at the south end of the East Battery promenade was, I should say, twenty feet above the stone wall, and the plats which had been excavated were deep mud-holes filled more or less with water. When the excavation was made, an area of earth was left around each of the young live oak trees; notwithstanding, they died with scarcely

an exception, but for which the plats south of the central walk would to-day be as thickly shaded with oaks as those north of it. At the intersection of South and East Battery, the Confederates had placed the largest cannon they had, pointing down the harbor over a low portion of the embankment. On evacuating the city, they had blown up this gun in order that it should not fall into the hands of the Federals, and its ruins were there. The force of the explosion had almost shaken down the house of Mr. Louis Desaussure (now Mr. O'Neil's), and it was so shattered as to appear like a wreck. The Federal authorities put on a large force of men and carts to level the fortification and fill up the excavated plats, the work going on under our eyes for many days.

We were surprised one day to receive a visit from Theodore Dehon, whom we supposed to be somewhere with the Confederate army, but learned from him that he had been taken prisoner and was out on parole. He was constantly at our house. We saw little of General Hatch except once or twice at his headquarters on business, nor did we have any intercourse with the army officers, but many of the naval officers, who came to know us through Captain Boutelle, were often at our house, manifesting good feelings and friendliness, doing much to alleviate our condition and facilitate our wishes, appearing wholly free from bitterness. Among them were Capt. Watmough, paymaster of the fleet, Capt. Mathews, Lieut. O'Cain, and others. My mother's uncle, Commodore (afterwards Rear Admiral) Marston, was with the blockading squadron off Charleston during the war but had gone north before the evacuation of the city, so that he was not there at this time. Capt. Boutelle had Mrs. Boutelle with him on his vessel, "The Bib," and also his two younger children, and courtesies were interchanged between the families. In short, our experience of the United States naval officers was a pleasant one, and I am glad to testify that they showed themselves modest, high-toned, and chivalrous gentlemen as well as victors. When the news of General Lee's surrender reached us, it was

a severe blow, for notwithstanding the steady reverses of the Confederates for many months past, we still clung confidently and tenaciously to the hope that they would yet gain victory, recover lost ground, and change the face of things. But this news meant that all was over. So ended the war for the independence of the Southern States. Soon after this came the news of the departure of Jefferson Davis from Richmond and the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, so that disorder and anarchy seemed to threaten the whole country. Our outlook at that time was a pretty gloomy one. Indeed, there has probably never been a war the result of which has more completely disorganized and revolutionized the whole structure of society than did that one to the South. The sufferings it caused will probably never be known, as they were not realized by outsiders then.

One night there was a great display of fireworks, rockets, etc., to celebrate Lee's surrender. Although Mac had been an army horse and was presumably accustomed to firearms, the rockets frightened him and caused him to break his halter and get into the streets. We did not discover it until the next morning, and all efforts to find him were futile. For several days we could get no trace of him and we feared we had seen the last of him, as the Federal authorities were confiscating all animals that fell into their hands. My father informed the authorities (General Hatch, I suppose) of our loss, and at length one day Theodore Dehon learned from the United States Quartermaster-General that a grey horse was just about to receive the brand "U.S." On going with Theodore to inspect the animal, I found it to be none other than Mac, and on his being thus identified the branding proceedings were stopped and he was restored to us.

During the four years of the war, letters from my mother's relatives at Bristol and elsewhere at the North were very few and far between, opportunities for letters passing between the lines occurring only at long intervals. But after the occupation of Charleston by the Federal troops, regular steamship communication was established with the Northern ports, and

my mother was in constant receipt of letters from my grandmother De Wolf, full, of course, of expressions of heartfelt affection and interest as well as of anxiety as to our safety and welfare, and urging us to come to her at Bristol. This at first seemed out of the question, but as time went on, and we began to realize that the war was over, our surroundings were such, and means of living *non est*, that it was at length determined to go to Bristol and once there plan out our future course as circumstances should develop. The college was closed; trustees, professors, and students had scattered to the four winds, and so this duty did not require my father's presence. My mother's great desire was to see her mother once more, and it was the general wish of the family to see again their uncles, aunts, and cousins, for whom they had always had such warm affection. The naval authorities offered my father a passage for himself and family and their effects, which was a further inducement, as it would not have been an easy matter to find the means just then for that purpose, and so preparations were begun for the voyage. We said good-bye to the few relatives and friends who were in Charleston, and especially to those whose hospitable doors had been thrown open to us with such friendliness. In the case of Miss Pinckney it proved to be a final farewell, her death occurring before we returned home. This old lady had occupied quite a unique position in the community. She was, while plain in person, overflowing with goodness at heart, and with the prestige of high social position she combined the possession of great wealth in antebellum days. She was, I suppose, much the wealthiest individual in the city; at any rate, she was generally looked upon as having an inexhaustible purse and deriving her chief source of happiness from acts of benevolence, and consequently among the indigent she was the first to come into their thoughts at time of need. Her eighty-ninth birthday was passed at Summerville, and upon that occasion my father addressed to her the following lines:

To Miss Harriot Pinckney
on her eighty-ninth birthday

Loving heart and bounteous hand,
Relict of the glorious days,
Witness to a stricken Land
Of the old heroic ways,

Stay and cheer us with thy blessing,
Soothe us with thy gentle mien,
That, the casket still possessing,
We may mark the jewel's sheen.

Stay and smile upon our sorrow,
Till we learn like thee to smile,
And from feebleness may borrow
Courage for ourselves the while.

Near the couch where age has bound thee,
Love unbought shall still attend,
And when death at length has found thee
Only love shall mark the end.

Our domestic animals were at that time a pretty half-bred Italian greyhound, the fine cow above alluded to, and Capt. Blake's horse, Mac. The dog and the horse we took with us to Bristol, but the cow we parted with, though loath to do so; Mr. George W. Williams bought her for a lady whose business affairs were in his hands. Mr. Williams and family were for a short time our near neighbors in Summerville, and there the kindly relations began that have always since existed with them. My father had taken the library of books and the oil paintings to the college for safe-keeping during the war, and they were placed under the rostrum of the Chapel, remaining unmolested through the whole war. They were now packed in boxes and barrels, together with a good deal of fine china of my mother's, and put on board the United States transport "Massachusetts," commanded by

Capt. West, in which we made the voyage to Philadelphia, the first point at which we touched Northern soil. The pictures and books reached Bristol in safety, which was fortunate, as many of them were rare and valuable, but the china, either from rough handling on the way or defective packing, met a different fate and with few exceptions was destroyed by breakage. As we passed out of Charleston harbor, we steamed through a large fleet of blockading steamers which had not yet been withdrawn from that post and were anchored in a long row outside the bar. A good sea was rolling in from the ocean, and as I looked at the long line of steamers tossing and pitching I began to feel the first symptoms of nausea. I remember thinking that blockading could not be a very pleasant life. When my parents in parting with Capt. Boutelle expressed their appreciation of the good-will and friendship he had shown to those whom he looked upon as rebels, his reply was: "I can never hope to discharge the debt of gratitude that I owe to Mrs. Middleton's father for his kindness to my father, when, in desperate health and without friends in a foreign country, he took him home and nursed him like a brother."

On arriving at Philadelphia, we remained in the city for several days at a hotel on Broad Street, the LaPierre House. The chief impression made on my mind then was the evidence of untouched wealth and prosperity on every side, in contrast with the absolute ruin which we had just left at Charleston, and the poverty almost to starvation of its conquered people. One fact especially impressed me, that the streets were thronged with men in citizens' clothes and beaver hats and seldom, if ever, did the blue uniform of the United States soldier appear. For four years we had seen nothing but soldiers in uniform, except here and there a non-combatant in citizens' clothes, and it was long before I ceased to feel as strange the different state of things. At the time of leaving Charleston my father was, I think, the only man who wore a beaver hat, and I had so long been unconsciously accustomed to it that for some time I thought every man that passed with

a beaver hat on, until I had looked again, was he. Consequently I was mistaken very often. In short, I was astonished to observe that to all appearances the North had made no perceptible draft on its male population, and when a few days later we passed through New York and drove up Broadway, that impression was almost overwhelming. We realized very keenly that war is one thing when waged at a distance, and a very different thing when one's own soil, state, city, and domicile is its theatre.

A change in the streets in Philadelphia since we were last there we noted in the railway tracks and the horse-cars, neither of which were there before the war. Mr. and Mrs. J. Francis Fisher and their children were very warm in their welcome and were overflowing in kindness and attention to us. Mrs. Fisher and some of her children had been in Charleston at her brother's, Mr. Williams Middleton's house, at the time of the Confederate bombardment of Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861, but they had returned North immediately afterwards. While not in sympathy with the secession movement, the ties of blood and association made them feel keenly the overthrow of the South. They were at the time residing at their charming country seat Alvathorp, about ten miles out of Philadelphia, but they called on us at the LaPierre House very soon and were most cordial in their invitations to Alvathorp. It was then that I passed a day and night under that hospitable roof and made my first acquaintance with Harry Fisher. I was much interested in a beautiful mare in the stables there called Linda, who had come from Middleton Place and was sister to a horse called Archie that I had always been fond of there. In discussing the size of the house at Alvathorp, Harry and I made a count of the rooms and found there were twenty-nine, certainly a very commodious house, if not as roomy as Dunrobin Castle. It was surrounded by attractive grounds, and I remember it as a delightful country residence.

While at Philadelphia we were received with open hearts and doors at the home of Mrs. Robert Earp in Walnut Street, who with her family were

relatives and old friends of our mother's. When it was time to continue our journey, Mrs. Fisher urged that my three elder sisters, Maria, Annie, and Alicia, should make them a longer visit, and they accordingly remained for three weeks, while my father, mother, Lottie, and I went on to Bristol.

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III

REMINISCENCES

NATHANIEL RUSSELL MIDDLETON

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BY NATHANIEL RUSSELL MIDDLETON

MY entrance into existence was not very promising. I was born on the first of April, 1810, and was an infant of the most minute dimensions, measurable, it was said, by the dimensions of a quart pot. It was at my grandfather Russell's house in Meeting Street in Charleston, next south of the Scotch Church, that I first saw the light, and it was here that my own light was nearly extinguished by a tornado that passed through the city and very seriously damaged our house. My father was struck senseless by some flying substance which was driven into his window, and I was only saved from a similar fate by a pillow which was hastily caught up and thrown upon my body as I lay asleep upon the rug before the fireplace. The house was unusually well built, but such was the violence of the wind that a rift was made in one of the walls which had to be secured by iron clamps.

My earliest reminiscences, however, were not associated with this abode but with my father's plantation at Pon Pon, on the Edisto River, which in that neighborhood was called the Pon Pon. It was at this place, when about three or four years old, that I took my first lessons on horseback. My experience in that line was not encouraging, and in order to narrate it clearly I must give some description of the house and its surroundings. It was situated as far from the road as to admit of the spread of four large oaks which occupied the intervening space in the form of a square, and as the growth of the live oak is very low and spreading, the dwelling was scarcely visible from the road. At the back of the house was a large open space containing stables and other out-buildings, and beyond that a narrow causeway, or rather, bank, extending across a rice-field to the woods and corn-fields on

the other side. Upon the occasion alluded to I was mounted on one of a pair of grey mares which my father drove in a curricle or, as the "Antiquary" would call it, a biga, or, to be still more explicit, a two-wheeled vehicle arranged for double draft. They must have been found very unsatisfactory conveyances, for they were soon abolished and I have never seen one since. We rode across the dam to the settlement, beyond which my father met the overseer and entered upon a business talk with him, while I was forgotten and left to keep my mare quiet as well as I could. The mare, not content, as is generally the case, to be near her mate, was anxious to get home again, and gradually sidled off in that direction, and finding very soon that she was master of the situation, broke into a long and very high trot which rendered it exceedingly difficult for me to keep my balance upon her well-rounded back. Finally, about the middle of the dam, I lost my equipoise and rolled over into the soft mud alongside. The softness of the substance into which I fell prevented serious injury and I picked myself up much crestfallen and trotted homewards along the dam. My father blamed himself for the accident, but the truth is, it was too late to have done anything when he perceived the danger, for if he had followed, my horse would have broken into a gallop and the affair might have ended much more seriously. It was my first and last ride on the grey mare. Not long afterwards she was led out of the stable in high spirits and, rearing too high, lost her balance, fell backward, and broke her neck. It was a great loss, for they were a charming pair of horses. The survivor was kept as a brood mare and, in some shape or other, we retained the breed until I gave up planting. If the mare had lived, my father would probably have insisted upon my riding her.

As horsemanship was with him an essential element of manhood, I soon found myself in possession of a bay pony, upon whose back I thenceforth passed a large portion of every day. I can never think of my encounters with that pony to this day without amusement. He was an obstinate little

rascal, and as soon as we left the premises and got beyond the reach of help he would stop, turn round, and set his face deliberately homeward. I found that while mounted I could not compel him to go in the direction I wished, so my plan was to dismount, give him as good a thrashing as I was able, and leading him to the fence, resume my seat from that coign of vantage, and, as he seemed to consider that a final settlement of the question, there would be no further dispute for that day. I was very fond of that pony, and I never could quite understand why, in the course of time, he disappeared and another was substituted that I did not like half so well. He was taller, thinner, and more high-bred in appearance, but his grooming had been neglected and he was very rough and of a dingy color. Though not thoroughly broken, he was perfectly gentle and without any wilfulness of temper, so that, in dealing with him, I missed the exhilaration of a daily triumph.

One more incident occurs to me connected with Pon Pon. My father was an excellent rider and was in the saddle more or less every day. Upon one occasion, on returning home in the afternoon, he came upon an encampment of wagoners who had constructed a table across a narrow part of the road, with a ditch on each side. They manifested no intention to make way for him, and when he expostulated, they laughed at him. "Very well," said my father, and turned his horse's head upon the back track, which only increased their merriment. When, however, about 100 yards off, he again turned his horse's head homeward and putting "Cooper," a very fearless animal and a famous leaper, to a gallop, came thundering down upon the party as they sat convivially at their extemporary table. There was no time to expostulate, the heads of the company dodged under the table, and Cooper went over in gallant style and was out of sight before they had fully recovered themselves.

To go back to the new pony I spoke of a moment ago, the only circumstance I retain in connection with that pony is a ride with my father from

Pon Pon to Stono, another of his plantations, twenty miles distant on the way to town and within eight miles of the city. It was a long ride for a little fellow of five or six years and, as my horse's gait was a jog-trot to keep up with my father's fast walker, I lost a good deal of leather upon that occasion, but it seemed to me a mere matter of course. I never complained and would, I have no doubt, have ridden back the next day. But I had taken leave of Pon Pon forever, and soon after the family followed us to Stono and we passed the rest of the winter in that happy home, the center and witness of all my youthful pleasures. Dear, delightful Stono! how often do I live over those days of unalloyed enjoyment! I suppose it would amuse a stranger to visit the spot and to witness the simple sports which made it to us such an earthly Paradise.

The only attraction of the situation was that it lay upon the bank of a rush-bordered river, enlivened occasionally by the passage of an inland steamer, the twelve-oared barge of a sea-island planter, or a solitary canoe paddled by a dusky propeller. We kept a two-oared, flat-bottomed boat called a batteau, which was sometimes brought into requisition, but rowing was not our forte, the boat was too heavy and the tide too strong, and as a general rule we preferred land operations. The kind of boating which we enjoyed and which occupied some part of almost every day was carried on upon a pond about a hundred yards from the house, on the other side of the stable, where we managed to keep our feet wet enough to insure a perpetual sore throat. The enjoyment of this pond consisted of a brisk traffic carried on in miniature square-rigged vessels between the eastern and western continent, or an island lying in mid-ocean. Those small vessels were not by any means rough apologies for vessels, but skillfully moulded and thoroughly rigged ships about four or five inches long, which gave dignity and purpose to the whole proceeding. When we tired of this pastime there were the horses and boundless rides through thousands of acres of forest, besides the regular roads which led in half a dozen different directions.

COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON

I have no recollection of the fate of the pony upon which I took my memorable twenty-mile ride, but very soon after there appeared upon the scene a small and very pretty black horse, which was named Felix, after the pony in Miss Edgeworth's "Frank." This horse was our standby for a good many years, and he served my brother for some time after I aspired to a more dignified steed. He was a hardy little animal, perfectly good-tempered and without a vice, unless the habit of running away may be considered as such. It was never so esteemed by us, and became so much a matter of course that we did not think it worth while to pit our strength against his iron mouth, but let him run until he was tired and addressed ourselves to the more important task of keeping our seat. Two anecdotes connected with this redoubtable little animal will suffice for his memoir. My father was paying a visit to a friend in the neighborhood of our old place and carried Felix with him; returning one night from a Christmas dinner party through a thickly wooded oak grove, Felix, who was anxious for his oats, started upon his accustomed race. There was no stopping him, and remembering the spreading and low-lying branches of the live oaks, calling to mind also that this was his forty-fifth year and that he had always predicted that he would not survive it, he gave himself up for lost; but Felix kept to the path, and as the branches had probably been trimmed to suit equestrians, it so happened that while my father's neck was saved, he lost his character as a prophet. The next story is only another evidence of the inveterate habit of our little black beauty. One summer when we went to town as usual on account of the malaria, so fatal at that season, Felix was left with the overseer to be used on his rounds over the plantation. Upon the next occasion when my father visited the place for the day, the overseer met him with an amused expression on his face and said, "Mr. Middleton, I cannot understand how those boys managed to ride that pony as they did; why, he ran away with me in the woods the other day and I only saved myself by falling from his back in time to dodge the bough that stretched

across the path." Notwithstanding this trifling inconvenience, I must conclude my notice of Felix by throwing down my gauntlet in defiance of any one who shall venture to malign him.

Before taking final leave of Pon Pon, I would like to mention one more circumstance in connection with my first experience in riding. After I began to accompany my father, he wished me to attend him as usual upon his Sunday expeditions. If left to myself, I suppose I should have gone as a matter of course—it was simply obeying my father; but my mother demurred, and it was then that I learned a lesson which has influenced my life. My mother made no factious opposition. She never forgot or tried to evade the promise to obedience to which she had committed herself without any mental reservation; she simply expressed her dissent and was silent, but the look in her eye, the sadness in her countenance, the grief which she did not pretend to repress, did her work far more effectually than if she had made the most powerful and demonstrative opposition; I turned to my father and declined to accompany him. This opposition to his wishes irritated him for the moment (he was very impulsive) and he answered, "Well, sir, as you will not go with me to-day, you shall not ride for a week." It was a sharp test, but I did not flinch, and I went away with tears in my eyes to hide my grief in a solitary corner. I am convinced, upon recalling the scene, that my father did not exact the penalty—he was at bottom very tender-hearted—but I never doubted at the time that he would do so. I relate this occurrence without any intention or desire to exhibit myself, but as a practical evidence of the power of true womanhood in the world.

A very distinguished man, high in office, who had occupied the bench and a seat in the Senate of the United States, once said to me, "There are but two persons for whom I have felt the sentiment of awe; one was (mentioning an eminent ecclesiastic) and the other, your mother." There was a very wide difference between the cases, however, for while the former *de-*

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, ASHLEY RIVER

manded your reverence both personally and officially, the latter was as simple as a child, bright, cheerful, unassuming, treating all with due consideration, paying proper respect to every fellow being; never flattering, never slighting, never despising any, she received from all the highest testimony that could be conceded to an imperfect mortal, nor did I ever witness or hear of a case in which it was otherwise. Her loyalty to her husband was sometimes severely tried, but it never failed, and though she never winked at his faults nor failed to reprehend them, his tribute to her at the last was unqualified. His friends often said to him, "Your wife has saved you; without her you would have gone to ruin."

One of my most interesting memories was the Sunday morning visit to St. Andrew's Church, four miles off on the Ashley. Of course the carriage was used for the ladies of the family, but the boys had to ride, and I must confess that, in spite of my principles upon the subject of Sunday riding, the ride was the event and the service the incident. Nevertheless, it was altogether a very pleasant expedition. The church was retired from the road about forty or fifty yards with a fine growth of trees, some of them large mossy oaks, grouped picturesquely around the building, which was a stuccoed brick structure in the form of a cross, without ornament except the arched doors and windows, which redeemed it from plainness. On a bright spring morning, when Nature was doing her best to beautify and enliven the scene and the neighboring planters with their wives and children gathered in groups under the oaks, with the servants gossiping apart or looking after the horses tethered to the trees and low-lying branches around, it was a scene which an artist would have liked to reproduce. The service itself, relieved from the oppressive formality of city worship, affected me with more real interest and brought me more naturally and spontaneously into the unseen sacred presence than I ever felt under the influence of architectural ornament and organ accompaniment. The true worship of God is only complicated and diluted when the effort is made to add to its impressiveness

by any external influences; the awe which is thought to be produced by such meretricious appliances is not religious awe but aesthetic emotion. The whole of Sunday was with us a sacred season, our usual work and play were suspended, and we were only permitted a walk about the grounds or to the settlement in the afternoon.

My school recollections chiefly refer to the summers spent at my father's house on East Bay, one or two blocks above the Market and midway between the old Governor's mansion, then occupied by the Misses Pinckney, daughters of General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and the dwelling of Mr. Nat Heyward on the north. The great fire during the war swept the whole region from the latter dwelling (which still remains) down to the Market, and the space is now so occupied by cotton-presses, iron-works, naval stores, and ship chandlers that it would be impossible even to locate the former sites. It was from this house that I attended school and gathered my chief experiences of school life. Our teacher was in his way a worthy man. He had come from New England on account of pulmonary symptoms, and having nothing to depend on but a good English education, established a school which soon became popular. I am astonished, and I may say even shocked, when I recall my experiences at that school. The whole system turned upon the cultivation of a verbal memory—a smart boy furnished with a good technical memory was necessarily among the leaders of his class, while one not naturally favored in that way was obliged to be content with a place at the lower end, even if by unwearied labor he escaped being considered a dunce. A little pains taken to assist a torpid memory by such an explanation of the lesson as would give the scholar the advantage of intelligent association and the orderly sequence of ideas, would often have reversed the estimation in which he was held by the teacher, but such an idea never seemed to have dawned on his mind. His rôle as schoolmaster required that he should hear lessons and judge of the scholars by the facility with which they were repeated, and he had neither the time nor patience to do more.

In my own case, the only lesson in which I took an interest was, I suppose, the last which a boy would naturally have selected; viz., grammar, and my preference was explained by my having found out for myself the rationale of language, the relationship which the modification of words bore to the elements of time, space, and circumstance to which those modifications were adapted, and having now an intelligent purpose connected with the subject of my labor, it was changed from a task to an enjoyment. Long lists of towns, rivers, bays, lakes, mountains, without personal or intelligent associations; the rise and fall of empires, the fate of impersonal or uninteresting dynasties; moral, diplomatic, financial disquisitions upon the internal and external relations of contending nationalities, and other abstractions equally incomprehensible to the mind of a boy—dull details without a word of explanation to give zest and vitality to the narrative; it was to me nothing but hard, dry, unmitigated toil without fruit. But grammar! here was something which had somehow or other come within the limits of my apprehension. I remember upon one occasion, when the class was reading Milton, that I was corrected in my exposition of a line and the correction was sustained by the teacher. I endeavored to show him that I was sustained by the grammatical construction of the passage, but he had committed himself, and I think upon that occasion he sacrificed his grammar to his prestige. The system was as disastrously faulty in the case of the classical languages. The idea seemed to be not merely negatively but positively to make the acquirement as difficult and distasteful as possible, under the strange impression that what is obtained under circumstances of difficulty and disgust must necessarily be retained with more tenacity and availability than the fruit of intelligent and agreeable labor. The prohibition of translations and similar assistances seems to me from an intelligent retrospection of those days of gratuitous martyrdom as unmeaning as it was cruel; the aid which I have since obtained in my endeavors to make up for the deficiencies of my school instruction in Greek, from my knowledge of the text

of Scripture, has convinced me of this. I never could have attained even the imperfect knowledge which I now have of the Greek language if the study had not been facilitated by a translation of the New Testament which I carried in the recesses of my memory.

A great many of the errors in instruction which we now look back upon with surprise and even indignation may be traced to one part of the system which was then considered indispensable. The use of the rod was thought as necessary as the fly-wheel of a machine; and it was important to afford the boys as many opportunities of bringing it into practice as their unaided stupidity would furnish. One regards with astonishment such a low condition of physiology as would admit among otherwise intelligent men so serious an error as to the location of the brain.

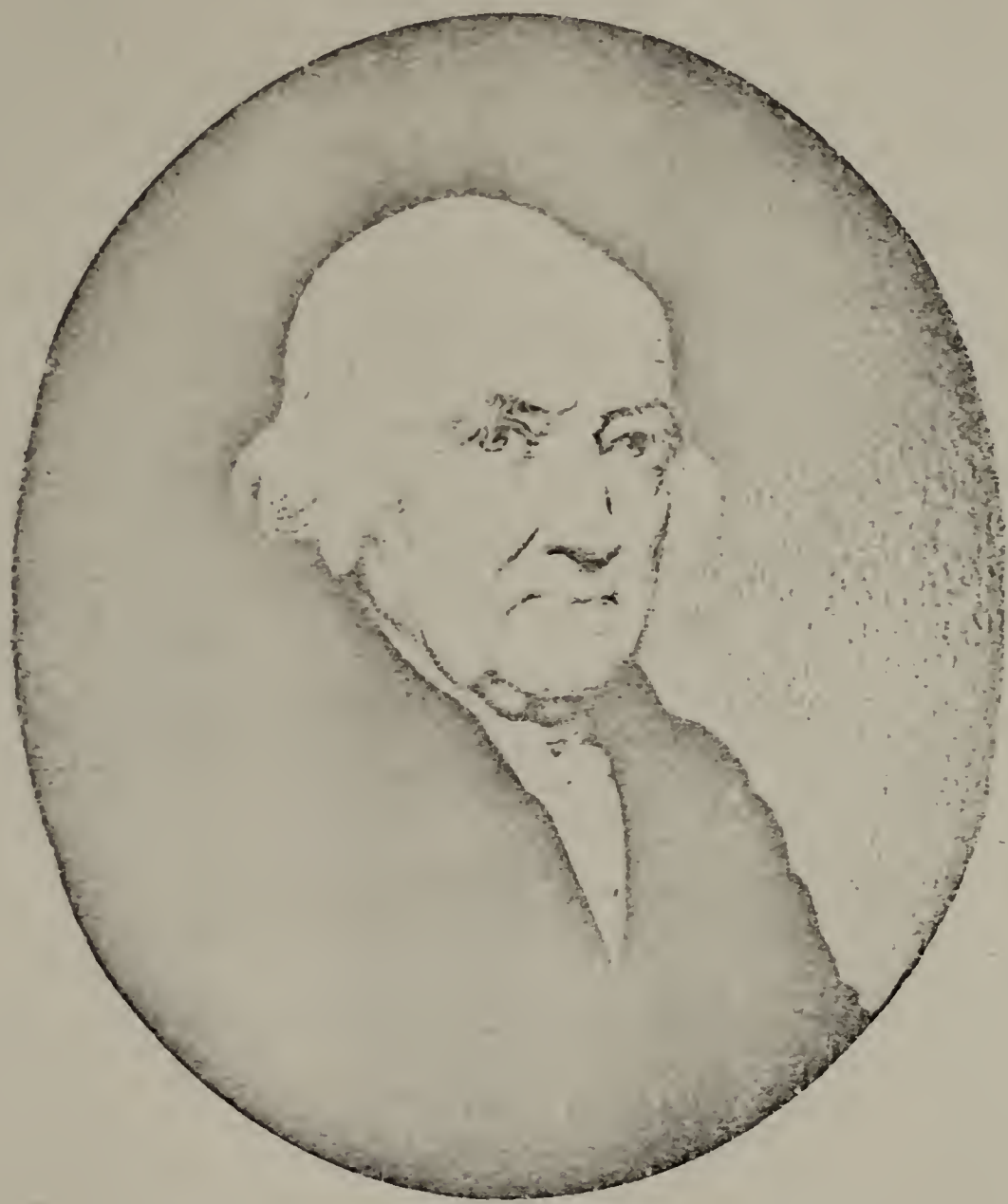
I must not omit one item of my social experience in this connection. I did not enjoy an indiscriminate encounter with my school-fellows, but I had one or two friends. The one whom I wish to notice was my next-door neighbor, with whom I generally went to school and returned home. In after years he became a public man, and in many ways made himself so conspicuous that I violate no principle of friendship in giving a very slight sketch of his career. He was a very handsome and attractive boy, not especially intellectual, but genial and dramatic to the degree of affectation. His *ore rotundo*, adopted from the stage, was never relaxed but rather became natural and characteristic, and his deference to women was knightly. He never rose above mediocrity at school, but at home or with a few admiring companions he was in his element and gave free vent to his versatile powers. After his school ordeal he went to Harvard, and by the extravagance to which he carried his habit of acting he astonished the good people of Cambridge and became quite a lion among them. His rôle at this time was the reproduction of Pelham, and to the extent of his means, which were not large, he in no wise fell short of that redoubtable mystagogue. He carried a red umbrella and was attended by a poodle, and I was told that going

into a restaurant upon a hot summer day and being asked for his order, he replied with an air of extreme languor, "Nothing for me, but I will thank you to give my dog a glass of soda-water."

Judging hastily, one might suppose that he possessed no element but frivolity, that nothing useful could be extracted from him, but in after years, when the weeds he had cultivated had expended themselves and withered, his friends, who judged that there was still an element of productiveness in the soil, offered him as candidate for the Mayoralty, and by due effort he was elected and became one of the most efficient officers that have filled that responsible post. He permitted no cruelty to animals, he allowed no starved or abused horses to appear on the streets, and gave minute attention to smaller matters which, though very important in themselves as affecting the comfort of the citizens and the neatness of the city, many of his predecessors and perhaps some of his successors have considered either beneath their notice or inapplicable to their plans of personal ambition. He was in no wise a boastful person or one who would take pains to identify his reputation with works of public utility or admiration, and hence it is that his initiation in the construction of the present beautiful Battery is scarcely known by the present generation of our fellow citizens. After this account of the better part of his character, it would be unjust to call him a fop, but his attention to his dress and personal appearance generally was extreme, and I remember once during the time when our city was beleaguered by barbarians, and it was impossible to ensure anything more than a decent covering for the body, that some friend asked him if he did not feel exceedingly annoyed at his personal discomforts, and his reply was, "Oh, no! it is rather pleasant in these dull days to have a new sensation" —Pelham would not lose his equipoise.

I come now to an event in my life which gave it zest for many years. One day there was led into our yard on East Bay a horse which I described to my father, upon going into the house, in the following terms: "What

is the meaning of that strange-looking, long-necked, small-headed, short-backed animal that Joe is currying out there?" I do not remember my father's reply, but soon after he took me to ride with him, mounted on that very horse. It did not take long to change my mode of describing him. When that neck was buckled under the pressure of the bit, those eyes on fire with excitement, the ears pointed and nostrils distended so as to show the red cartilage within, I unhesitatingly assert that I have never seen anything to compare with him. His action was superb, whether in gallop, trot, or leap, and was in thorough keeping with the beauty of his form. It was a delight to me to see persons stop to observe him as we passed through the streets, and if there was any pride in the matter, I think I can honestly say it was for the horse and not for myself. In the country the daily ride was never omitted, but was sometimes varied as follows: there was a broad carriage drive in the form of a circle between the house and the river; the first story of the house was about eight feet from the ground and a flight of steps descended from the piazza to the outer edge of the drive; a long pole was rested at a proper height upon one of the steps and held up at the other end across the drive by the groom; over this pole I was frequently called upon to exhibit Sir Archie's leaping performances to the occupants of the piazza. Upon one occasion my father was so delighted with the exhibition that he called out, "Why, he rises two feet above the pole! Put it a step higher." I confess I had my misgivings as to this experiment, but I said nothing and off we went. When, however, we turned in sight of the pole, the horse noticed the change and expressed his dissatisfaction by an attempt to bring himself up, but it was too late, and whether the pole was actually too high or his impetus had been too much checked, he failed to clear the pole and we came down in disgrace on the other side, he on his knees and I on my feet. I considered my part of the drama quite satisfactory until my father said to me in a rather discontented tone, "You should not have left your



NATHANIEL RUSSELL

seat, sir." I replied that I did not wish to be crushed under the horse's body if he had fallen on his side. The only answer was, "A rider should never leave the saddle."

Another of my adventures on Sir Archie was in town. I had ridden up to visit a friend, and when I mounted to return home the horse had become impatient and went off in great excitement. A few rods from my friend's house I had to turn a corner into a narrow street and, as it happened, two carriages were approaching from the opposite direction and were nearly abreast. There was room for us to pass between them, but unluckily a man with a wheelbarrow occupied the intermediate space. There was no help for it; we had to take the wheelbarrow while the man dodged behind one of the carriages and over we went, to the great amusement of the bystanders. My friend, who had run to the corner to witness the end, was just in time to see the glitter of Sir Archie's hind shoes as he cleared the wheelbarrow. On parade Sir Archie was in his element; he was perfectly fearless, the drum and other attendants upon the marching of troops only animated and delighted him, and he gave himself with intelligent and hearty good-will to the requirements of his rider, but he would not endure the restraint of a troop; if he was in the middle of the line, he resented the pressure of the other horses by coming to a dead stop and forcing the rest of the troop behind to get round him as well as they could; if he were on the outside, he claimed the privilege of looking around, and if anything attracted his attention in that direction, he would incontinently put his head where his tail ought to be. My first experience with him in that line was sufficient. I never ventured a second time. I was afterwards attached to the suite of General James Hamilton and there we were all right.

I have often tried to engage the interest of my children in my descriptions of that horse and with some degree of success, though sometimes a surreptitious smile would appear when Papa got upon his *hobby*. But upon

one occasion of a voyage to New York a friend* of my own age, who was in entire sympathy with me in this love for the horse, so entirely verified all my statements that thenceforth the incredulous smile was exchanged for one of gratified assent. A few years afterwards the same testimony was borne in even stronger terms by another travelling companion. Long after those days a school-fellow, with whom I had become pleasantly associated, informed me that he never saw me mounted on that horse without feelings of hatred engendered by envy, of which he was now ashamed. An eminent and very worthy minister of the Methodist Church, who was in the senior class at college when I was lower down, standing at a window with some of his family and seeing me ride by remarked, "There goes Russell Middleton. He will never come to any good; he does nothing but ride that horse." In after years, when I had by hard study succeeded in reinstating myself in his good opinion, he came forward and spoke very generously of an address which I delivered on some public occasion, and which was pleasantly received by the audience. So far from any harm ever attending my enjoyment of that noble animal, I am convinced that health and vigor were imparted both to body and mind by the exercise and fresh air which I enjoyed by that means. My constitution was a delicate one, and never would have survived unmitigated or sedentary study, but combining as I endeavored to do recreation with work, I have, beyond all expectations, reached my eightieth year with a sound mind and reasonably sound body.

I recall another scene in which Sir Archie was an actor, which fell short of the sublime and only reached the ridiculous. My father and I started together on a ride, he being mounted upon Sir Archie. On account of the violent strain on the girth occasioned by the horse's tremendous bounds at starting, the saddle was furnished with two. That morning, however, the girth on my saddle was missing and one of my father's was taken to supply

* Mr. William Lowndes, who said, whenever my Father went by on Sir Archie every one ran to the windows. A. H. M.

its place. Consequently we had not got many rods from the house, while still under the excitement of the start, when to my horror I saw my father gradually slipping from the horse's back and in a moment after lying on his own back upon the road with the saddle between his legs, the horse meanwhile at full speed down the avenue. I sat upon my horse perfectly paralyzed and looking down upon my father without a definite idea what I ought to do. If an earthquake had swallowed him up, I could not have been more astonished. The fact of my father being unseated and lying upon his back in that ridiculous position so entirely upset all my ideas of what was due to his dignity and his horsemanship,* that for the moment my own personality was obliterated. "My heart was in the coffin there with Caesar" and I had to wait until it came back to me. My father's feelings did not run at all in the same direction. He waited a moment to realize the situation and then shook his fist at me, crying out, "What the devil do you mean, sir, by sitting on your horse and looking down at me as though you saw a ghost? Get down immediately and do something!" What was the upshot of the catastrophe I cannot remember. I suppose the horse was caught and my father delivered from the ornament between his legs, but I was too much dazed to be intelligently available for the rest of that unlucky day.

I will give one more story upon this attractive subject and then dismiss it. As I said before, the one peculiarity which might be charged as a fault against an otherwise perfect animal was his occasionally balking at the start. Upon one such occasion, when I was going alone upon my morning expedition, Sir Archie declined to go. My father was present and took part in the proceedings. He tried every method usually employed upon such occasions, but all in vain. The obstinate fit was a severe one and baffled all our ingenuity. At length, apparently disgusted, my father retired into the house and I was left to fight the battle single-handed, and I determined

*My grandfather was careful *not to leave the saddle*. A. H. M.

to see if I could not tire the horse out of his determination by sitting quietly on his back until he chose to move, but I was mistaken in my calculation. In a few minutes my father reappeared with a long tandem whip in his hand, which he flourished at a respectable distance before bringing it to bear more convincingly on the back of the rebel. The demonstration was enough. Before I could secure my seat satisfactorily the horse was off in his usual style, exaggerated by indignation, and I was within an ace of being left behind, but I scrambled to my place and we went down the avenue at a killing pace. I think I have not mentioned that our Sir Archie was a colt of the great English horse of that name and was, of course, thoroughbred.

The subject of horses is so enticing that it is difficult to leave it. The account of my father's fall reminds me of a similar one many years after. We had a very charming mare, a descendant of one of the gray mares referred to in the early part of this narrative, and sired by a thoroughbred Eclipse horse of great beauty and speed. Her name was Nancy and she was almost as much regarded in the family as Sir Archie himself. Upon one occasion when I was accompanied by my wife in a morning's ride over the plantation and we were quietly walking our horses along the road, my wife being mounted on Nancy, her saddle turned under her and landed her very gently on her feet in the road. Nancy, who was an impetuous animal, considered this as a dismissal and went off full speed down the road. Presently she dashed into the woods on the right and disappeared, and we remained standing a short time to consider what was best to be done. In a few minutes we heard a horse's feet behind us and upon looking back we saw Nancy coming towards us from the opposite side. She had made a circuit in the forest and, having had time for reflection, came to the conclusion that she had behaved shabbily and so returned to her duty penitent. I tightened the girths and proceeded upon our ride as if nothing had happened.

RUSSELL HOUSE
Charleston, South Carolina

Another adventure with Nancy and I will dismiss the subject of horses, at least for the present. It was sometimes my practice to drive the family from the house to the settlement across the road to see the cattle brought up for the night. Upon this special occasion Nancy was put in a light buggy and driven over; when we arrived at the cattle-shed we all got out and gathered round, leaving the horse standing a few feet off attached to the vehicle without being hitched. I thought I was near enough to stop her if she attempted to move. Unfortunately I became absorbed in the cattle and for a moment relaxed my vigilance. Nancy moved a few feet and finding that she was not checked, quickened her pace, and before I could reach her was in a run. Round and round the precinct, which covered several acres, went the horse, becoming more excited at every turn, and I gave up horse and vehicle as utterly ruined, when, to my utter amazement, she came to a dead stop. It looked like a miracle. I ran up to secure her and find out the cause of the wonder, when it was explained by an accidental concurrence of circumstances which might happen once in a million times. The reins, which had been flowing loosely from the vehicle, caught in the hub of a fore-wheel, and one of them lapping over the other was tightened at each revolution so that finally it bore so strongly upon the bit that she was obliged to stop. She was trembling in every limb and utterly demoralized. I soothed her with hand and voice, and in a little while we all got into the buggy and I drove her home in a walk, so that when she reached the door she had entirely recovered her equanimity and seemed to have forgotten the whole escapade. If the race had continued much longer and, as is most likely, she had kicked herself free, she would have been ruined as a draft horse forever. Upon another occasion when, after a long drive in a hot sun, I was approaching the city, I was met by two young men driving a pair of fast Northern horses. They passed me and in a short time came rattling down behind me. As soon as they were near enough to make it plain that they intended to pass, Nancy quickened her

pace. I would not have urged her, for she had come far enough to be somewhat fatigued, but I thought I would let her alone and see what would be the issue, which was rather amusing. Every time that the vehicle approached so as to show their intention to pass, the horse increased her movement enough to prevent them, and then resumed her ordinary speed, until at last, seeing how things were going and not wishing to exhaust the spirited animal, I took the affair into my own hands by turning off into another road and settling down into a reasonable pace.

To pass now from my physical to my mental development. The first book which I remember as rousing in me anything which could properly be called thought, was Law's "Serious Call." I have no recollection of the style of the book or how the text was logically or critically handled. It was the text that arrested my attention and claimed my unqualified assent. It was announced in this aphoristic form: "If Religion is worth anything it is worth everything," and my assent to the maxim was so sincere and hearty, it came so instinctively from the deeper parts of my nature, that I think I am safe in saying that it has had a large share in the moulding of my subsequent life. Side by side with this apothegm I will present an equally happy suggestion which came to me not from a printed book, but from the lips of a lady whom I have since held in reverence and classed among my most valued benefactors. Induced by her sweet sympathy and kind consideration for a very young person, I was complaining to her of some wrong or injustice I had met with in life, when, to my surprise and, I must say, to my subsequent great profit, she replied, "Ah! Mr. Middleton, I say tell that to God." What an opening of the mind were these few words to me! If I tell my troubles at all, is it worth while to impart them to fellow sufferers, or had I not much better carry them to One who can give infallible and unlimited guidance and help? Such was the comment which I then made on those words of wisdom and truth, and I trust that in some

STAIRCASE IN RUSSELL HOUSE

degree, at least, I have endeavored to bring my life into accordance with them.

In "Sanford and Merton" there is an allegory which struck me when I read the book as a very appropriate and just illustration of the divine dealings with the rational creation. "Robinson Crusoe" furnishes to a young person a good many valuable hints calculated to enlarge his scope of social recognition and human sympathy; the frequent reference to the serious aspect of life and the remarkable freedom from sectarian prejudices made it in my own case very profitable reading. The next book that I will refer to is Soame Jennings's "Internal Evidences of Christianity." It is many years since I have read the book and I offer my present impressions with much diffidence. The book, as I remember it, seemed to me a strictly logical exposition of the status of Christianity, and can be of practical availability only to a mind already prepared to admit its truth. As Law's book first vitalized the germ of thought within me, Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" gave it nutriment and growth. With few exceptions, the thoughts of Thomas Carlyle are worth the labor of extricating them from the hard casing in which it has been his peculiar fancy to enclose them. This view is taken to meet the case of those who dislike his style; for myself, the style is so associated with the matter and becomes so forcible and expressive in that connection that I enjoy its quaintness and revel in its audacity.

The last of the writers who have made a lasting impression upon me and by whose instrumentality I have been conducted by a long detour to the point from which I started is Henry James, in "Substance and Shadow," a philosophic demonstration of the diversity and the unity of the integral elements of our composite nature.

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IV

THE MARSTON FAMILY

ANNIE E. MARSTON DE WOLF

IV

RECORD OF THE MARSTON FAMILY

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF ANNIE E. MARSTON DE WOLF WRITTEN IN 1857

ILES GREENWOOD is the first person we have any knowledge of, from the old family Bible records. He was a lieutenant and chaplain in Cromwell's army. On the Restoration, he went to Holland, but afterward returned to his native city of Norwich. His son, Samuel, emigrated in 1685 to Boston and married Mary Thornton; his son, Nathaniel, married Elizabeth Venterman in 1723. Their daughter, Elizabeth, married John Marston. I have often heard my grandmother say her father possessed a countenance of a meek and quiet spirit, and his grey hair fell in curls to his shoulders; his appearance was truly apostolic. On his calling on the Governor one day, the latter said, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

I must turn now to my own dear grandmother, Elizabeth Greenwood. She was born in Boston, in the year 1734, on November 30, and was the daughter of Nathaniel Greenwood. In the year 1755 she married Col. John Marston; he was at that time forty years of age, while my grandmother was only twenty. Little is known of my grandfather, only that he was born in 1715. In 1740 he married for his first wife Hannah Welland, of Boston, by whom he had five children, all dying in infancy; she died in 1749, and in 1751 he married her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Blake. They had no children, but Mrs. Blake, by her previous marriage, had three sons and one daughter, who were brought up by my grandfather. As I said before, in 1755 he married our grandmother, Elizabeth Greenwood, by whom he had nine children. He died in Boston in 1786, aged seventy-two.

He had been a firm patriot all his life, and fought as bravely for his

king at the taking of Louisburg, 1745, as he would have for the independence of America had his health permitted. He took such an interest in the affairs of the Revolution that he became a marked man to the British, and at the siege of Boston he was obliged to take the offer of a fisherman to assist him in making his escape. The man came to him at night and informed him that a number of persons were on the lookout for him, that he had brought a suit of his own clothes for him to put on in the morning, and to meet him at an appointed place; this being done, the good man conducted him to his boat. They had to pass several British vessels, which never failed to hail any of the small craft that passed the ships, and it was not without some anxiety he heard the words "Who goes there?" by the man on duty, until a gust of wind, which seemed to come by a divine hand, swept them by in safety. His place of destination was Marblehead, intending to pass over the country to the small town of Woburn. When parting from the family he advised my grandmother to obtain a pass and come to him as soon as possible. This became a difficult task. Among the "Recollections of a Bostonian," written by my father in the year 1822, I find what will give a more correct idea of the state of affairs at that time. At the period my father describes he was nineteen years of age and his father had the greatest confidence in his ability to see the family out of town, provided a pass could be obtained.

Quincy, March 9, 1822

There are very few of the present generation who have any idea of the humiliations to which their ancestors were subjected, while under Colonial government, from the insolence of officers, who in their own country were as servile as the spaniel, but on their arrival here with authority became tyrannical and overbearing. After the battle of Lexington, the egress of part of the inhabitants was prohibited by a breach of faith on the part of Gen. Gage and those who were permitted to depart were obliged to obtain passports.

COLONEL JOHN MARSTON

From portrait by Copley

It was not until the fifth of June that my father became determined to leave town. On that day he directed me to make out a schedule of the family, agreeable to the rules of Gen. Gage, and demand a passport of Major Kane of the army, who was empowered to perform that service. Such was the crowd of citizens eager to obtain passports that it was not until after several hours I was able to reach the door of the Major's apartment, and when it was opened, I was so forcibly urged by the crowd that I lost my balance, which caused me to rush violently into the room. I thought he must have perceived that it was involuntary, but he exclaimed in broad Scotch, "Hoot, hoot, mon, are ye going to murder me?" I was obliged to bear this insolence in silence, although my countenance must have exhibited marks of indignation, and I walked to a window which looked into the courtyard, where my feelings were more excited by the view of my fellow citizens, who with countenances bordering on despair were awaiting an opportunity of admission.

After waiting nearly an hour the Major accosted me with "Well, young man, what do you want?" I handed him a schedule of my father's family, including that of his sister's. He examined a book which contained what the Tories call a "black list," when, slowly raising his scowling face, he said with great asperity, "Your father, young man, is a d—— rebel and cannot be accommodated with a pass." Not intimidated by his brutality, I asserted with vehemence that my father was no rebel, that he indorsed the illustrious House of Hanover, and fought for good King George II in '45. Whether it was that he himself had been a rebel in '45 in Scotland, and thought my expression of the House of Hanover was an insinuation against his own loyalty—which it really was—or whatever may have been the cause of his irritation, he rose from his chair and with a countenance fuming with rage ordered me out of the room with the most abusive language. The sentinel at the door had an English countenance, and with

apparent sympathy, very civilly opened it for my departure, which I made without turning my back upon my adversary.

Upon inquiry it was afterwards ascertained that what constituted the crime of my father and caused him to be denounced as a rebel was his having been a member of the Whig Club. The Whig Club had not met for more than a year on account of the perturbed state of the times. The gentlemen that composed it were: James Otis, Dr. Warren, Dr. Church, Dr. Young, Richard Derby of Salem, Benjamin Kent, Nathaniel Barker, William Mackay, Col. Bigelow of Worcester, and about half a dozen more. Through the instrumentality of my father, I was sometimes admitted to hear their discussions. There was always at each meeting a dissertation or speech by one of the members on the principles of civil liberty and the British Constitution. They professed loyalty to the King but were in violent opposition to the encroachments of Parliament, and their discussions tended to a consideration of what would be the duty of Americans if these encroachments were continued. For the purpose they corresponded with a society in London, the name of which I have forgotten (probably the Revolution Society). A few years previous to the Revolution they sent to the London Society two green turtles, one of which weighed 45 and the other 92 pounds. Those who are acquainted with the history of these times will easily understand to what those numbers alluded. On their arrival in London, a grand dinner was provided at which Col. Barre presided and among other distinguished guests I recollect the Lord Mayor, and among the toasts "The Whig Club of Boston" and the "Ninety-two Patriots of Massachusetts Bay" were drunk with three times three cheers.

You can learn from the foregoing how perilous and fearful must have been the times to which the family of my grandfather were exposed at this period, but God provides in a way we know not, and thus it was at this time. When my father left Major Kane, he began to think it would

MRS. JOHN MARSTON
From portrait by Copley

be impossible, after what he had witnessed, to gain a passport, and as he hurried on his way, pondering what he could do, he arrived at the door of his aunt. After going in and informing her of what had passed at Major Kane's, they seated themselves at the window, where they beheld the anxious faces of the inhabitants as they passed, which must have increased their gloomy apprehensions. His aunt was a widow, who lived alone with her domestics, probably slaves, who were common in Boston at that time. She was a woman of strong mind, but the news her nephew communicated to her caused her to shed tears. At this moment, an officer of the British Army, Major Spendlove, happened to be passing by, and supposing the alarming state of the town was the cause of her emotions, ventured to ask if he, as a British officer, could be of service to her. She politely asked him in, and informed him of the refusal of Major Kane to give her brother's family a pass, under whose protection she herself had proposed to leave the place. "But what, dear Madam," said he, "will become of your house and furniture, your garden, etc.? You are perfectly safe here, and I will be able to protect your property." "Oh, I care nothing for them, only that we might be safely out of town. I fear the shells which may be thrown by the American forces into the town." "Shells, my dear Madam? What do you know about shells? But if you are determined to go, leave this house under my care, and I will do the best I can to protect it. And you, young gentleman, call here to-morrow and you will find a pass." The offer was accepted and after a few hours' preparation the whole family found themselves at Woburn, exactly one week before the battle of Bunker Hill. Major Spendlove was one of the first killed on that memorable day, the 17th of June, and in all probability he was buried from the house of my aunt.

On the 17th of March, 1776, the British evacuated Boston, and the family returned to their home. I never questioned my grandmother as to the exact state in which she found things on reaching the house; everything, however, had been made use of by the officers as they pleased and much destroyed.

My father joined the army at Cambridge before the family left Woburn; he was then in his twentieth year. My grandfather's second son, Nathaniel, enlisted in the navy during the war, a lad about seventeen, and remained in the service till the peace in '83.

The war was not brought to a close till seven years after the family returned from Woburn, during which period a blessing took place for all; it was the birth of a little daughter. The last child of my grandfather was named by him under somewhat peculiar circumstances. He had been very strenuous to have her called "Mercy," although the whole family were opposed to his choice. The family went to church fully prepared to hear the name of "Mercy" pronounced by the good Dr. Cooper, the pastor of Brattle Street Church, but on the way thither my grandfather overtook his friend Mr. Bloomfield, who observed that he was going to have a son baptized that afternoon.

"Oh, I am going to hold up a daughter," said my grandfather.

"And what are you going to name her?"

"Mercy."

Mr. B. then said that he had intended to name his son George Washington. "Now," said he, "change your mind and call your daughter Martha Washington." The idea pleased my grandfather, and the family, as you may imagine, were much astonished and gratified at the change. And so the little babe was named Martha Washington.

It is difficult to give you a just and correct idea of society nearly one hundred years ago — the present city of Boston was a small town. I have heard him say that as late as 1795 he knew every man he met, but that now (1800) he did not know one in ten. The "old school" men and women were fast disappearing and in the year I last mention I do not think there were twenty to be found in the city. Among the last survivors were Madame Elizabeth Amory, Lady Elizabeth Temple, Mrs. Bowdoin, Mrs. Tudor, Samuel Eliot, Esq., Dr. James Lloyd, Gen. Knox, and a few others. My

father took much pleasure in looking back to those days when the head men of the town were of the same old school, and the aged Christian as he passed was looked upon as an object to be remembered and revered.

I have a letter from my father to Mrs. T. B. Adams, a descendant of Mrs. Treat, formerly Annie Greenwood, which may be interesting to those who like such reminiscences. They were speaking of different members of the family long since gone, when she observed: "I wish you would give me some idea of our relatives of olden times; you can remember them so well." And this he promised to do. Some years passed away, until one Thanksgiving Day he was reminded of his neglected promise and wrote the following letter:

Thanksgiving, 1776

DEAR COUSIN: —

THIS is Thanksgiving Day, and we have eaten our plum pudding alone, a circumstance I do not recollect having occurred before in the course of my long life. All anniversaries bring with them solemn reflections, and remind me of former days.

I have been cogitating on one of the earliest I can remember, when I was about ten years old. My father always invited a large party to supper in the evenings of those days, and by carrying you back to the evening of one of those days I may be able to give you some idea of the olden times you expressed a wish to hear about. The room in which were assembled the guests was what we call the drawing-room, but in those days it was called the large parlor, at the upper end of which stood a large desk and bookcase. Between the windows hung a large pier-glass with a black and gold frame, of that day. Opposite to this was another glass with a gold frame. The chairs were carved mahogany with black morocco seats. In one corner stood a clock with a blue and gold enameled case, and in the other a *beaufet*, fashionable in those days, the upper part of which displayed

the richest burnt enameled china, and the lower part a goodly assortment of silver, which was more common in those days than now.

The window curtains were blue, made of a fabric not now in use, composed of worsted and cotton, or it may have been linen, and very handsome. The carpet was humble Scotch, and considered at that time a luxury. The walls were hung with flowered paper and decorated with elegant prints of the King and Queen, Lord Chatham, Lord Camden, and some others I do not recall. The old-fashioned walnut wood fire must not be omitted, or the brass fire-set so seldom seen now, the cheerful accompaniment of a family gathering. The only children present on that occasion were your Aunt Bessie Treat and myself. We were anxiously looking at the door to see the company as they arrived. First came our old Grandfather Greenwood, with the countenance of a saint, his silver locks flowing on his shoulders, his cambric neckcloth tucked through the buttonhole of his coat; and next our venerable grandmother, with a rich brocade, so substantial it might stand alone, yet with the address of her sex she would occasionally raise her dress so as to discover a scarlet broadcloth skirt with broad gold lace about the bottom. There was also my Aunt Bounds, my father's sister (this was Eunice Marston, who afterward married John Proctor. Her portrait by Copley is now in the possession of John Marston Goodwin's family), in a richly colored damask dress. I have since seen many duchesses while in England, who in all their diamonds were vastly inferior to her in beauty, dignity of port, and elegance of manner. She was at this time a widow. Next her was my good Aunt Treat, your worthy grandmother, dressed in a brocade, the color of which I have forgotten; there, too, was her noble husband, my Uncle Robert Treat, your grandfather, dressed in a blue coat, scarlet vest, black smallclothes and white hose. He had the face of an Apollo, with the dignity of Mars. There were also your Uncles Nathaniel and Samuel Greenwood in plain suits; their brother Miles was approaching to a Macaroni,—what we call a dandy. His manners were genteel and courtly, his coat was scar-

let with a dash of gold lace. He was naturally fond of dress, but at this time he was secretary to the Governor of Nova Scotia, in which situation a young man could wish to appear well dressed. At last, though not least, my beloved father and mother. Their portraits are familiar to you. When we recollect, my worthy cousin, our ancestors, who were possessed of high moral worth and most of them of deep and ardent piety, should we not be proud of our progenitors? In addition to the relations of the family, my father invited several other guests. On this occasion I remember the Rev. Wm. Allen, an English patriot, James Otis, well known in the history of the Revolution, Dr. Young, and others. At nine o'clock the company was ushered into the supper room. The first course was served on highly-polished pewter plates, the second on the finest china; the knives and forks were silver handled and the candlesticks were of pure silver; the table was of polished oak, covered with the finest linen.

This was all that could be deciphered. The original is in the possession of Elizabeth C. Adams of Quincy, granddaughter of President Adams. It may be interesting to mention that some of the articles of furniture spoken of in the letter are still in good preservation; one of the silver-handled forks with the Marston coat-of-arms upon it is now in my possession.

And now let us return to the time of the Revolution. The war continued seven years, and from the time the British troops evacuated Boston till the close of the war, my father remained in the army. About this time he was commissioned to transact some business of importance in Virginia, from whence he sailed for England, in September, 1783. On his arrival his mind was immediately in pursuit of every means he could obtain to store it with pleasant and useful reminiscences and to visit all the places of note. At that time few young men had ever crossed the Atlantic. I regret exceedingly that I did not obtain more minute information from my dear father about much that would have gratified you all. One event, however,

is quite fresh in my memory. The Prince of Wales was about to take his seat in the House of Lords for the first time, being of age. He was afterwards George IV. To witness the scene it was necessary to obtain a ticket of admission. For a young man like my father, an American, too, it seemed quite unlikely that his wish should be gratified, but in this case as in some others he was very fortunate. One day, while walking with the secretary of Lord Camden, they were talking about the war which had just terminated, when my father drew from his pocket-book the lines written on the death of a little brother who died at Woburn during the time the British forces had possession of Boston. This little brother was named for Lord Camden, and an allusion to the Earl is introduced into the poetry, in consequence of his having been a firm friend to America before and during the war. My father handed him the lines and requested him to give them to the Earl, observing, "perhaps they will serve to remind him that at least one American appreciated his love for our cause." Not long afterward my father received an invitation to call on the Earl, and it was through his means that he obtained the much-desired ticket. On entering the antechamber, appropriated for the reception of all that England contained on that day, of eminence, dignity, and rank, assembled to behold the heir apparent of the British Crown take his seat for the first time as one of the hereditary legislators of the realm—the hall crowded with the most distinguished noblemen and gentlemen of the Kingdom, with great Generals, Admirals, and civilians—my father surveyed the brilliant assemblage with a critical eye and was deeply impressed with the lofty bearing of many of the noble personages who composed it. "But," said he in describing the scene to his friends, "I looked in vain for a Washington. There was not a man in the House of Lords that day who in personal appearance, dignity of manners, and majesty of deportment could be compared with General Washington." Among the persons present were several of the foreign ambassadors. Mr. Adams was there in that capacity from America. In

JOHN MARSTON, 2D

From a miniature painted in London

after years, when he was ex-President, my father spent many happy hours with him, and I believe that his declining years were rendered more cheerful from the circumstance of my father's removal to Quincy in 1812.

Mr. Adams was dressed in a plain suit of brown, entirely unpretending—as my father thought, too much so for such an occasion. It may have been intentional on the part of Mr. Adams, to carry out his views which were more in accordance with the simple habits he desired to maintain in his own beloved country—knowing that these habits were to be one of the greatest safeguards. But as my father was twenty years younger than Mr. Adams, it is not surprising that he had not at that time wholly thrown off the ideas he had been brought up with, and although he never carried dress to the extreme, he had always considered it essential on great occasions. He no doubt wished that Mr. Adams had thought so too,—having just overheard the Duke of Kent say to his brother, the Duke of Cambridge, "Do you see that *fudge* there in the brown suit? That is the American Minister." They were the younger brothers to the Prince of Wales, and no doubt felt bitter toward this country, by whom they had so recently been conquered. If you ever see my father's miniature, taken in England, you will see the dress he wore on that occasion.

The most interesting event that occurred to us at this time was his matrimonial engagement with my mother. She was the daughter of Matthew Randall, Esq., of London, who was a strong friend to our cause during the late war. He seldom dined without one or two Americans. My father was accidentally introduced to him and soon had an invitation to his house.

A friendship soon sprang up between him and the younger members of the family, consisting of three sons and two daughters. My mother had not yet attained her seventeenth year, and the youngest was still a child. A few years previous to my father's introduction, my Grandfather Randall met with a severe fall, receiving at the time some internal injury from which he never recovered. His health was gradually declining at this time. He had

crossed the Atlantic a year before and passed the winter in South Carolina, with the hopes of restoring his health to its usual vigor and in some measure he was benefited, so that now, as his daughter was about to leave for America, he determined to try once more what a change of climate would effect. A plan was formed for my father to return home and on his arrival in Boston to procure a ready-furnished house for the family to remain one year. This being accomplished, Mr. and Mrs. Randall and two daughters arrived in Newport, R. I., August, 1784, where they were met by my father and some of his family. The ceremony took place in Trinity Church. The church is still standing. There had not been a wedding there for ten years. The marriage was performed at six o'clock in the morning, and the party took their departure for Boston in two closed carriages, that being the mode of travelling in those days. It being seventy miles from Newport to Boston, they did not arrive till next day at evening. At present times [1857] they would have accomplished the same in six hours.

After the year had expired for my grandfather's family to remain in Boston, they returned to England. My mother parted with her father under the painful impression that she was never more to see him on earth, and so it proved. I do not know the exact date of his death.

In 1789 my father again sailed for England, to establish further business correspondence, and on his return home, by the advice of his friend, Col. Joseph Ward, at that time the only stock and exchange broker in Boston, he determined to go into that business, for which he was well adapted. He possessed a remarkable share of benevolence and sympathy and met the wants of all who came to him in perplexity of their affairs with feeling and interest. His suavity of manner and, above all, his "iron integrity" won for him the confidence of all with whom he had to transact business.

The death of my Grandfather Marston took place in 1786, at which time he supposed he had left his family independent, but during my father's last visit to England, the person who had the settlement of his father's estate

took advantage of his absence and in a dishonest kind of management which the confused state of the country enabled him to effect, reduced my grandmother's income to a small amount, so my father persuaded his beloved mother to reside with us, during which time I never saw her temper the least ruffled.

She lived and died with us, tenderly cared for by her devoted children and grandchildren. At the same time her energetic character enabled her to give us all a large portion of her motherly care. She died at the advanced age of ninety-one years.

My native town has become a large city. At the period I am writing of—about sixty years ago [i.e., about 1800]—the houses on Beacon Street were few and far between; the Hancock House and three others were all there were at that time. They had large gardens attached to them and pastures of many acres. The beautiful Common lay out before them in one large plot; no Park Street houses, no noble State House, no block of houses in any direction—all was quiet and still. There were only two footpaths across the Common. I have seen two hundred cows at one time feeding on that beautiful spot. At this time we resided on the south side of the Mall. Not a house remains that stood there then; even the streets are changed. The families living at the south part of Boston in that day were the Welles, Amorys, Inches, etc., who were the most honorable and wealthy men in the city. The ladies of their families were distinguished for their refinement and superior endowments. I must not omit to mention the family of the celebrated Mather Byles. His two eccentric daughters were great friends of our family as long as they lived. I think my mother being English made her a great favorite with them. Their father was a violent Tory in the Revolution, and even after his death his daughters continued to make, as they were able, some distinction from other days on the *fourth of June, the King's birthday.* I think there is some author of the present day who has given an interesting account of these two maiden ladies.

It was among such persons as I have mentioned that my father and mother found themselves when they selected that part of the town for a home in 1790. About this time the large estate on Summer Street belonging to Joseph Barrell, Esq., was placed by him in my father's hands for sale. The garden belonging to this estate was on a par in those days with some of the present time, such as the Cushing and Lyman gardens, and was, like them, a place of resort. I remember going there when I was a child and seeing the gold and silver fish in the pond which ornamented the center of the grounds. There was also attached to the garden a number of acres of pasture land, so, that included, the whole extended from Hawley Street two-thirds of the way down Summer Street, bounded easterly by the estates on Federal Street, west by Hawley Street, and on the north by the estates on Milk Street.

It was, no doubt, my father's wish to make the most of this estate for Mr. Barrell's sake, for whom he entertained the warmest friendship; added to that, his desire to embellish the town with some modern structures induced him to exert his influence with some of the wealthy men of the town to purchase sufficient of Mr. Barrell's garden to erect Franklin Place. This being done, Mr. Charles Bulfinch and Mr. Charles Vaughn became the most conspicuous speculators in the undertaking. Mr. Bulfinch was one of the best architects in the country. The gigantic plan of the whole—the beauty of the design, the money required to carry out the erection of twenty-four houses, and the beautiful crescent with its ornamental trees, the monument to Franklin, and the railing to enclose the whole—was looked upon by some with no little anxiety as to its results. The great demand for the houses, however, insured their success. The purchasers were men of the highest standing in Boston. I do not think you can find anything like it at the present time, in a combination of so many refined families living at the same time in a spot so lovely as it was when first constructed, with the

advantage of being so quiet, yet in the very center of the city. I am thus particular because the house No. 11 was our house for sixteen years.

In 1796 Franklin Place was nearly completed. In the month of October of that year we moved to our new house. Many of the families that we had been intimate with at the south part of the town had made purchases at Franklin Place and had already moved in. There was the greatest unanimity reigning. I do not believe that there was one man unfriendly to another in the whole place; calls were interchanged, parties given, and slights were not thought of. One or two of the older ladies, whose declining years did not permit much of social intercourse, lived in retirement, such as Lady Elizabeth Temple, etc.

The names of persons living in Franklin Place from 1796–1812: Judge Tudor, Benjamin Green, Esq., Rev. John Gardiner, Jares Perkins, Esq., Rev. John Murray, Wm. Scollay, Esq., Hon. George Blake, Madame Howard, Gen. Henry Knox, Eben Preble, Esq., Capt. Palmer (English Army), Lady Elizabeth Temple, Hon. John Wells, Edward Tuckerman, Esq., Joseph Foster, Esq., William Paine, Esq., Henderson Inches, Esq., Henry Sargent, Esq., John Marston, Esq., Mrs. Hall, Madame Elizabeth Amory, Thomas E. Amory, Esq., Joseph Tilden, Esq., Gardiner Green, Esq., Don Juan Stoughton, Esq. (Spanish Consul), Daniel Sargent, Esq., Charles Davis, Esq.

For many years Franklin Place was preserved in its original uniform appearance. No attempt was made by any one owner to change the outward appearance of his house. In the interior there was more taste displayed by some than by others.

My beloved mother, at that time about twenty-eight years of age, was considered very beautiful and extremely ladylike in deportment. She possessed a proper degree of quiet dignity so essential in woman. She was never heard to laugh loud but once. Then the occasion was so ludicrous that it was unavoidable. One trait she had in eminent degree — the neatness

and order of her household arrangements. I have sometimes thought my dear father carried order to too great an excess. However, there is very little happiness without it. He used to say that the difference between Heaven and the region of the wicked was that in one all is order, and the other all confusion. My mother's hour for rising was six o'clock, summer and winter, the servants' at five. The nursery was ready for her at six. Her breakfast at eight gave her time for sewing and reading. The former she seemed to think her vocation. She was never idle. She was extremely awkward at any kind of housework and seemed wholly unfitted for it. In dress my mother was a little English. She could never be persuaded to wear long sleeves, not even in the morning. She substituted very long kid mitts that tied far above the elbow. She loved her accepted country and never made any of those insidious remarks so common to the English when they arrive in this country. She had nothing of the brogue of her own country; you could never detect in a single word that she was not an American.

Our beloved mother was in every sense of the word "an anxious mother." Dear Grandma used to say that she slept "with her eyes half closed." Her love for sedentary pursuits was the misfortune of her life. She took little or no exercise except in her carriage. The consequence of this kind of life resulted in a premature death at the age of thirty-eight. Her illness lasted only twenty-four hours. She had been married twenty years. What her death meant to our dear father can only be appreciated by those who have passed through the same affliction, so sudden, so unlooked-for. Her strong constitution, her healthy and youthful countenance, to the last forbade any of her friends from anticipating the sad termination of her life.

My father lived forty-three years after this event—he never married a second wife. At the time of his bereavement he was forty-eight years old, at which time he was without any of those marks of age incident to persons of that period of life. Now that he was without powder, his brown

MRS. JOHN MARSTON, 2D
From a miniature painted in London

hair, slightly curled and tied back with a black ribbon, his full black suit contrasted with his pale face made him seem much younger than he really was, for at the time of my mother's death he laid aside his blue coat and wrought gilt buttons, white vest, drab smallclothes, and white silk stockings for a suit of black, and to this was added his own brown hair, having always before worn powder. My father's fondness for domestic life led him to pass all his evenings with his family, while many of the gentlemen of that day passed hours at the Insurance Offices and other places of resort, talking over the news of the day.

There was one feature in the arrangement of No. 11 that may as well be mentioned here; it was a refined feeling brought into action by all the members of the family; the very servants became gentle, and if their names had too harsh a sound, they were changed; not even Rose would answer, it must become Rosena. Thus a mild influence was imperceptibly created; every one spoke in low tones; no one called from one part of the house to the other, bells were in almost every room. The manservant was never allowed to leave the room after the family were seated at dinner; if anything was missing, he was taught a lesson he ever afterward remembered.

After the cloth was removed, a dessert of fruit was placed on the table, of which my mother contrived that some should remain for the servants. The little ones were thus taught a lesson of self-denial. The nurse then appeared with the baby and we all took turns in tending the little pet.

In the year 1800 peace took place between France and England, which caused the failure of hundreds of our best merchants. The peace had reduced to one-half their value all the vessels and cargoes expected home. This my father could have met with but little difficulty but for the ingratitude of a man who for many years had called himself his friend, and in the present case he did for him what he had never done before for any person since he had commenced business. He became bond for him for a large amount. Mr. Greenleaf came to him and asked him to go on his bond, but

my father said it was a thing he had promised to himself that he would never do, but would take him to a friend who would probably oblige him. They went, and my father said to his friend that Mr. G. wanted some one to go on his bond and that he was sure that it was perfectly safe to do so, to which his friend replied, "If you are so sure, Marston, why do you not do it yourself?" to which my father replied, "I will." Mr. G. was soon declared bankrupt. My father immediately requested a meeting of those gentlemen with whom he was in any way connected in business and, after most friendly consultation, William Sullivan, Esq., was appointed his assignee and he placed in his hands all he possessed.

The Bankrupt Act was in operation, so that my father suspended his business only one day, and everything went on as usual. But the groundwork of the future was again to be laid. One possessed of less fortitude might have faltered somewhat at such a catastrophe—but not so my dear father. We had much to encourage us; our house was made safe to us until it could be paid for by my father. The word economy was hailed by all, one servant was to be dispensed with, the little ones schooled at home, and various arrangements made to save expense. One incident showed my father's integrity. My dear mother, desiring a new carriage, had saved up $500, and taking it to my father said, "Well, John, I have something for you," explaining where it came from. He replied, "That, too, must go. It is part of my estate."

In 1808, what in some measure retarded his efforts occurred in the death of Gen. Knox. My father had been transacting some business of his for four or five years, endeavoring to bring his affairs into some order, that his last days might be quiet if not affluent. The month of July Gen. Knox passed at his seat in Maine (Thomaston), and before leaving the city he called at my father's office to request the loan of $4000, to take with him. The love and regard that had existed between them ever since the Revolution was of no common degree, so that a refusal on my father's part

would have caused him great pain; therefore he consented, but expressed a desire to be secured "in case of his death." "Oh," said the General, "I shall be up again in a few weeks and then will pay it." Again my father said, "You may die," to which the General made a still more playful answer. Nevertheless, he did die. His death was as sudden as it was painful and distressing. A party of his friends were invited to dine at his house to unite in an interchange of kind feeling after an absence of half a year. It was the time for partridges, and the country abounded with them. The General partook of them; a small bone obstructed the passage of his throat; inflammation succeeded; mortification commenced, and death took its stand at the soldier's bedside!

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APPENDICES

MIDDLETON COAT OF ARMS

APPENDICES

I

EXTRACTS FROM ADDITIONAL LETTERS

Mrs. N. R. Middleton to Miss Charlotte De Wolf, Stono, February 26, 1849

Since my last letter home, giving such a cheering account of us, we have had a great deal of sickness on the plantation; thirty of our people ill at once, five of whom have died; some of them old and beloved servants, whose places can scarcely be filled to us. We felt inestimable comfort in the thought that they had heard the Gospel—all, but one who died suddenly (but whom we have reason to hope was prepared for the change), expressed their trust in their Saviour. There is still one old man very ill, who exhibits to us daily an example we ought to profit by. He is very aged, lame and blind, his wife and children are dead and, except the little comfort we are able to give him, has "naught on earth to cheer his heart." Yet through the whole of his painful sickness, without the least pretention to being "a saint," he has shown a most saint-like spirit—patient and quiet as a lamb, without a wish but that God's will shall be done regarding him. When we go in to see him and say, "Well, Prince, how do you feel now?" his usual answer is, "Tank you, misses (or masser), *I feel tankful*—tankful to God—tankful to masser—tankful to you, misses." Tho, apparently, sometimes insensible to all around him, yet if the voice of prayer reach his ear, his spirit seems all awake and he makes the most earnest assents to every petition. Is not this, dearest aunt, a precious testimony to the power of our blessed Gospel? Russell says that nothing but his quietness and peace of mind can carry him through this illness.

Miss Charlotte De Wolf to Anna Herreshoff, Stono, January 30, 1850

I should like to send you some little memorial of Annie's delightful home before I leave it. I scarcely ever take a ramble thro' the shrubberies and finely shaded walks, that I do not think of you—indeed, there is something in the location of this house and garden which reminds me very much of your own Point Pleasant, only that the exceedingly luxurious growth, and beautiful flowering shrubs, speak of a milder and more genial clime. The laurestinas, which are very numerous, are now coming into full blossom, and the yellow jessamine is already in bloom—as to roses, they are indefatigable and perpetual. This season, however, is considered unprecedented, in the warmth and uniformity of its temperature, so that I suppose it can hardly be regarded as a specimen of Southern winters. It certainly has been very favorable to the enjoyment of this charming place. Still, I think you would agree with me that its chief attractions were within

—and the little intelligent "olive-plants around the table" would interest you far more than the *vegetative* developments without.

You who love children so well, I am sure would be delighted with *these*. The wide range of the grounds gives the most unconstrained freedom to limbs and spirits, and of course all tend to promote to that uncommon degree of health and buoyancy which the little girls, particularly, enjoy. You would be pleased to see them at evening come bounding into the drawing-room, to frolick awhile, or listen perhaps in fixed attention to the wondrous tales of Hans Andersen—whom they seem to consider as a personal friend, and whose name has become quite a household word with them. Their pastimes, however, are soon ended, and we graver members are left to graver employments. I have myself enjoyed Mr. Middleton's reading very much this winter, and not less, perhaps, his own annotations. He is a man of the highest culture, and what is of greater price, of a nobly Christian spirit. To be known to advantage, he should be seen *here* —as the father of his family and the friend of his people.

Memorandum by Mrs. N. R. Middleton, written about 1905

Writing of the De Wolf brothers, sons of Mark Antony De Wolf—her Grandfather William being one of them—Mrs. Middleton says, "I remember them all, in their houses and out of them; not one of them ever touched strong drink, not one of them ever failed to pay his obligations, all of them were lovers of home, wife, and children, with whom the evening was spent with music, reading, and a dance for the young people before going to bed; I can recall many beautiful incidents illustrating this great and rare virtue. They were one and all thoughtful of and generous to the poor in private as well as public charity. I recollect, as a child in this house in my grandfather's day, the door of the dining-room where we were gathered being opened by a tall, faithful man-servant, just returned from some behest of kindness, who approached my grandfather with, 'Sir, old Mrs. B. sends her thanks to you and says you have made the widow's heart to sing for joy.' They were fine looking, with the fine old-fashioned manners of high-bred men; 'An easy dignity of mien claiming respect yet waiving state,' yet withal living in stately fashion as to the manner born, which they truly were. Their dress accorded with their manners. The old style smallclothes, black silk stockings, and buckled shoes were always worn by my grandfather and Uncle James, but I do not remember the others wearing them; I rather suspect their limbs were not as perfectly turned as those of the two younger brothers, which were models of delicacy and strength."

II

ADMIRAL MARSTON AND THE "MONITOR" AND "MERRIMAC"

Admiral John Marston, who now ranks second in the list of our naval officers, is a very fair specimen of what nature did for men of his generation. He has carried into the venerable age of eighty-six the commanding presence, clear eye, and unimpaired intellect of youth.

Admiral Marston's record is one of faithful, and consequently obedient service to his country in his profession; yet, oddly enough, his most brilliant service was one of a wise disobedience. The most remarkable, and possibly decisive, naval battle of the war would never have been fought but for his deliberate disregard of instructions.

Admiral Marston commanded at Hampton Roads. The *Merrimac* was there ready for active hostilities along the coast, by which defeat to our ordinary naval vessels, and terror in all the seaport towns, was sure to follow. He received a despatch from Washington, ordering him to send the *Monitor*, then lying at anchor in the Roads, to the defence of the national capital. It was supposed that the *Merrimac* would immediately attack Washington. If the capital was destroyed, there was little doubt that the leading European powers would recognize the Confederacy, and it was impossible to estimate the moral effect of such an event.

A few moments after the Admiral received his orders the *Merrimac* hove in sight. Should he obey, send the *Monitor* away, or order her, unaided, to attack the enemy? Little time was allowed for reflection. He resolved to disobey. He sent for Captain Worden. "I have been ordered," he said, "to send you to Washington. But I shall disobey my instructions. Attack the *Merrimac*."

"Very well, sir," said Worden quietly, smiling as he went out to a work which must end for him either in an immortality of fame, or in defeat or death.

The victory was won.

From The Youth's Companion, Boston (about 1900).

III

DE WOLF AND HOPTON LEGENDS

These old legends,—properly so-called, for they may not be historically authentic, —may prove of interest.

Of the Earl of Angus

Between the years 1890 and 1900 there appeared in an October number of *Blackwood's* a review of *The Sutherland Book* by a distinguished antiquary, in which,

incidentally, he gives an interesting account of the Scottish nobility in early times. Among them several claimed precedence, the Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Caithness, and the Earl of K——, three cousins, who became so heated over the matter that they finally came to strife, and their petty warfare so interfered with the affairs of the Nation that the King at last took it up and said the only recourse was to call a roll of the nobility, which being done the three claimants defiantly appeared. The Duke of Argyle, meanwhile, loftily and silently standing apart, fully assured in his own mind that he was first Lord of Scotland.

The Roll of Honour was then read. The first Lord was the Earl of Angus, the second, the Earl of Argyle, the third, the Earl of Sutherland, fourth, the Earl of Errol. Fifteen names were called before the Earl of Caithness, who was therefore sixteenth Lord of Scotland. But where was the Earl of Angus that he answered not when his name was called? After much inquiry it was found that the Earl of Angus was in the far north of Scotland fighting for the King.

His crest forms a quartering in the Middleton Coat of Arms.

A De Wolf Legend

Old legend found by Henry De Wolf in the first half of the 19th century.

"He beareth, or, a lighter boat in fess, gules." This coat armour pertaineth to the family De Wolf of Swedland. Like to this was borne in devise by the Prince Jean Bentivoglio, who opened its meaning thus; *Me vides Mari sine Gubernator*—I find myself in a Sea without a Pilot. Such is the condition of a Commonwealth without a ruler, or a man without reason, tossed with every wave of affection, but in these tossings of fortune's waves, wise was the resolution of Viscount Hugo de Milan, whose devise was a ship without any tackling to stay it, with this motto: *In silentio et spe fortitudo mea*, "My strength is in Silence and Hope."

Another De Wolf Legend

In 1370, Louis de Saint-Étienne, a younger son of the French noble family of that name, was one of the attendants of King Charles the Fifth upon a hunting excursion. During the chase a wolf cub passed the King's path whilst Louis was the only person near him. Charles threw his lance at the cub, mortally wounding it and breaking the weapon against a tree. An enormous she-wolf, seeing her offspring wounded, rushed from the forest upon the King, who had only his hunting knife to defend himself with. Louis de Saint-Étienne rushed between the wolf and the King and despatched it with his sword, thus saving the King from the danger that threatened him. From this time Louis was called de le Loup and was the ancestor of the noble French family of that name.

DE WOLF COAT OF ARMS

Emille de le Loup accompanied the princess Matilda into Germany, when she was about to marry the eldest son of Frederick, Elector and Duke of Saxony, in 1423, where he became a great favorite at the Saxon Court and was made a Baron and large estates conferred upon him in 1427, the year before the old Elector's death.

He changed his name from the French to the German designation originating in the event before referred to, and was afterwards called De Wolf.

Of the Hoptons

An old Rhyming grant said to have been made by William the Conqueror to the ancient family of the Hoptons. In the sixteenth century a legal claim was set up upon it to the estates of the Lords of Hopton.

To the heirs male of Hopton lawfully begot,
From me and from mine
To thee and to thine;
While the water runs
And the sun doth shine;
For lack of heirs, to the king again,
I, William, King, third year of my reign,
Give to the Norman Hunter,
To me that are both lief and dear,
The Hop and Hoptown
And all the bounds up and down,
Under the earth to hell,
Above the earth to heaven;
From me and mine,
To thee and thine,
As good and as fair
As ever they mine were.

To witness that this is sooth
I bite the white wax with my tooth
Before Jugy, Maud and Margery
And my third son, Henry,
For one bow and one broad arrow
When I come to hunt upon yarrow.

This is taken with some slight corrections from Blount's *Ancient Tenures*.

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